NUTREBIAN TALES,

Or the STRANGE and SURPRISING

ADVENTURES

OF A

CAPTIVE QUEEN,

Wonderful Deliverance of her Children;

Curious METAMORPHOSIS of a

MONKEY, BUTTERFLY, *&c.*

Anecdotes of a CONVENT, Hiſtory of the Prince de BARNAVILLE and the COUNT.

The whole Interſperſed with many entertaining

AMOURS and Secret HISTORIES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS
OF THE
NUTREBIAN COURT.

VOLUME II.

BOOK I.

HEtbazele, as directed by the *queen*, informs *Niphlodoge* of all *Papaglia* had communicated to her concerning this *myſterious* war, between *Maillan* and the *caliph*.

This cauſed him to look back on paſt tranſactions; with what a contempt does he ſee his own weakneſs, and the headſtrong fickle humour of the *Nutrebians*; with what rage and indignation does he reflect how they tore the ſcepter, crown, and life

from *Jathrep*; and that only on an imaginary fear that he was inclined to favour that effeminate nation of the *Egyptians*.

And now how clearly does he discern his liege sovereign's ruin effected by the subtle schemes, crooked ways, horrid falsehoods, and *impious contrivances* of *Maillan*, and trembling justly dreads his own, and that guilty people's fate, now he perceives *Maillan* does not trust him in his most secret counsels, therefore he resolves subtilly to act his part, and by pretending to believe his egregious impositions, prevents many worthy persons from being caught in his snares.

The History of the Princess Gen Zanire *continued.*

THus stood affairs, when *Gen Zanire*'s blooming charms caused each beholder to view her with delight; *Niphtanon*, who was seven years older, and the eldest son of *Maillan*, had always been extremely fond of that little lady.

Often when *Gen Havagen*'s mischievous tricks had been turned on her, and had caused *Maillan* and his lady to chide her; *Niphtanon*, on whom his *mother* doated, with warmth takes her part, and as the matter required,

required, would by convincing proofs, expoſe his ſiſter's *perverſe* and *evil* ways.

In this war between *Maitan* and the *Egyptians*, he intending his ſon ſhould have the command, directed by that skilful general, *Guorbalem*, and all things being in readineſs for his ſetting out in a few days, as he and *Gen Havagen* were looking together out of a window in his apartment, perceiving *Gen Zanire* and *Igeban*, with other ladies croſſing the court to viſit, ſaid to *Gen Havagen*, what a pleaſing air, and agreeable motion has our ſiſter! how does ſhe make every thing become her! that ſcarff, which is deſigned only to ſupport the bruiſed arm, (which you accidentally, or deſignedly, gave her the other day in your pretended play) adds new graces, and to the magnificence of dreſs, what a *luſtre* does her beauty give.

Theſe words of *Niphtanon* ſeized *Gen Havagen* with all the envenomed rage that *envy* and *malice* had ever poſſeſſed that beauteous ſex with, when they hear the well-fancied dreſs of others commended, with earneſt eyes, flaſhing with envious fury, ſhe views the hated ſcarff, and fancies the lively colours intermixed with art, and the well-diſpoſal of the flowers and figures, are the real charms that make the *princeſs* appear lovely to her brother.

His complaiſance and careſſes to *Gen Zanira* increaſes her ill humour to that degree, that ſhe abſents herſelf from the company; but when ſhe hears *Niphtanon* deſire the *princeſs* to give it him to wear over his armour, in imagination ſhe tears it into millions of pieces; and her buſy brain is employed how to deprive him of his ſo-much deſired gift.

To which end, having a *dwarf*, the leaſt that ever was ſeen, and tho' in his *little perſon* there was a great deal of deformity, yet his ſoul abounded with miſchiefs as deſtructive as ever had entered human breaſt; and an arch humour being mingled with his *tricks*, he had made himſelf *Gen Havagen*'s favourite.

To *Gango*, (for that was the *dwarf*'s name,) ſhe diſcovers her *thoughts*, who deſires her to be compoſed, and rejoin the company with the utmoſt good humour and gaiety, aſſuring her ſhe ſhould ſoon hear of that envied ſcarff being turned to aſhes.

To compleat this deſign, when the *princeſs Gen Zanire* and the ladies were returning from *Niphtanon*'s to her own apartment, as they paſſed thro' the *ſtate rooms*, the ſcarff, which was worked on fine muſlin, *Gango* with a ſmall wax taper *ſet on fire*, which done, he nimbly hid himſelf in

one

one of the lady's *garments*, and ſlipped away unſeen.

The *princeſs*, in her ſurprize on finding herſelf on fire, by throwing herſelf on the ground, and rolling about, happily extinguiſhed it, even before her attendants came to her aſſiſtance.

When ſhe got to her chamber, *Igeban* on examining what damage the *fire* had done, ſoon perceived ſome *figures* and *flowers* were worked and placed where the *ſingeing* and *burning* had injured it, the damage would be ſo effectually repaired, that would even add new beauties to this *envied ſcarff*.

In diſcourſing how it was poſſible it ſhould take *fire*, the company concluded it muſt be occaſioned by a *ſpark* that fell from one of the high-hung ſconces; and as the *princeſs* had received no hurt, *Igeban* cautioned the ladies that attended, to take no notice of the accident, deſiring it might be concealed from *Niphtanon*, till they had fully compleated her intention, by working over the damaged *parts*, rich flowers; and as *Igeban* knew it would take up time, a pretended ſlight indiſpoſition of *Gen Zunire* was to be the excuſe that kept her ſo cloſe in her apartment.

Which *Gen Havagen* believing to be occaſioned by her concern for the deſtruction of the *ſcarff*, with a deſign to enlarge

it by creating new miſchiefs, and affecting an unuſual fondneſs for her brother, which ſhe pretends proceeds from her concern for his departure, ſhe is more frequent in her viſits; in her diſcourſe ſhe wonders how *Gen Zanira* can have ſo little regard for ſo *indulgent* a brother; adding, if he had had the leaſt part of that tenderneſs for her, which he had on every occaſion, expreſſed for *Gen Zanira*, how happy ſhe ſhould eſteem herſelf; amidſt her many careſſes, ſhe lets him underſtand with what pleaſure ſhe would do any thing to oblige him; and ſighing ſaid, but it is the fate of officious love, thus to be ſlighted; for if, purſued ſhe, I had been ſo fortunate as to have had a trifle you had thought worth your acceptance, no covetous unwillingneſs ſhould have made me *tear* or *burn* it.

Niphanan's curioſity encouraging her to proceed, ſhe lets him underſtand *Gen Zanira* was ſo out of humour with being obliged to part with that inſignificant thing he ſo liked, becauſe, added *Gen Havagen*, ſhe imagined it became her, as indeed it is not unlikely ſhe ſhould be ignorant (with all her beauty) that *Igeban*'s artful skill in dreſſing her, is the chief additional beauty that makes her whole perſon appear ſo agreeable.

And will you believe, my dear brother,

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purſued ſhe, that your wanting the ſcarff from her has put her into ſuch an ill humour, that as ſoon as ſhe came into her chamber, in a vexatious rage ſhe has torn it all to *pieces*, and burned it; and *Igeban*, to conceal her *ugly temper*, has ordered her *attendants* to *ſay* it was fired by a *ſpark* that fell from one of the ſconces; a likely ſtory, and very probable! *purſued this malicious lady, with a ſmile.*

Niphtanon, though ſon of *Maillan*, was by nature of a mild, and generous diſpoſition, unskilled in the crooked ways of his father; on hearing this trifling ſtory from his ſiſter of *Gen Zanire*'s ſlights and diſregard, it cauſed a fluttering in his breaſt, with a reſtleſs uneaſy concern he had never felt before.

And to excuſe this imagined want of reciprocal affection in his *ſuppoſed* ſiſter, his thought turned on a ſatyrical invective on the *fair ſex*, ſaying, *How does the weak thirſt, the deſire of being thought beautiful, poſſeſs womankind! that one folly ſullies all that is praiſe-worthy in them! ſure*, added he, *it muſt be a defect peculiar to their nature, that thus could over-rule and influence* Gen Zanire *to ſuch a degree, as* in ſpite *of that excellent underſtanding ſo much above her years, which has diſcovered, on every other occaſion, a genius ſuperior to all I have*

yet heard or ſeen, or can imagine, had it not been for this one ungenerous perverſeneſs *about a trifle.*

He was prevented from further proceeding in his ſplenetick reflections by *Gen Zanire* and *Igeban* entering his chamber, and that lady approaching to him with the ſcarff in her hand, which ſhe unfolded, and opened to his *view*, ſaying, *My dear brother, as an auſpicious* omen *of your being victorious, and a conqueror, ſee here, our* Nutrebian Eagle, *in his ſtrong claw, has ſecure hold of the* Egyptian *ſerpent.*

A ſoft and pleaſing thrill diffuſed thro' every vein, and ſparkled at his eyes at ſight of this *much-envied ſcarff*, which he examined, and admiring the excellent contrivance, ſaid, *How juſt the proportion, the ſhades, and lights, how very beautiful! this claw, thus holding and griping the* ſerpent's *neck, ſeems to preſs it with ſuch ſtrength, as if it made him ready to burſt, while the darting tongue in vain is throwing out his venom, in the eyes, and whole twiſting of the creature, what an expreſſive pain and anguiſh, is lively repreſented; with what a greedy fury does his beak appear to champ the middle part, while the left claw is wounding and tearing the tail, the eagle's wings look as if it had motion proper for the action; and ſo finely*

finely have you done the eyes, the ſparkling rays ſeem to dart fire at the ſun.

All the time *Niphtanon*'s attention was taken up about the ſcarff, *Gen Havagen* was by *Igeban* obſerved to look at *Gungo* with eyes that expreſſed not leſs *rage* and *venom* than *Niphtanon*'s deſcription of the *ſerpents*, who, as ſoon as he had done admiring it, turning to *Gen Havagen*, ſaid, *Is this the burned ſcarff, or ſelfiſh vain ſpirit of* Gen Zanira.

Igeban from her obſervation of *Gen Havagen* and *Gungo*'s looks, imagining ſome miſchief preſſed *Niphtanon* to know the meaning of his laſt words to his ſiſter, who freely acquaints her with the late diſcourſe which had paſſed between them, and at the ſame time reproached *Gen Havagen* with her evil turn of ſpirit, who, to excuſe herſelf flies in a rage with *Gungo*, affirming, he had told her he ſaw the ſcarff in flames; their diſpute betraying the whole truth; on which her brother ſaid to her, *Unhappy ſiſter, this temper of yours, if I miſtake not, will betray you to many misfortunes; who do not perceive all your* malice *and* rage *againſt* Gen Zanira *rebounds back on yourſelf, while to the admiring world you more fully diſcloſe her ſuperior genius.*

Guorbalem and *Danredno* attending *Niphtanon* on affairs, they at the ſame time heard

what had paſſed, *Ireban* taking this opportunity, *complains* how much ſhe fears the *princeſs* will ſuffer in *Niphtanon*'s abſence, by *Gen Havagen*'s vindictive temper; for you, *ſaid that lady to Niphtanon*, have hitherto been her only preſerver; which cauſed that *prince*, with warmth to deſire *Danredno*'s peculiar care of her; *You know*, ſaid he, *your ſpouſe, and* Gen Zanira *by her inſtructed, in the* meaneſt trifles, *have had a ſtrict regard to* truth; *while on the other hand, our ſiſter is very faulty that way*; *and therefore*, added he, *I intreat, on any diſpute between them, you prevail on our* parents, *who have a ſtrange partiality for* Gen Havagen, *not to let her ſuffer, when the other's* ſpleen *has worked up any vexatious ſtory againſt her.*

Danredno, who was well acquainted with *each* of theſe young ladies different tempers, in ſpite of his own *evil nature*, could not help loving, and even admiring, the ſweet innocence, and agreeable ingenuity of *Gen Zanira*, aſſured *Niphtanon* of all in his power, to guard and aſſiſt the *princeſs*; in which ſtate we leave them, and return to queen *Iram*.

She, on the annual day, has a viſit from *Papaglia*; after they had talked on matters not material to be mentioned, he proceeded to relate his hiſtory.

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Continuation of the Count de L——'*s hiſtory.*

MAdame *de Rotulou* would have diverted my concern and uneaſineſs, by telling me ſhe ſuppoſed at night I expected to have my curtain drawn by *Margaret's grimly ghoſt*; I let her underſtand, though I had no apprehenſion of *ſpirits*, I thought we had both trifled too ſeverely with madamoiſelle *Moline*'s childiſh ſymplicity, to treat the manner of her death as a jeſt; and indeed I cannot help owning, however undaunted and fearleſs I might affect to appear to her, I truly acknowledge to you, great *queen*, I did not go to bed without my *valet*'s lying in the chamber for ſome time after; but this misfortune, and the thoughts of that *unhappy maid*, was ſoon expunged by one of a different nature; for in a few weeks after, as I was at breakfaſt with madame *de Rotulou*, from *Rapſal* I received the following letter.

Dear Boy,

YEſterday *the counteſs* de L——'*s made your humble ſervant the happieſt of* mortals, *and intimated to me the completion of her's would be an intire friendſhip between her ſon and husband.*

Be aſſured, on my part, I ſhall always have for the count de L——'s *honour and*

happineſs the tender regard of a real parent.

It is your mamma's *requeſt that all paſt frivolous* miſtakes *may be forgotten, we both hoping we may ſoon have the pleaſure of ſeeing and embracing you, and am, Sir,* &c.

Whatever my grief and reſentment were againſt my mother for thus affronting the memory of my father in her diſhonourable choice of one ſo very much beneath him, yet his familiar and arrogant preſumption in ſtiling his regards to me in the language of a parent, after ſuch deep injuries I had ſuffered by following the advice of one who had ſuch *profligate* and *low* ideas incenſed me beyond all bounds.

Madame *de Rotulou*, to whom I ſhewed this extraordinary *epiſtle*, being naturally of a temper that liked to divert herſelf at the expence of her beſt friend's *follies*, took no ſmall pains, not only to keep, but increaſe my anger and reſentment, which by this means was raiſed to that exceſs as to expoſe the counteſs *de L*—— and her *minion* with the utmoſt malice to all our acquaintance, that would vouchſafe to give me a hearing; and ſome there are, *even* amongſt the moſt *pious*, that will have the complaiſance to liſten to a malicious and detracting ſtory, without increaſing in the leaſt their regard for

for the *relator*; as on this theme I have experienced, who, after I had with extravagant vehemency entertained them, perhaps two hours, with the moſt ſpiteful invectives I could invent, on ſome foundation of *truth*, I have been extremely ſurprized and diſappointed, to obſerve how little they appeared to be inclined to *believe* me, or be of my opinion.

Nor was my reſentment ſatiated by making them and myſelf the moſt ridiculous perſons in the kingdom; his letter I anſwered by a challenge, which his fond wife took care to have prevented, by a magiſtrate ſeizing and confining him, till ſhe could prevail on him to retire with her in the country. The ſame favour was intended me, but I having not *quite* ſo much inclination to be *ſecured* as he had, I took care to keep out of their way.

But not to tire you longer with my wretched follies, I ſhall come to the concluding ſtroke; madame *de Rotulou* who was become my chief counſellor and only confidant, and to whom my very thoughts and the inmoſt receſſes of my ſoul, were laid open, was very expenſive, being loaden with debts, and intangled with law-ſuits, without any ſort of œconomy, or decency, or doing the leaſt good action, had, in a very extravagant manner, ſquandered away her

her money, me ſhe had drained of all the ready caſh my frugal father had many years been laying up, and I had given her leave to try to borrow a conſiderable ſum on my *lands* for her uſe and ſervice.

When, according to my uſual cuſtom, I went to her houſe, and being told ſhe was with a uſurer and lawyer buſy, not intending then to be ſeen by them, I went directly up to her chamber; on her toilet I found a letter, directed to *Rapſal*; the averſion I always imagined ſhe had to him, cauſed me, without heſitation, to open it, where I found, to my great aſtoniſhment, every line was filled with what a contemptible idea ſhe had of me, ſuch as *eaſy fool*, *ſcattered-brained madman*, *his imagined honourable notions*. The ſubject of this letter I found was to conſult with *Rapſal* to make me believe her ſervants had betrayed our amorous correſpondence to her husband, who was to act the part of threatening publickly to expoſe her, by ſuing me; and at the ſame time gives him to underſtand ſhe was ſure ſhe could work *the fool* in a fit of generoſity to conſent to part with any ſum to preſerve her honour. I perceived the counteſs too was no leſs the ſubject of their mirth, and that they had had a continued correſpondence with each other, and that ſhe had been as obliging of her utmoſt fa-

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your after his marriage with the counteſs as before.

I immediately left her houſe, and retired to my own, where in thoſe moments, I had as deſpicable *ideas* of myſelf as they in their ludicrous flights had repreſented me to each other: the loſs of *Ermine*, *Moline*'s diſaſtrous fate, my mother's diſhonourable marriage, with this diſcovery of *Rotulou*'s intriguing ſnares, I owned cauſed me to burn with an unquenchable thirſt of revenge.

The firſt thing I did was to incloſe that *lady*'s letter in one to my *mother*, and cannot but own the pain I knew it would cauſe her to find madame *Rotulou* her *rival*, as *Rapſal* was mine, was more my motive, than from thence letting her plainly ſee her falling into intimacies and friendſhips with this mean unknown, was the infallible ruin of us both.

Before I ſuffered myſelf to cool, or let reaſon get the better of my *too juſt indignation*, knowing all my ſervants were their ſpies, I went alone and hired horſes, and with a ſtrange ſervant I took my road with the utmoſt ſpeed into our country, where I knew *Rapſal* was gone with the *counteſs*, to the ſeat of my *father*, which he had jointured to her; in the houſe of one of my tenants, I concealed myſelf, ſending

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the *ſtrange ſervant*, who was unknown, to enquire how, or where *Rapſal* was to be met, or how I might with the greater eaſe get at him, without being prevented.

In leſs than an hour the ſervant returned, and told me he was then amuſing himſelf before the front of the houſe, in directing and ordering the gardeners and workmen in pulling up, and ſetting young trees, according to his fancy. On hearing of this, I took with me a ſtrong *cane*, and two ſwords of equal proportion, with which I immediately went to the place where he was; and as ſoon as I came up to him, rage invigorating me with unuſual ſtrength, I *caned* him till I was tired, and flinging him one of the ſwords, I bid him take his revenge; at the firſt puſh I entered his perfidious heart; he fell down, and that moment expired; nor did my unguarded fury permit me to eſcape, he giving me a wound that proved mortal, tho' I lived above ten days after, but bleeding inward, it was not in art to ſave me.

The country people, who were employed by *Rapſal*, as I have already mentioned, perceiving the ſport we were at, came in too late to part us, while others run to have the counteſs acquainted with the affair, who was rouſed out of her morning ſlumbers, with the unwelcome news of her ſon

and

and husband having killed each other; in a looſe gown, half naked, ſhe came to the place where we were.

And no ſooner did ſhe ſpy the cold inanimated clay of that *departed monſter*, but throwing herſelf on his body, with eager fondneſs ſhe inceſſantly embraces, hugs, and kiſſes it, unleſs when interrupted by her ravings; when ſhe happened to caſt her eyes towards me, whom ſhe loaded with the bittereſt imprecations and curſes her furious rage could invent.

While, purſued *Papaglia*, the counteſs abandoned herſelf to rage and amorous grief, for the death of *Rapſal*, I lay bleeding on the ground, till amongſt the numerous reſort of people that gathered about us, my *good old ſteward* was one, who, hearing me deſire to be carried to the tennant, where I had lain the night before, breaking out in a paſſion, looking at my mother, and *Rapſal*'s carcaſe, ſaid, *What fatal miſchiefs has that ſtranger cauſed by a* weak woman's *fondneſs; that thus my noble lord, who was born heir to all this large tract of* land *around that preſents to our view, muſt, after all thoſe injuries he has from that* worthleſs unknown *ſuſtained, be deprived dying at the ſeat of his anceſtors:* finiſhing theſe words, he ſaid to me, *Dear, my lord, be pleaſed to accept of my habitation,*

where

where no aſſiduous duty, *nor* care, *ſhall be wanting, to the endeavouring the preſervation of your* life.

I threw my arms about his *neck*, and while he gently heaved me up, the round tears faſt purſuing each other, fell on my face; with the utmoſt caution and tenderneſs he had me carried to his houſe, where my wound being dreſſed, and I laid in bed, the *ſteward* finding in my cloſet the letter I had wrote to my *mother*, with a charge it ſhould be delivered to her, if he ſhould happen to be either wounded or killed. This good old man, who had with contempt and indignation conſidered this marriage of the counteſs as an amorous love-fit, was reſolved himſelf to be the bearer of it, to awaken her to a ſenſe of nature, and what regards ſhe owed to an only dying ſon, of whom ſhe had been the original cauſe of all his *follies*, and *ruin*, and laſtly *death*.

In the cloſe of the evening he went to the *caſtle*, and was ſurprized when the family told him, that ſoon after the *counteſs* was returned with *Rapſal*'s body, his *valet*, who was ſent to fetch ſome *letters*, on his return, finding his maſter *dead*, dropped words, as if he believed, had he come ſoon enough with his *packet*, it would have prevented the fatal *accident*: this being told to the *counteſs*, ſhe ordered the *valet*, who

was

was not unacquainted with his *maſter's ſecrets*. to deliver the *letters* to her, which with great reluctance he was obliged to do; and that on her reading them, ſhe ſwooned, and no ſooner was ſhe recovered, but in a rage ſhe run to *Rapſal's* cabinet, where his papers were, and on her reading them, it had thrown her into ſuch a diſtracted fury, they judged her brains were turned; for ſhe, who had a thouſand times that day kiſſed the ſenſeleſs remains of *Rapſal*, now orders him to be ſent out of the *caſtle*, and buried in the meaneſt and moſt contemptible manner.

As ſoon as ſhe knew the *ſteward* was there, ſhe ordered him to be admitted to her, and her firſt enquiry was, *If there was any hopes of my life?* When he offered her *mine*, and madame *de Rotulou's* letter, ſhe bid him ſit down, and read them to her; when he had finiſhed it, in a violent paſſion ſhe exclaimed againſt that *worthleſs woman*, telling him the letter ſhe had made the *valet* deliver to her was from *Rotulou*, which was to let him know the *accident* of my finding this letter on her *toilet*, with cautions to be on his guard: my mother further added, on opening the cabinet, ſhe diſcovered by their letters there had been a long correſpondence between them, full of arts and contrivances how to *inſnare* and make

make a *prey* of *her* and *me*; but I found what more ſharply touched her than even the *ruin* of us both, was the ridicule, and ſatyrical remarks they had diverted each other with, not only on her *follies*, but the *imperfections of her perſon*; which certainly awaked her to a more perfect ſenſe of her miſconduct, than the wiſeſt and moſt judicious advice, enforced with the ſtrongeſt reaſons urged by *human eloquence*.

And now the current of her paſſions taking another turn, ſhe in a different extreme, who in the morning had curſed her ſon with ſuch bitter imprecations, is now diſtracted when ſhe hears there is no hopes of my life, and to my *good old ſteward* deplores the fatal ills her amorous *follies* had cauſed, begs him to ſoften my reſentment, intreating to ſee me: when he returned, and acquainted me with all that paſſed between him and the *counteſs*, I own I found in myſelf great reſentment, I reflecting how ſeverely I had ſuffered by her miſmanagement, the thought and ſight of her was dreadful to me as even *the king of terrors*, whoſe quick approaches I ſoon expected.

In this ſtate *a holy father* ſent from *Ermine* deſired to ſpeak with me, (the good *biſhop* I have ſo often mentioned being lately dead,) as ſoon as he entered, he preſented

me

me with a letter from that angelic creature *Ermine*, in which ſhe earneſtly intreats me to employ the few remaining moments that were left of my life, in fitting me for the other world, aſſuring me her frequent prayers and wiſhes ſhould not be wanting; there was ſomething, added he, ſo divinely ſweet and excellent in the manner of her expreſſions, together with the *hand* it came from, which joined together, with my preſent deſperate caſe, created in me quite a different turn of thought than I ever yet had had the leaſt imagination of; and I ſincerely affirm, without the puſilanimity that attends the dread of a future ſtate, when the long habitual vices and pleaſures of the world have ſo ſtrongly ſeized the mind, they quit them with an amorous reluctance; on the contrary, all my paſſed evil, ill-turned unhappy life I looked on with averſion and horror.

End of the Firſt Book.

BOOK II.

NIphtanon, with *Guorbalem*, ſet out to join the army, which was ſent to defend the ſtrong town and citadel of *Samber*.

But

But unhappily as *Papaglia* had foretold the *queen*, the friends of *Jathrep* by a ſurprive were ſuffered to get poſſeſſion of it; who delivered it in truſt to the *Egyptians*, till their natural *prince* ſhould appear to head them, whom *Roorbat* perſwaded thoſe deluded people he was to fetch from *Arabia*, where he pretended he had been concealed.

It is certain, with his *bribe* from *Ariſan*, after he had ſtirred up this *fire*, he left the *caliph*'s court, and was never ſeen nor heard of after; not without ſuſpicion of having been ſecretly made away with by *Maillan*, for fear of telling tales.

Maillan's army for a whole ſeaſon made feigned pretences of attacks, and often ſeveral *fierce* skirmiſhes paſſed between *Jathrep*'s friends, and *Maillan*'s party, where, to the eternal ſhame of thoſe rebellious people, tho' they far ſurpaſſed in number the *Jathrepites*, (the title that was given that unhappy *prince*'s friends,) they were always beaten, and cowardly fled before them, till the time which the heavy rains came, which cauſed the ſeige to be raiſed.

Immenſe ſums were drawn from people, to raiſe this mighty army, to regain that famous city, when *Guorbalem* returns to *Nodnou*, with no other *trophies* but their own countrymen and fellow-ſubjects loaden with chains;

chains; for this avaritious general, in his return had plundered moſt of the *wealthier ſort*, under pretence of being affected to *Jathrep*'s party, and who ever oppoſed, or made reſiſtance to his *outragious* treatment, were brought to *Nodnou*, to be ſacrificed to *Maillan*'s cruelty.

Thus every where throughout the land, the virtuous, or innocent, became a prey to informers, who were encouraged to ſuch exceſs, that ſlaves brought their maſters to the rack, wives and children (corrupted by the *Tenevock* principles) to get poſſeſſion of their husbands and parents eſtates, before time and nature had ripened them for the grave, became murderers.

Nodnou's dungeons are filled with theſe pretended traitors, the moſt barbarous torments that hell, or yet the more cruel *Tenevocks* could invent, were exerciſed on all that were ſo unhappy to be thought on, or were any way ſuſpected to favour the houſe of *Hazem*; ſome had their fleſh torn with pincers, others were ripped up alive, while fierce dogs were ſitting, to gorge and glutton on their bowels, to be hauled to pieces by wild beaſts, was one of their moſt merciful ſort of deaths; beſides many ſtrange inventions of lingering tortures that ſhould cauſe them to be ſo long a dying.

To

To enrage the populace againſt theſe innocent *people*, there was no impious crime the *Tenevocks* atrocious and horrid genius could invent, but perjured informers were hired to charge them with, tho' with ſuch improbable, ſtrange inconſiſtencies, and glaring falſehoods, as were the aſtoniſhment of all that had the leaſt ſpark of ſenſe and reaſon.

In the midſt of theſe furious perſecutions againſt the remains of *Jathrep*'s friends, *Gen Zanira* one evening returning from the apartment of her *ſuppoſed* parents with a melancholly dejected look; *Igeban*, who ſoon diſcerned it, enquiring of her what had occaſioned ſo thoughtful and ſerious an air, the *princeſs* anſwered, You know *Gen Havagen* and I ſeldom agree in our ſentiments, and this night ſhe exulted with ſuch exceſs of joy, her eyes ſparkled with delight, on ſome of the courtiers deſcribing the agonies, twiſting, and writhing of thoſe poor unhappy people in their torments; but tho' they acted it with grimace and mimickry, that created great mirth, yet the imagination of what muſt be the pain and torment that could cauſe ſuch ſtrange diſtortions. It ſhocked me to that degree, I turned pale, and grew ſick, which, *Gen Havagen* in ridicule taken notice of, the

king

king in anger ſaid, Whoever did not look, or think, with pleaſure on the torments thoſe rebels expired in, were his enemies; and then, turning to me, added, if he imagined I beſtowed a pitying thought on them, he ſhould hate me; but though, purſued the *princeſs*, the ſternneſs of his looks, and angry voice, ſet me a trembling, I found my heart riſe and ſwell, and I was poſſeſſed with thoughts that were oppoſite to the duty I owe *Maillan*, both as my *parent* and *ſovereign*.

While the *princeſs* was ſpeaking, *Igeban* being in a profound reverie, *Gen Zanira* judging by her ſilence that ſhe did not approve her notions, ſaid, Dear *Igeban* inſtruct me with your ſuperior wiſdom to conquer, as I ought, ſentiments I find you think ſo wide from the duty I ſhould and muſt pay to a l *Maillan*'s commands.

Igeban in thoſe moments was taken up with thoughts how ſtrongly nature prevails in the daughter of *Jathrep* and *Iram*, whom with a tender concern ſhe looks earneſtly at her, grieved that ſhe could not yet reveal to her, her *birth*, and let her know ſhe was deſcended from *parents*, whoſe virtuous ſentiments correſponded more to her merciful diſpoſition than thoſe of the *Gan Sangres Tenevock* atrocious principles.

Her ſtill continuing ſilent, the *princeſs* interprets to her not approving of what ſhe had ſaid; this cauſed her with ſome warmth to ſay, *I have ſtrove with all my power to love and admire* Maillan *and* Gen Havagen; but either virtue is not virtue, ſuch as you have taught me, or *Maillan* is a ſtranger to her *rudiments*, with a heart uninfluenced by her divine charms, and I have read, added ſhe, in this palace, *the hiſtory of the* Nutrebian *kings*, as they are recorded in *gold* on *vellum*; and tho' almoſt in every line, there are ſtrange acclamations, and long-winded canting railings againſt the *Hazems*, yet the facts, without theſe *comments* on them, I perceived would appear very little *faulty*; and you, ſaid ſhe to *Igeban*, very much help to create in me, favourable thoughts of *Jathrep, and his party*, from a converſation, one day I heard, between you and *Danredno*, who, (on ſome diſcourſe of paſt affairs,) you told him, he knew moſt of what he was repeating were inviduous untruths, invented by *him* and *Maillan*'s party, when they were contriving the deſtruction of that unhappy family; nor did you then in our preſence ſprre *Maillan*, whom I thought you repreſented as having gained the crown by no virtuous means; and, added *Gen Zanira*, you muſt remember *Danredno* grew angry with

with the home facts you alledged; but without offering in the leaſt to vindicate *Maillan*, or himſelf, threatened, if ever he knew you preſume to talk ſo any more on that ſubject before me, he would have us ſeparated, and you no more ſhould have a ſight of me. I then, added the *princeſs*, you know, hung about him, and begged with tears, he would not part us, unleſs he intended to *break my heart*; you too, continued ſhe, ſeemed frighted, and on his *menaces*, dropped the diſcourſe.

Here *Igeban*, holding *Jathrep* and *Iram*'s beauteous daughter in her arms, ſaid, *Heaven only knows what I have ſuffered to have the happineſs to preſerve and inſtruct thy tender youth, in ſentiments worthy thy ſweet diſpoſition, and the ſurprizing wiſdom heaven has bleſſed you with*; *and ſure*, added ſhe, Danredno's *fondneſs of you, ſo contrary to his nature, has been the work of heaven, to* guard *and* ſhield *you in the many difficulties and ſtruggles we have had with* Maillan *and his favourite* daughter's *temper*; *but*, purſued that wiſe lady, *freely open to me every thought that reſides in the inmoſt receſſes of your heart, relating to this affair, and I promiſe, without partiality, I will inform you in each particular, with the exacteſt truth.*

The *princeſs* then acquaints her, that not

long ſince, in her cloſet, ſhe met with a book, intitled, *The pure golden ore extracted from the droſs*, which, on reading, ſhe found was a vindication of *Jathrep Hazem* and *Iram*; and that after ſhe had read it, curioſity made her compare it with *the golden records of the palace*, where ſhe perceived that unhappy *monarch* and his *queen*'s conduct, by clear and convincing demonſtrations ſo fully vindicated, every circumſtance ſhewing their open, candid, juſt, and unſuſpecting nature, at the ſame time it expoſed the inconſiſtent, and contradictory ſtories, that their enemies iniquitous deſigns had maliciouſly raiſed againſt them.

And, added ſhe, what more particularly amazed me, while they are aggravating every ſlight wrong ſtep of that family, as *barbarous* and *horrid*, when they repeated tranſactions of their own that have an exact ſimilitude, it is *prudent* and *neceſſary*, with encomiums on their *fine policies*; for where, *purſued that clear-diſcerning young princeſs*, can the black records of the moſt inhuman of tyrants, match the freſh bleeding cruelty of *Maillan?*

Igeban perceiving how nature, with *Maillan*'s partiality, had cauſed the *princeſs* with judicious reaſon clearly to diſcover his atrocious nature, with the utmoſt candour informed her of all the ſchemes and various plots

plots, that from a ſubject, had raiſed him to his maſter's throne, that lady from her native generoſity, in tears laments their adverſe fate, and often ſaid, ſhe ſhould have eſteemed it a greater glory to have been a worthy *Gan* of *Sangree*'s daughter, or indeed any honeſt peaſant's child, rather than *Maillan*'s.

It was near this time that *Attenazugue*, the only ſon of the mighty emperor *Pretes jan* was arrived at the age that the emperor and his counſellors judged proper for his entering into the marriage-ſtate, and, according to the ancient manner on the like occaſion, the beſt ſtatuary was ſent to the courts of the ſeventy kingdoms, to take the figures of all the daughters and ſiſters of thoſe *monarchs*, for the *prince of Ethiopia* from the numerous images that thoſe ladies reſemble to chuſe a *ſpouſe*.

And as the *Nutrebians* were the moſt ancient and opulent monarchy, they came firſt to take thoſe of the two *princeſſes*; and the maſter of that art having formed their *ſtatues*, departed to the other courts, leaving the ladies to dreſs, and ſend them to the emperor.

As it was by that people eſteemed the *ultimate height* of human grandeur, to be the *eſpouſed wife* of that mighty empire's heir apparent, the ladies ſhew their skill in

adorning the *images*; and *Igeban*, as has been taken notice of by *Gen Havagen*, having a peculiar art in dreſs, ſet out the *images* that repreſent them to the utmoſt advantage, which being compleated, acroſs each boſom was a rich ribbon placed, on which their names and titles were worked, and thus finiſhed, being put in their cloſet, the *dwarf* perceiving *Gen Havagen* with uneaſineſs view the *princeſs*'s image, which in ſpite of ſelf-admiration, ſhe could not help thinking infinitely ſurpaſſed her's: *Gungo* ſaid to her, with a contemptible ſhrug of the ſhoulders, who knows but that this baby prettineſs may pleaſe *Attanazugue*, before the penetrating and ſharp review with which your bright eyes ſtrike each beholder; nor can this *ſtatuary*'s inanimated clay expreſs your contriving and political genius, only worthy the great *Attumnazungue*; and ſeeing her pleaſed with this flattery, (as flattery has its force on all natures,) he went on with telling her, if ſhe approved of what he propoſed, after the caſes were cloſed to be ſent away, he would again open them, and *change* the ribbon on which were the *names*, by which means if the prince of *Ethiopia* ſhould like *Gen Zanira* ſhe would be ſent for in her ſtead, and by his ambaſſador married to him inſtead of that *baby-faced lady*; adding, that he

he did not doubt, if it ſhould ſo happen, but her *addreſs* and *alluring* manner, might eaſily prevail on him to be pleaſed with the *miſtake*; and, purſued this unlucky *dwarf*, ſhould he be ſo wiſe as to chuſe *you*, it is but unravelling the matter, and lay the blame on *Gungo*, as one of his *miſchievous tricks*.

Gen Havagen, without further weighing the conſequence, conſents; and the *names* by the *dwarf* being altered, they were ſent thus to the emperor's court, where before the *ſtatuary* could travel through the ſeventy kingdoms to accompliſh the work, time being required, we ſhall return to queen *Iram*, who, after ſhe had with the utmoſt anguiſh of mind, lamented the loyal faithful friends of *Jathrep*, ſhe deſires him to proceed in his hiſtory.

Count de L——*'s death, and firſt tranſformation.*

BY the help of the *good father*, I brought my mind to a perfect ſorrow for all I had done amiſs, with an intire ſubmiſſion to the Divine Will; my *mother* with *pity* and *tenderneſs* I ſaw; and as the laſt, and ſevereſt task, *Rapſal* and *Rotulou* I forgave. Thus, continued he, *I plunged into the vaſt abyſs of wide eternity*. Here the very ſhadow of *Papaglia* ſeemed to

tremble, and look aghaſt; and after a groan, ſaid, *It is not permitted mortals ſhould know; and I ſhall only proceed to relate what I* may, *concerning myſelf.*

All *foul* and *ſpotted* with my offences, naked and forlorn, without one virtue, or good action done in my human ſtate, to plead, or appeaſe divine juſtice. Ah, cried he, what empty bubbles are both *grandeur* and *pleaſure?* when reaſon is free from the ſtrong attraction of our paſſions, would each mortal that ſwells with pride, and with contempt overlooks ſome real or imaginary advantage, from fortune's favours, or nature's ſuperior perfections of his fellow-creature, but conſider the mightieſt monarch, nay even *Maillan*, after all his ſlaughters, and the murders he is at this inſtant perpetrating againſt your juſt and loyal ſubjects, but reflect, according to his own *impious ideas*, undiſtinguiſhed the grave devours all, and with rolling time, will ſink him, as it has done myriads before, into eternal oblivion.

But how, added he, will thy gentle nature be moved to compaſſionate him, when you reflect, though now he triumphs over the deſolate remains of *Hazem*'s race and people, that one terrible moment muſt arrive, when at the *great*, the *tremendous bar*, his murdered lord, and all thoſe faithful

ſubjects

ſubjects that have, and do *ſtill ſmart* beneath his torments, for juſtly performing their duty to their liege lord, ſhall there with virtuous *Jathrep*, appear againſt him.

Ah! cried *Iram*, my imagination cauſes me to tremble, even for my mortal, deadly *foe*; then ceaſe the ungrateful ſhocking theme, and proceed to let us know your own doom.

Moline and *Rapſal*, ſaid he, attended by *furies* came againſt me; my *crimes* and *vices* were changed into *fiends*, which ſtood ready to ſeize me: I had nothing but the few paſt moments of my life to plead, to ſave me from endleſs pains.

When the glad furies with *malicious grins* began to approach ſo near me, *human imagination* cannot in idea form the tormenting horrors *I then felt*; the remembrance, added he, is ſtill ſo ſhocking, that —*Here, again, fearful and amazing terrors appeared more and more in* Papaglia's *form*; *he remained ſilent, and then renewing his relation, ſaid*, In thoſe moments of undiſcribable anguiſh and deſpair, harmonious voices were heard at a diſtance, which, with a bright ſphere of radiant light, advanced forward, at which the fiends backward ſhrunk, and keep a greater diſtance.

But, oh *Iram*, cried *Papaglia*, little can the grov'ling ideas of mortals, who ſeldom

raiſe their views beyond the changing pleaſures of this corruptible earth, once think what a power a *pure* mind has at the throne of mercy; for theſe glorious rays of light, and in reality exquiſitely raviſhing harmony were *Ermine*'s petitions and prayers for me, addreſſed by ſupplicating angels, to mitigate offended juſtice.

For, added he, that excellent maid, in return for my fond paſſion, having raiſed her's to one divinely pure, in pity to my crimes and follies, and with a generous zeal for my future happineſs, had offered up her earneſt prayers, but not ſuch as are made when hurried by the important affair of dreſs, or viſits, or when the thoughts are buſied with the pleaſing expectation of company and cards; nor were they even ſuch as the grave *politician* offers in the temple, with up-lifted eyes and moving lips, while all his thoughts are employed to ſet neighbouring nations at variance, for the ambitious views of his own monarch; but angelic *Ermine*'s prayers, were with a heart intirely abſorbed from every earthly joy, intereſt, or pleaſure, humble, pure, and fervent, in pity to my loſt ſtate, zealouſly ſupplicating to ſoften *Divine Wrath* on my behalf; and ſo prevalent they were, only for that one wicked, cruel folly of deceiving mademoiſelle *Moline*, ſhe was impowered

ered to judge my *puniſhment* to a certain time; and that *reſenting creature condemns me to be transformed into a monkey*; and if any accident ſhould happen to me before the courſe of that animal's natural date of life, I had leave to enter the firſt creature I found, but ſtill with the penance, if any diſaſter ſhould happen to it, till the animal, or inſect, ſhould by its natural courſe die, I was ſtill to continue my odd *metamorphoſis*; and many of theſe ſtrange changes I had ſuffered, flying, going, or carried through various kingdoms and countries, till by you delivered from the *ſpider* and his *cobweb*, and in your apartment preſerved from other accidents, till the date of that fluttering inſect's being was to ceaſe. But, as I have already ſaid, my firſt *metamorphoſis* being that of a ſprawling young *monkey*, I ſhall not preſume to entertain you how exactly all my *notions* were with my brethren of the ſame *ſpecies*, nor of the trifling adventures of my infant and juvenile ſtate, the particularizing of which, might indeed create a more perfect *idea* of what would be expected from my riper years, and ſhall only let you know, that, being catched in a wood by ſome ſailors, I was carried aboard a ſhip, and when they arrived at *Conſtantinople*, I was bought by a merchant, who again ſold me to the metropolitan biſhop, or patriarch

of that place: the price he paid for me to the merchant I perceive he was much better pleaſed with than my company.

Count de L——*'s Hiſtory of the* Conſtantinopolitan *court*

THE *gravity* and *wiſdom* of this *prelate*'s looks extremely pleaſed me; and my firſt maſter had not been paid, and left me, above an hour, before his ſervants let him know the *hermit* was arrived; this I found was ſuch a pleaſure to him and his family, that they crowded to ſee him, and the patriarch, on his entrance, received him with ſuch reſpect, as to deſire the bleſſing of the pious *anchorite*, who alſo in the ſame poſture demanded his paſtoral *benediction*. After theſe firſt ceremonies, in which each other endeavoured to ſhew the exceſs of their humility, I got near enough to the *hermit* fully to obſerve him; he was hale and ſtrong, his hair and beard were clean, and many white hairs were mixed with his black locks, which had a natural curl, his garments were coarſe, but neat, tied round his waſte with a cord, his eyes were ſweet and lively, and throughout his countenance was an air of perfect ſerenity.

The *biſhop* took him by the hand, and lead him into his cloſet, where, ſaid *Papaglia*, I took care to be in as ſoon as they: when

when they were ſeated, he began to acquaint the *hermit*, in a pathetic diſcourſe, much longer than a ſermon, his grief and concern for the *diſtractions* and *confuſion* which the different opinions about *religion* and *politicks* had cauſed in *that city*, and the whole empire; adding, that the people eſteeming him divinely inſpired, he would doubtleſs pleaſe heaven more by endeavouring to mitigate the violence and rage of each party, which the patriarch ſaid could only be done by the power he had on the *people*, who knew his *piety* and *virtues* were confirmed from heaven by many miracles.

I perceived the *hermit* heard the patriarch of *Conſtantinople*'s long and eloquent harangue with uneaſineſs, particularly thoſe parts which were moſt in his praiſe; and when he had ended, only anſwered, he was ſimple, and unlearned, having in his youth been bred a ſoldier, and in matters of faith intirely relied on the church, which he did not queſtion but was directed from above; adding, he was ſo far from having any skill and was ſo ill a judge of worldly affairs, inſtead of adviſing others, he found it very difficult to command his own paſſions, even in ſolitude: but, in ſpite of all he could plead of his *ignorance* and want of *skill*, the patriarch ſtill goes on, telling him there were no leſs than ſeventy different ſects, or opinions,

opinions, about *religion*, each of them daily vindicating their own, and railing at the reſt ; amongſt the many various ſorts he deſcribed, I ſoon found he was an *Arian*, which, at that time, was the moſt powerful party ; in that ,enowned city.

After the *patriarch* had held the *hermit* above three hours in talk, he would not ſuffer him to depart, till he had promiſed him to read, and give his opinion of about forty large ſheets of cloſe writing ; the *hermit* preſſed he might take it with him, and return to his ſolitude, which the *patriarch* violently oppoſing, he ſaid, When I was brought here at your command, to avoid the concourſe of people, your officers went through the garden, at the bottom of which between yours and the royal gardens, there is a grotto, and bath, that has a large window, by which may be ſeen all the walks, parterres, fountains, and fine ſtatues, that riſe up by a moderate aſcent to the beholders view ; it is in that grotto I would intreat to be, your people only bringing me bread, dried raiſins, and a cup to take up the water ; and there I will remain, till you are pleaſed to diſmiſs me : this was granted by the *patriarch*, with many compliments, ordering his attendants to conduct him thither, and with the utmoſt regard to ſee he had all things as he deſired. As he took

his

his leave, and turned from the *patriarch*, I thought there was a freedom and eaſy majeſty in his air and motion, unuſual in perſons of his low rank.

As ſoon as the *hermit* was retired, a perſon came from the *empreſs* with a writing, which was to be the ſubject of his next ſermon, the purport of which was, to be in commendation of her ſon's courageous and warlike genius, and to inſinuate to the people, that his intrepid daring could alone preſerve that ſinking empire; and that he was aſſuredly ſent from heaven, to prevent their impending danger from the daily-growing power of the *Turks*. With what humble joy did this *prelate* return thanks for the honour her imperial majeſty had done him, whoſe *weak genius* was far beneath ſuch an heroick theme, as the virtues and glorious perfections of that *noble prince*.

When the *empreſs*'s meſſenger was departed, *Heraclian*, who had married the emperor's only daughter, the beautiful *Martina*, came; but more fully, great queen, to give you an *idea* of this caballing court, the *Conſtantinopolean* empire is elective; which on the death of each *emperor* ought to have their ſucceſſor choſe by the ſenate; but as it had often happened, the ſtrongeſt faction fixing their favourite on the throne,

at

at the dreadful expence of many ſlaughters, and barbarous bloody murders of all that oppoſed them; and the perpetual dread and jealouſy the reigning emperor ever had of any powerful ſubject, or general, cauſed them to commit often unheard-of cruelties, on the innocent, as well as the guilty: on the other hand, the rich, the opulent ſubject, that happened to be, by many virtuous, or popular actions, beloved and admired by the people, from the fear they were in of being marked out by the ruling *emperor* for deſtruction, have often to prevent their own death, cauſed that of their *ſovereign*; thus, added *Papaglia*, elective monarchies and republicks jealouſies of their *equals* and *inferiors* becoming their commanders, have cauſed more miſchief, intrigues, baſe deceivings, and evil contrivances, of horrid and attroce murders, than all the other crimes that have been hatched or tranſacted ſince the firſt creation of the world: but, contiuued he, to proceed in my ſtory; the two chief candidates that then ſet the city in an uproar were *Sangluarton* and *Heraclian*; the firſt was the empreſs's ſon by a former husband, and the *patriarch* ſhewing *Heraclian*, as ſoon as entered, the writing he had the moment before received from the *empreſs*, I ſoon found by their diſcourſe, that *Sangluarton* merited none

none of thoſe high encomiums the empreſs had ordered the *patriarch* to ſet forth in his next harangue, or ſermon, that was to create in the people an expectation of the extraordinary bleſſing, was ſent from heaven in the virtues and perfection of *Sangharton*, he being naturally of a very mean and weak capacity, which was ſtill made worſe by his exceſſive riots and drunkenneſs, and all ſorts of lewdneſs; ſome trifling oſtentatious liberalities with his familiar debaucheries amongſt the common ſoldiers, had made him their favourite as well as the meaner ſort of people; but what had ſome time before puffed him up, and cauſed them with loud applauſes to follow and adore him, was, his mother having bribed the *captain* of the enemy's party, by a vaſt ſum, to deliver him up a ſlight fortified place, of little conſequence. The barbarities he had uſed on the ſold, not conquered enemy, cauſed the faithleſs wretch, that for gold betrayed his truſt, to fall on his ſword, and in his expiring agonies, diſcover the truth. At this time the ſtory beginning to be diſcovered to the people, the empreſs hopes from the high encomiums of the prieſt, to blind and deceive the people from believing any thing againſt him.

After *Heraclian* and the *prelate* had diverted

verted themſelves with the empreſs's policies, the latter asks him how he muſt act in the affair, he fearing ſuch plain and barefaced impoſitions on the people, muſt inevitably ruin his character; on which *Heraclian* ſaid, Cannot you be taken with a ſwooning fit, the pthyſic, or cough, and put ſome young preacher in your place, who will be glad of this opportunity, in hopes to raiſe his fortune.

When they had ended their diſcourſe about the empreſs and *Sangluarton*, the *patriarch* asked *Heraclian* how he and the princeſs *Martina* agreed? juſt to my wiſhes, anſwered he; her indiſcreet and haughty impertinences increaſe the odiums her *ſubtle mother*, and her creatures, are hourly ſpreading, to make her hated, and the averſion of the people; and my diſlike and open complaints of her to them, will not only in time, thoroughly humble her, but does ſo intirely blind the *empreſs*, that ſhe has not the leaſt thought I have any deſigns on the empire.

And for theſe ten days paſt, I with grief and the utmoſt diſcontent to the whole court, having complained of *Martina*'s ill temper, this morning the *emperor* ſent for me, and after ſome grave and reproving expreſſions on my ill uſage of his only and beloved child, as he called her; he ſaid

ſaid to me, he always deſigned the perſon that ſhould marry his daughter ſhould have ſucceeded him in the empire, and that by thus expoſing her, I ſhould loſe all hopes and pretences; and though, added *Heraclian*, I know he hates me, yet his paternal fondneſs for her, cauſed him to deſcend even to intreat me, to uſe her with leſs ſternneſs, and to make up the preſent breach between us, had given me the government of *Africa*, with the command of his beſt troops. This the empreſs is not diſpleaſed at, hoping in my *abſence* to get her ſon declared *ſucceſſor*, while the emperor, by ſending me to this government, expects his darling daughter will be free from the reſtraint and power a husband has over her *actions*; but, continued he, I ſhall diſappoint all three, and make each of them court me to ſtay here as uſual. *Papaglia* ſaid he muſt depart, and vaniſhed.

End of the Second Book.

BOOK

BOOK III.

The Hiſtory of Attanazunque, *Prince of* Ethiopia, *and the Princeſs* Gen Zanira, *continued.*

THE *ſtatuary* having accompliſhed his work, the images of the *daughters* and *ſiſters* of the ſeventy monarchs were glaced in a large gallery, where *Attanazunque*, only attended by his preceptor, enters, to take a view of them: It will be needleſs, after what has been ſaid of *Jathrep*'s lovely daughter, to doubt he did not fix on her *image*, that by *Gungo*'s whim had *Gen Havagen*'s ribbon and name placed athwart the breaſt.

None of the *figures* exceeding above twenty two inches, he takes it in his arms, without vouchſafing to beſtow a look on any of the reſt; his *tutor*, who was a perſon of learning, wiſdom, and virtue, proper for his office, though he owned that *image* was *far* more beautiful than the reſt, nevertheleſs he intreats him not too haſtily to determine; for, added he, though the *Nutrebians* are by far the moſt powerful monarchy, yet *Maillan* being but a ſubject, and from a little *Gan* of the *Sangreans*, has, by

by deſtroying the ancient kings of that place, raiſed himſelf to an uſurped throne, which he keeps poſſeſſion of by the moſt vicious and attroce arts, corrupting that opulent nation from all ſenſe of *virtue* and *religion*, and, very lately added he, I had from a *Nutrebian* courtier, that this lady, whoſe form you ſo much admire, has a turn of mind as evil as her father's; and if at all you would ſubmit the mighty *Pretejan*'s blood ſhould be mixed with *Maillan*'s, whoſe veins are filled with thoſe of low race, let it be *Jan Zanira*, whoſe milder charms, and ſedater wiſdom, has gained the eſteem of all that know her, *far* beyond the exterior beauty of her ſiſter, whoſe ill-turned mind may prove another *Aſſel*, that for three hundred years ſet their empire in flames..

But the *image* had inflamed the *prince* of *Ethiopia* with too ſtrong a paſſion for the charming original, to regard his *preceptor*'s diſcourſe: with the *image* he hurries to his mother's apartment, from whoſe indulgence he expected aſſiſtance, if the *emperor*, or his counſellors, ſhould ſtart any objection, as his grave *preceptor* had done; and as he was ſhewing it to the *empreſs*, ſaid, *Does not this* image *repreſent a beauty that ſurpaſſes imagination? See*, continued he, *her ſhape and limbs, how exactly proportioned!*

how

how finely formed are theſe hands, arms, and fingers! what a delicacy in each minuteſt part! but madam, purſued he to the empreſs, *look on the face, neck, and ſilky hair, and own even* envy *cannot find a defect:* and ſtill in rapture, with his eyes fixed on the figure, he cried, *What a ſweetneſs is in her ſmile! how does the look of the eyes penetrate, awe, and charm, and in the ſoul fix their powerful influence; and in ſpite of our tutor, whom I perceive* fame *has poſſeſſed in favour of* her ſiſter, *which doubtleſs muſt proceed from* envy *of her ſuperior beauty; for, if you conſider, with an awful modeſty. there is blended ſo ſweet a goodneſs, no evil thoughts, or cloudy paſſions, could have entered, to deform, or ruffle a frame ſo fine.*

The empreſs, and whole court, own the beauty of the *image* equal to all the *Ethiopian* prince's moſt paſſionate deſcription; and as he was too much beloved not to prevail, in ſpite of all that had been objected againſt *Maillan*, and his daughters characters, the *emperor* and his *counſellors* decreed *Gen Havagen* ſhould be the eſpouſed wife of prince *Attanazunque*, who from his infancy had been bred with high thoughts, and a magnanimity of ſoul large as the ſpacious empire he was one day to command; from the ſmooth influence of an unruffled fortune, he was gay and ſprightly, perfectly skilled

skilled in all ſorts of manly exerciſes, and from his childhood ſo many difficult caſes had been brought him to judge, he had ſuch a diſcerning penetration into the moſt obſcure and intricate part of the cauſe, juſtice, that celeſtial goddeſs, alone directed when he pronounced ſentence, his generoſity was ſo unbounded, it would be endleſs to enumerate the many and various ſorts of ways he had relieved the diſtreſſed, with the juſtice he had procured to the friendleſs, each day producing freſh inſtances of actions great and good, which without partiality cauſed him to be eſteemed the delight and admiration of that mighty people.

The young king of *Meriots* being bred up in the *emperor*'s court, had played with *Attanazunque* ſeveral times, and to him loſt immenſe ſums, (a vice the *Ethiopians* are extremely addicted to,) and the prince being informed, this king had, to keep up his honour and pay him, laid heavy and ſevere taxes on his people, to raiſe the ſum; the wiſe and generous *Attanazunque* was no ſooner informed of the oppreſſion it was like to be to his ſubjects, but he ſent him a full acquittance, with a preſent of as much more as was due; and when the king with bluſhes came to return him thanks, he told him the lambs, ſheep, and harmleſs people muſt be indeed irreparably miſerable, when the

the ſhepherd of the flock, and guardian of the people, became rheir ſpoilers and devourers; aed on this occaſion taking notice how detrimental gaming muſt be to his father's *ſubjects*, he from that moment made a *reſolution*, never to play beyond a trifle, intimating, he hoped they would pay him that compliment, not to game at higher ſtakes than their *prince*.

But now love's pleaſing charms began to triumph; with impatience he longs to poſſeſs the bright original of the *image* that had ſo inflamed him, nor does he reſt till ambaſſadors are ſent from tha emperor to demand *Gen Havagen* in marriage for his ſon, the prince of *Ethiopia*.

Maillan, and his creatures are mightily uplifted with the thoughts of his beloved daughters advancement to the *Abaſſinian* throne; no talk is heard in his court, but on the wiſdom, virtues, and extravagant perfections of *Attanazunque*.

Gen Havagen at firſt was a little ſtartled, being conſcious to *Gungo*'s ſhe owes the honours and homage that on this occaſion are paid her; but as her natural diſpoſition was *daring*, (beſides her being bred up in the *Sangrecian* policy,) which was to impoſe the groſſeſt abſurdity when for their purpoſe, and when diſcovered, or detected, turn into a jeſt your credulity, by letting you

you ſee how much they deſpiſed your *folly* in believing them; and as ſhe had often found her impoſitions to paſs on *Maillan*, ſhe hopes no leſs by her ſly arts to gain on *Attanaqunque*.

Thus flattering herſelf, her young brain indulges her vanity to as great an exceſs as a weak mind would do on the like real advancement from fortune's favours, the firſt perſon ſhe reſolves ſhould feel the effects of her grandeur, is her ſuppoſed ſiſter, who, when ſhe comes to compliment and congratulate her, as princeſs of *Ethiopia*, ſhe receives her with a grave air, and ſlight looks, and a perfect abſence of mind, as if ſhe thought her not worthy of her notice, and beginning a diſcourſe, ſaid, *Attanaqunque*'s wiſdom is, doubtleſs the admiration of mankind, which has made him the darling and delight of that mighty empire he is one day to command; and, added ſhe, what can be a greater proof of it than not to be caught by the charms of an outward form, but by a penetrating wiſdom to conſider the turn of features, and from thence judge the ſpirits and genius that invigorate them; may you, ſaid *Gen Zanira*, in every action anſwer that *great prince*'s opinion; and I ſhall eſteem it a *true* and *ſolid* glory, to be an imitator of ſo near a relation, and ſuch an auguſt ex-

ample: this modeſty, anſwered *Gen Havagen*, well becomes you, who muſt, whatever petty king you may be *eſpouſed* to, know me for your *empreſs*, and *ſovereign miſtreſs*.

The *princeſs* having been long habituated to her *taunts*, received this addition of her inſults with unconcern, having ſecret hopes by her removal at ſo great a diſtance from her, ſhe ſhould be leſs perplexed with the vexations ſhe daily cauſed her.

This eaſy indifference of *Gen Zanira*, ſo vaſtly oppoſite to the envy that at that time tore *Gen Havagen*'s heart, *the fatal ſecret of the changed images*, known to only *her* and *Gungo*, cauſes her, whenever ſhe looks at that *innocent lady*, to be poſſeſſed with ſuch fiend-like fury, that her eyes flaſhed with the deadly paſſions that glow within; often with *Gungo* ſhe conſults how to get her poiſoned; but on conſideration, the difficulties they find to get it accompliſhed, ſet them on other contrivances.

The *dwarf*, when he pleaſed was diverting, and to gain *Gen Zanira*'s ſecrets, had ingratiated himſelf into the favour of one of her women; and their diſcourſe being on the various ſorts of cruelties exerciſed on the *rebels*, he, pretending to open his ſecret thoughts to the young *maid*, deſcribes *Gen Havagen* of a hard and cruel diſpoſition,

ſition, with expreſſions of abhorrence and diſlike; which had ſuch an effect on the princeſs's woman, who in praiſe of her miſtreſs's gentle and oppoſite nature, dropped ſome hints of her ſending relief to thoſe worthy unhappy ſufferers. The ſubtle *dwarf* having gained ſo much, lets not the indiſcreet maid reſt, till ſhe fully diſcovered, that ſhe *herſelf* having informed the princeſs *Gen Zanira*, how they were chained down in dungeons, ſtarving, and that ſome in the extreme anguiſh of *hunger*, had gnawed their own *fleſh*, it had ſo moved that compaſſionate young lady to pity them, that in ſpite of *Maillan*'s ſevere charge to the contrary, ſhe had intruſted her from time to time with money to ſend to them, on her ſolemn promiſe not to diſcover it to *Igeban*, or any one elſe; the maid adding, ſhe feared that lady would condemn her diſobeying her father, or elſe, purſued ſhe, according to the modeſty of her nature, would avoid the oſtentation of doing ſo good an action.

Gungo acquaints *Gen Havagen* with what he had learned from the *maid*; and they having heard much talk of a ſuppoſed ſon of *Jathrep Hazem*, ignorant of the ſecret tranſactions between *Maillan* and the *Egyptian* court, *Gungo* and *Gen Havagen*, contrive to enrage this uſurper againſt *Gen Za-*

nira, by forging a letter, as if ſent by *Jathrep*'s party, with compliments and thanks for her compaſſion to them; aſſuring her, though *Roarbat* had ſecreted and concealed himſelf, being found to have impoſed on the *caliph*, yet their *young king* was really in being, and would ſoon appear with a great power to their ſuccour; and that he having heard an excellent character of her, which, added to the wonderous goodneſs ſhe had ſhewn them, he intended no leſs than to ſet the *Nutrebian* crown on her head.

After they had contrived and got this *paper* writ, the cunning *Gungo* did not think fit to truſt *Gen Zanira*'s maid with it, but *Gen Havagen* in one of her pretended fits of good humour, (a favour which ſhe had never done her ſince ſhe had by the ambaſſadors been honoured as princeſs of *Ethiopia*) came to her bed-ſide to call her up, to walk with her in the garden; and as ſhe deſigned, finding a large book open, puts in the paper, and claps it together; and then, taking the *princeſs* down into the garden, *Gungo*, who knew by a ſign ſhe made, ſhe had accompliſhed her intention, goes and acquaints *Maillan* what the maid had told him, concerning her compaſſion to the priſoners.

Maillan has the maid examined, who, in

in her fright, and to gain favour, ſtretches beyond truth in her confeſſion ; the *princeſs* and *Igeban*'s apartments are ſearched, and *Gen Havagen*'s paper is found ; *Igeban*, while the two ladies are in the garden, is examined by the tyrant, her husband, and the council, who, as ſhe really was, pleads her ignorance ; *Maillan*, in his firſt rage, without vouchſafing to hear her, would have had *Gen Zanira* ſtrangled in a bath ; *Danredno* and the *council*, with great difficulty prevailed to have the puniſhment deferred, till the facts are more certainly proved, and how ſhe came by that writing : ſhe is called out of the garden ; as ſhe enters, the terrible looks of *Maillan* make her tremble ; but as ſoon as ſhe finds ſhe is charged with the heinous crime of feeding the hungry priſoners, ſhe ſwoons ; all preſent are touched with pity but *Maillan* and his *fiend-like daughter*. When ſhe was a little brought to herſelf, with a charming ſweetneſs ſhe implores *Maillan*'s pardon for her diſobedience, lays the blame on the defective tenderneſs of her nature, who, from her infancy, could never bear to hear of any one in pain, or miſery ; but, when they charge her with the writing found in the book in her apartment, with great ſpirit ſhe defends herſelf, and with the courage innocence gives, deſires he will patiently

wait ſome *time*, and ſhe does not queſtion but he will diſcover who had been the malicious contrivers. *Danredno* with warmth pleads her requeſt may be granted, and ſo far prevails, that the *princeſs*, and his *lady*, are ſent priſoners to the caſtle, where *Iram* had been ſo long detained; but another difficulty aroſe, which would have been of fatal conſequence to the *princeſs*, which was the ſeparating of her from *Igeban*, *Gen Havagen* preſſing it might be ſo, who ever ſince ſhe had been acknowledged *princeſs* of *Ethiopia*, amongſt others, ſhe had aſſumed very *politick airs*; but *Danredno* beginning to diſtruſt her in *this affair*, violently oppoſed it; and the *tyrant*, not caring to diſoblige ſo uſeful an *engine* for his purpoſe, yields to his perſwaſions, and *Igeban*, with the *princeſs*, under a ſtrong guard, are carried to the caſtle, and confined in an apartment joining to the *queen*'s, which, like her's, looked over the river.

As ſoon as the *princeſs* and *Igeban* were alone, that lady on talking with the *princeſs*, is convinced of her ignorance and innocence concerning the *writing* found in her chamber; and from the ſtrangeneſs *Gen Havagen* had long before carried towards her, they concluded, that her morning viſit was to leave this writing. *Igeban* ſends, and acquaints *Danredno* with her

thoughts

thoughts on that ſubject, deſiring him to let *Niphtanon* know the whole affair, and intreat him by his mother's intereſt to prevail on *Maillan* to gain them their liberty; to this requeſt *Danredno* acts with ſincerity equal to her deſires; and his ſuſpicions of *Gen Havagen* are ſuch, that he cannot help letting that *great lady* underſtand, he ſees through her *deſigns*; for which hereafter ſhe makes him to ſmart, though at preſent the venom with which ſhe deſcribes *Gen Zanira*'s compaſſion to *Maillan*'s enemies, keeps up his anger to that height, it is not in *Danredno*'s power to mollify him.

Nothing but a cedar wainſcot ſeparating the *queen* and *princeſs*'s apartments, how does *Igeban* in thought like a wild bird that flutters and beats his cage to get out, wants to paſs from her own to *Iram*'s chamber, whoſe advice in this ſtate ſhe wants, to aſſiſt her againſt *Maillan*'s cruelty, and *Gen Havagen*'s malice and evil-working ſpirit, which cauſes her to dread every ſort of ſtrange and unheard-of miſchiefs, by her becoming the prince of *Ethiopia*'s ſpouſe; there ſhe hoped on any accident to have retired with *Gen Zanira*, the *Egyptians* ſhe knew by her husband's means, had made *Maillan* their creature, and according to their nature, were too intereſted to do a generous action; in theſe

perplexities ſhe reſigns all to Providence, when about ſix days after their confinement, *Emargh* is brought into her apartment, ſent by *Danredno*; for this faithful *huntſman*, being ſoon after he had preſented the little *princeſs* to *Igeban*, by her made *ſteward* of part of her eſtate, and now, to accompliſh his purpoſes, having told *Danredno* he wanted to talk with her about affairs of her eſtate, he gets leave to have him admitted to *Igeban*, and as his back was to the guard that attended, he with a peculiar meaning in his eyes, looking on the *princeſs* and herſelf as he delivered the *papers* into her hands, touches one in ſuch a manner, that cauſed her as ſoon as he was gone, to open it, and read the following words:

Ths tyrant has certainly got a ſcent of the prince*'s birth; and as you know he is very expeditious in his bloody executions, every moment's delay is dangerous; therefore at ten this night, in a barge under the window, I and my ſon will attend for you to let down a ſtring, to which a ladder of ropes, proper habits to diſguiſe you both with, and tools to force the bars, may be drawn up, and you by the ladder may deſcend; and I and my ſon will convey you both to a place of ſafety: for heaven's ſake, loſe not this opportunity;*

and

and believe this a ſecond providential mean to ſave that lovely lady.

Igeban, by nature timorous, on reading *Emargh*'s letter, ſuch an extreme concern appeared in her looks, it cauſed the *princeſs* to enquire into the occaſion; on which ſhe gave the letter into her hand, and that part which mentioned *her birth* being what moſt ſurprized her, ſhe turned her eyes on the wife of *Danredno*, with looks that ſhewed ſhe deſired an explanation of that affair; but *Igeban*, who in her fright for her ſafety, had not thought on that part, fearing if ſhe ſhould let her know ſhe was *Jathrep*'s daughter, while in the tyrant's power, the terror of her danger might hurt her health, only anſwers, that as ſoon as they had made their eſcape, ſhe would let her into every particular of her birth, with many other affairs thereunto relating.

The *princeſs* was very preſſing with her not to omit this opportunity offered by *Emargh*, and aſſures her, tho' ſhe ſhould be the child of the meaneſt *peaſant*, ſhe ſhould prefer it vaſtly before that of being *Maillan*'s, at whom ſhe owned her nature was always *ſhocked*. *Igeban* looking on her with the fondneſs ſhe had ever had for that charming lady, ſaid, *No, my dear princeſs,*

your parents were very much the Gan of Sangrees *ſuperiors.*

With impatience they both waited till night approached, then pretending they are indiſpoſed, they retire early to their reſt, their employment being to watch the barge's arrival, which as ſoon as they ſee ſettled under their window, they let down the ſtring, and from the two perſons that are in the barge, draw up the ladder of ropes, dreſſes, and tools, to looſen the window bars; all which they diſpatch with the utmoſt expedition, and having ſafely got down, honeſt *Emargh*, and his *ſon* row away with them as faſt as poſſible.

Igeban ſoon perceived it was only *Emargh*'s fears that had given him the leaſt cauſe to ſuſpect the *tyrant* had any idea of the *princeſs* not being his *own child.* When the day began to appear, *Emargh* told them not far diſtant was a very pleaſant unfrequented cave, where they might ſtay a day or two till the fury and hunt of the tyrant's ſearchers ſhould be over; he having taken care for proviſion, and all neceſſaries, he could think of, that would be wanting.

To this *Igeban* agreeing, they by him are conveyed thither *faint* and *weary* with the night's fatigue; and after *Emargh*, to prevent accidents, had ſunk the barge, they

ſat

ſat down to refreſh themſelves with the proviſions he had brought with him.

When *Igeban* had a little recovered her ſpirits, looking round, ſhe ſaid, *There is ſomething ſo convenient and neat amidſt the wildneſs of this cave, I cannot help thinking ingenious workmen's ſkill has been employed about it, by perſons who perhaps in time of diſtreſs have made this cave their ſure retreat. Yes,* anſwered *Emargh, the great* Froonock, *from whom this lovely* princeſs *is the thirty-third in deſcent, in this cave, and the adjacent rocks, was concealed, with ſix hundred faithful followers, often ſallying out, and in ſkirmiſhes deſtroyed their enemies, and full five years ſtemmed the fury of a bloody uſurping* uncle, *who ſought every means to deſtroy him, and fix the crown on his own poſterity.*

Here the princeſs *Gen Zanira* looking on *Igeban*, ſaid, *Now, deareſt* Igeban, *no longer delay, but ſatisfy my curioſity, and let me know to whom* I owe my being, *ſince* Emargh, *as well as yourſelf, is acquainted with what you ſay, and is a ſecret to all beſides.*

The virtuous wife of *Danredno* was beginning her ſtory, when a ſudden ſound of *voices*, and trampling of *feet*, from the oppoſite part of the cave to that they entered at, alarmed them, ſo they left unfiniſhed

their repaſt, and fled out the way they came in : *Gen Zanira*'s young and nimble feet quickly out-ſtripped *Emargh* and *Igeban* ; the *huntſman* having ordered his ſon to ſtay and ſee if they were ſtrangers, or *Maillan*'s purſuers.

The *princeſs* ſoon got ſo far before them it was impoſſible to overtake her, either by haſtening their pace, or making her hear their cries, or loud calls, nor in the fright did ſhe ſtop, till forced by her wearineſs ; then looking back, ſhe ſees neither *Igeban* nor *Emargh* ; diſtracted in this *deſolate* and *forlorn* place, ſhe looked, and then ſtopping, ſurveys all around her ; and then going, the rocks and wilds rebound with her frequent repetitions of *Igeban* and *Emargh*, till ſhe is quite hoarſe and faint, but in vain ; while they with equal anguiſh, by different paths, were making the ſame diſtracted moan.

Quite ſpent with her unavailing wanderings, ſhe ſees the ſun decline, and dreary darkneſs ſpread her black undiſtinguiſhing veil over the globe, haſtening to a wood ſhe ſaw at ſome diſtance ; ſhe climbed a large tree, where her extreme wearineſs, in ſpite of her odd lodging, ſoon cauſed her to fall aſleep.

With the ſun, and chearful birds, ſhe wakes, tormented with a thouſand various thoughts

thoughts and fears, of her ſtrange and deſolate condition; with her fatigue and grief ſhe is parched with drought, but happily ſhe finds ſome wild fruit ſhe took notice the birds had picked. After ſhe had a little refreſhed herſelf, a ſhower of tears ſomewhat aſſwaged the full anguiſh of her heart; and ſhe having earneſtly implored the Divine Aſſiſtance, ſhe endeavoured calmly to reſign her deſolate ſtate to the All-powerful Mercy.

She rambles about, if poſſible, to extricate herſelf out of that wild place; after ſome time, finding a trodden path, her weary feet purſues the track, till ſhe comes to a wide open road, where ſhe did not travel long, before an *elephant and caſtle*, with a numerous attendance, overtook her; with tranſport ſhe ſprung to them, intreating their pity and aſſiſtance; telling them ſhe had loſt her friends by accident amidſt the *wild* and *barren* rocks, whoſe heights they might diſcern beyond the wood thro' which ſhe had paſſed; adding, that between her fatigues and hunger, ſhe was ready to expire.

Though in a plain dreſs, her *beauty* and the ſurprizing graces that attended the words and actions of that lovely princeſs, cauſed the ſervants that belonged to the lady in the caſtle, to acquaint her with the diſtreſſed

diſtreſſed complaint of the young ſtrange maid; the lady was an *Ethiopian*, and from her country ſeat was going to *Pretejan*'s court, it being the month ſhe was to pay her attendance to the empreſs.

She ordered they ſhould bring her up into the *caſtle*, and having attentively conſidered her perſon, enquires how, and on what occaſion, ſhe had loſt her friends? *Gen Zanira*, who had ever guarded each word within the ſtricteſt bounds of truth, without mentioning her having been bred up as the *ſuppoſed daughter of Maillan*, or by him confined in a *priſon*, only ſaid *Igeban* had the care of her education, and was acquainted with her *parents*, the knowledge of which ſhe had concealed from her; and that a few days ago ſhe had ſecretly left *Nodnou*, and in a barge, rowed by a perſon that had brought them to a cave, where ſhe underſtood *Igeban* intended to throw herſelf at the *patriarch*'s feet, to implore his protection for them, and as ſhe had before promiſed her, was juſt beginning to acquaint her with the circumſtances of her birth, when ſome *voices* and the ſound of *feet*, cauſed them to fly.

The *Ethiopian* lady, whoſe name was *Oriſſama*, had heard *Igeban* was eſteemed a lady of *virtue* and *diſcretion*, nor was ſhe a ſtranger to the *Nutrebian* court, and many

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of the domeſtick, as well as publick affairs; pleaſed with the beauty and innocence of *Gen Zanira*, and moved by her diſtreſſed ſtate to compaſſion, determines to carry her along with her to court, till ſhe could hear of *Igeban*, which accordingly ſhe did.

The *princeſs*, after ſhe was refreſhed with *food* and *reſt*, is oppreſſed with extreme grief; *Igeban* is perpetually in her thoughts and on her tongue; what moſt increaſed her melancholly, was the not knowing her *parents*; though from the converſation between *Igeban* and *Emargh*, ſhe imagines and hopes ſhe is deſcended from king *Jathrep*, and *Iram* his queen, nor was ſhe without the tormenting fear, that when ſhe ſhould arrive at the *Ethiopian* court, if diſcovered by *Gen Havagen*, ſhe ſhould again be hunted by her reſtleſs and implacable ſpirit.

To divert ſome of theſe perplexing thoughts, a muſical inſtrument lying near, ſhe takes it up, and plays on it; *Oriſſama* is ſo charmed with her harmonious touches, ſhe bids *Gen Zanira* continue her play, to which that lady adds a *ſong*; the *Ethiopian* lady had never heard a voice, or skill, that equalled her's; where we muſt leave them, and, to proceed properly in our hiſtory, return to *Iram* and *Papaglia*, it being

ing not above a day after *Gen Zanira*'s eſcape, that ſhe expected his viſit.

Their firſt diſcourſe is concerning *Maillan*'s marrying one daughter to the *Ethiopian* prince, and confining the other in *priſon*, with the noiſe and various conjectures made about the hazardous flight *ſhe* and *Igeban* had made; after which, the queen, fetching a deep ſigh, ſaid, *I ſee all ſorts of proſperity, happineſs, and human grandeur are ſtill to wait on this* tyrant; *while if my children have a human being, they are as much obſcured, as if the grave had long ſince devoured them.* To this melancholly reproach of *Iram*'s, *Papaglia* anſwered her, and ſaid, This anxious and ſplenetick grief will not add or diminiſh one moment of the appointed time; and to convince you how little regard is to be given to you mortals hopes, or fears, either as to ſelf-opinion ſecurities, or dread of future ills, before the annual ſun has rolled his round to the next ſucceeding year, your heart will be charmed with joyous news; but yield not too much to the tranſport, for neither you, nor that god-like pair your *ſon* and *daughter*, are yet to have a ceſſation from ſtrange and cruel misfortunes.

She then deſired him to proceed in his hiſtory, after his transformation, when they were

were interrupted by *Sinza*, who told her workmen were ſent by *Maillan*, more ſecurely to have the windows of the caſtle made for the future, to prevent any other eſcapes; the ladder of ropes, with the tools which *Emargh* had ſent to cut the iron bars, being found in the chamber, the workmen were obliged to examine every place, which cauſed the queen to retire to her chapel, and occaſions the hiſtory of *Papaglia* to be deferred till the next enſuing year.

End of the Third Book.

BOOK IV.

The Princeſs Gen Zanira's *Hiſtory continued.*

HER voice and skill in muſick, with the irreſiſtible charms of her behaviour, ſoon made her a favourite with the princeſs *Ezairia*. She had not been above two months, it being the hotteſt part of the ſeaſon in that ſultry country, when ſhe went to bathe herſelf in a fountain in the private royal garden belonging to the princeſs *Ezairia*, none but her ladies and women were permitted to enter

enter it, and moſt of them had been before to waſh themſelves ; but the princeſs *Gen Zanira*, as ſhe had always done at *Nutrebia*, chuſing to bathe by herſelf, had ſtayed till the ladies had finiſhed, and were withdrawn.

But though no man of the higheſt dignity in that ſpacious empire, not even *Pretejan* himſelf was admitted ; yet *Attanazunque*, by the empreſs's permiſſion, had a ſecret key, that he might ſometimes come to her private apartment without the ceremony of attendance ; and the beauteous *image* having warmed him with impatience, till the *matchleſs original* ſhould arrive, he choſe to indulge the pleaſing thoughts of her alone, and tempted by the exceſſive heat, he knowing it was paſt the time of the day the ladies uſually came, went towards the fountain, and was got to the inner part of the thick grove, when he was ſtopped by the voice of the *princeſs*, who was ſinging a ſhort melancholly ſong as ſhe was bathing ; never was any mortal's ſenſes charmed by the power and force of harmony as was *Attanazunque* ; he ſtood motionleſs as a ſtatue, till ſhe had ended, and then curioſity tempting him to view the perſon from whom the inchanting ſound came, ſoftly he drew near to the outſide of the alcove, the fountain being in the middle,

dle, that in the inſide was adorned with ſhell-work, and ſeveral fine wrought ſtatues; here and there little windows were made to let in the light; he got to one unperceived, and looking in ſaw *Gen Zanira* bathing. Her head, neck, and ſometimes her arms, appeared above the water, which immediately ſtruck him with the exact reſemblance *between her* and the *image*, which had ſo charmed him, his ſenſes and all his faculties yielded to the delightful view. Each motion and turn, with the look of her lovely eyes, adds fuel to his amorous fire; he was motionleſs, nor hardly breathed till ſhe quitted the bath, which ſhe does by laying hold on a large linnen cloth, placed at the edge of the fountain, which having covered herſelf all over with, retired to a dark corner of the *alcove* to dreſs; her modeſt and decent manner awed him, and with his increaſing paſſion, creates an eſteem that more firmly fixes in his heart her irreſiſtible charms. As ſoon as ſhe was dreſſed, ſwift as the lapwing ſhe flew to the palace, the prince following her with his eyes, till by entering it ſhe diſappears.

When ſhe was departed he began to doubt whether it was a pleaſing viſion, or a real living perſon which had made ſuch an impreſſion on his ſpirits, that he threw himſelf

himſelf on the graſs, and lay like one intranced.

After he had ſome time reflected on the charms of the *fair bather*, and her perfect reſemblance to the *image*, he torments himſelf with the thought that though *Gen Havagen* ſhould have as exact a likeneſs as this unknown, he could love, nor like nothing but the inchanting perſon he had ſeen in the bath; and as he knew it was impoſſible *Maillan*'s daughter could be there, reſtleſs with a thouſand perplexed ideas, and vexatious thoughts, he reſolves to go to his ſiſter's apartment, being certain he had never ſeen any perſon near her that had any ſort of likeneſs either to the *image*, or the lovely charmer in the bath.

Accordingly he aroſe, and went to his ſiſter; at the cloſet-door he heard the ſame *voice* ſinging, on which he entered the cloſet, where *Ezairia* and *Oriſſama* were ſitting very attentive to hear the beautiful maid he had ſeen in the *bath* a ſinging. At firſt motionleſs, his eyes were fixed on *Gen Zamira*, then in a rapture he cried out, *It is, it is the ſame lovely form!* and then again ſtopping, and earneſtly looking on her; the *princeſs* unuſed to ſuch a free and familiar ſort of *gazing*, caſt her eyes down with a modeſt forbiddance, which ſeized *Attanazunque* with a tremor, and an awe he had

till

till then been a ſtranger to; the modeſt guard with which her fine eye-laſhes covered the radiant charms within, pierced his very ſoul; and in ſpite of the vaſt diſtance he imagined fortune had placed between them, he advancing to her with a timid reſpect, ſaid, *Faireſt of all that nature has ever formed fair, why do you turn thoſe lovely eyes with looks averſe from a prince who finds it is decreed by fate he can only love and adore you.*

Here the princeſs *Ezairia* riſing from her ſeat, and coming up to him, ſaid, *Brother, tho' perhaps you have ſeen as fair a maid as this, yet if you knew her, you would be infinitely more charmed with her wit, ſenſe, and pleaſing manner*; and, without ſtopping, acquaints him ſhe was a *Nutrebian* maid, bred up by *Igeban*, with her loſing her friends, *Oriſſama*'s compaſſion to her, with her bringing her to their court.

The thoughts of *Nutrebia* cauſed him to fetch a deep ſigh, and ſay, *What various and different ſenſes does this life yield? It was but this morning, with eager paſſion, I longed and wiſhed the approach of* Gen Havagen, *as the greateſt happineſs; and now, ſince I have ſeen this* lovely maid, *I dread her coming worſe than being plunged in the deep, or ſurrounded with embattled armies, pointed ſpears, or raging fires.*

Ezairia

Czairia was two years younger than the blooming *Gen Zanira*, and tho' ſurprized at her brother's diſcourſe, had not the leaſt idea what could have happened to have cauſed ſuch an alteration; but *Oriſſama*, from her obſervation of his behaviour to *Gen Zanira*, began to fear ſhe had brought the fatal ſpark that was to ſet the *Ethiopian* court on flame.

Attanazunque, who was poſſeſſed with a real, ſtrong, and violent paſſion for *Gen Zanira*, entertains his ſiſter and *Oriſſama* with diſcourſes of the ſurprizing, the exact likeneſs there is between this *Nutrebian maid* and *Gen Havagen*'s *image*, yet how vaſtly this fair unknown ſurpaſſed all that imagination could form, with the pleaſing graces that attended her every look and motion.

Gen Zanira amazed at his diſcourſe, ſaid, I have ſeen the princeſs *Gen Havagen*, but never heard any perſon but prince *Attanazunque* that imagined there was the leaſt reſemblance between that *happy lady* and *myſelf*; to which *Attanazunque* replied, I have already ſaid how much I think you excel all that the fond lover can wiſh, or think amiable; and at the ſame moment riſing up to be gone, turned to her, and in a lower voice ſaid, Beauteous *Zanira*, one tender regard of yours would make *Attanazunque*

nazunque happy, far beyond empire or glory. The *princeſs*, with her eyes caſt down, made no reply.

When he left the lady he retired to reſt, but in vain; the whole night was employed in thoughts of *the unknown Nutrebian maid*; all that amorous youth feels, or ſuffers, in the combat between the moſt violent paſſion, when oppoſed by intereſt, fame, honour, or renown; glory had been his favourite paſſion, but in ſpite of all the flattering charms ambition could tempt him with, enervate they fade, and loſe their force againſt *Zanira*'s more powerful charms.

Nor was that *lady*'s reſt much eaſier, who knew herſelf a ſtranger and friendleſs, conſcious of her youth, and ignorant of the world; ſhe knows not how to act, what to own, or conceal, and dreads each word which paſſeth through her lips. *Gen Havagen*'s coming ſtrikes a tremor to her heart, her tyranny having impreſſed ſo ſtrong an averſion, it is not in the power of her virtue to conquer it; and if on her young heart, the prince's addreſs, and peculiar regards, had ſome influence on her, his being contracted to *Gen Havagen*, made her repulſe each thought in his favour *with diſdain*: what moſt confounds her, is his inſiſting on the ſtrange oddity of *Attana-*

zunque's

zunque's fancying her like *Gen Havagen*'s image.

Attanazunque early as the *princes* and *ladies* were up, viſits them with the *image*, and placing it on the princeſs *Ezairia* dreſſing table, appeals to all the ladies, if ever any *image* had a more perfect reſemblance to the *original* than this had to the beautiful *Nutrebian maid*; the *butterfly* mark on her arm was by the *ſtatuary* placed, and on his ſpying it on *Gen Zanira*, ſaid, I ſee it is and muſt be only made from the fair *Zanira*, and with ſome warmth went on, ſaying, that impoſing court ſurely thinks we are as weak and credulous as the diſtracted, infatuated *Nutrebians*, who while their conceited affectation of wit and fine reaſon make them preſumptuouſly deny a Divine Being, they ſwallow the abſurdeſt nonſenſe *Maillan*, and his party, can impoſe upon them, to their own ſlavery and confuſion; and then turning to *Gen Zanira*, he ſaid, Tell us, thou delightful charmer, if from you the *ſtatuary* did not form this mould.

The bluſhes that covered *Gen Zanira*, confirmed all preſent in *Attanazunque*'s opinion. She remained ſilent, unreſolved what anſwer to make, fearing if ſhe ſhould own it was taken from her, he would by that means learn ſhe was eſteemed *Maillan*'s daughter, and perhaps by the emperor be returned

returned back to the tyrant, which ſhe dreaded far more than death itſelf: at laſt, with a timorous air, yet mingled with ſweetneſs and majeſty, ſhe ſaid, though it is certain this *image* was not made for *Gen Havagen*, I believe *Maillan* is a ſtranger to the miſtake, or deceit, if any has been acted.

But, anſwered *Attanazunque*, you would infinitely oblige us, would you let us know by what accident, or means, this was done for you; we being certainly confirmed it is ſo, not only from the exact likeneſs, but the mark of the *butterfly* on your arm.

Gen Zanira was going to ſpeak, when the *empreſs* entered, and firſt caſting her eyes on the *image*, and then on *Gen Zanira*, who ſtood by it, ſaid to her, *I ſuppoſe you are the* Nutrebian *maid whom* Igeban *loſt when you were frighted, and fled out of the cave?* to which *the princeſs replied*, ſhe was; *but*, ſaid the empreſs, *did not you and* Igeban *eſcape out of priſon, and by a ladder of ropes deſcend into a barge, and all night ſailing on the water, at day-break take ſhelter in the cave where you intended to have been concealed ſome time?* that lady anſwering *Yes*, the empreſs proceeded to enquire, for what offence *Maillan* had made them priſoners?

At this laſt interrogation *Gen Zanira* threw herſelf at the *empreſs*'s feet, and in a

flood of tears, begs ſhe would have compaſſion on her, and not deliver her up to *Maillan*, aſſuring her the only real crime ſhe was guilty of, was relieving the poor priſoners, whom one of her maids, with a pity-moving ſtory, had repreſented periſhing, with ſuch extreme hunger, as even to eat their own fleſh; and after ſhe had prevailed on her, at times to ſend them relief, betrayed her to the king. *And did ever*, ſaid the empreſs, *Igeban by hints let you know you were not* Maillan's *daughter? Never*, anſwered *Gen Zanira, till ſhe received* Emargh's *letter, and only aſſured me, ſhe would inform me at full as ſoon as we had eſcaped; nor do I yet know to whom I owe my being; though*, added ſhe, *on the water I heard her, and* Emargh, *often mention king* Jathrep *and queen* Iram, *and juſt as ſhe was going to acquaint me at large*, voices *and trampling of* feet, *cauſed us to fly and quit the cave.*

Here the empreſs, turning to her ſon, ſaid, Beſides her beauty, I do not queſtion but ſhe is miſtreſs of many admirable perfections, with an exact adherence to truth; for *Igeban*, with *Emargh*, and four hundred of *Hazem*'s loyal ſubjects arrived two days ſince at the *patriarch*'s, to implore his protection; and *Igeban* and *Emargh* have ſworn on the *holy altar*, that *Gen Zanira* is

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the daughter of king *Jathrep* and queen *Iram*, by *Emargh* found in the *dog-kennel*, and given to *Igeban* to ſuckle and preſerve; and her great reſemblance to that family, with the mark on her arm, is by all judged a confirmation indiſputable; and the *voices* and trampling of *feet*, which frighted them out of the cave, were *Jathrep*'s faithful ſubjects, who had in the late perſecution hid themſelves there, and ſome of them following to ſee who had been in the cave, they ſoon overtook the ſlow-paced *Igeban* and *Emargh*, who knowing, and being known to them, *Igeban* and *Emargh* in their *concern* and *fright* for the loſs of the *princeſs*, diſcovered to them her being *Jathrep*'s daughter: this cauſing them to make a thorough ſearch, they got intelligence, that ſuch a ſort of young perſon was by *Oriſſama* relieved, and taken up into her caſtle, and brought to our court.

This news filling them with the utmoſt joy, after they had held a council, fearing your marriage with *Gen Havagen* ſhould create a partiality in favour of *Maillan*'s faction, they all reſolved to implore the *patriarch*'s protection, who this morning let the emperor know he deſires the *princeſs Gen Zanira* may be delivered to his care, he having recorded the oaths of *Igeban* and

Emargh, that ſhe is the real, legitimate, and ſurviving heir of the houſe of *Hazem*.

And ſaid *Attanazunque*, laying hold of the princeſs's hand, we ſwear, if we can but gain this lady's conſent to be our bride, no power on earth ſhall ever part us: it was, added he, to the image of this bright original, on which the falſe ſcroll of *Gen Havagen* was placed; the firſt moment I ſaw it, with irreſiſtible power it ſeized my ſoul, in ſpite of all the reaſons my good preceptor could urge of the evil turn of *Maillan*, and the rebellious nation he governed. Charmed with the excellent beauty, I knew the original muſt be miſtreſs of, I was deaf to all he could ſay, when he alledged to us by my amorous folly in marrying a daughter of the *Sangrean Gen*, we debaſe our mighty race by mingling with his mixed blood.

He further added, that ſince yeſterday, that he had ſeen her, what a terrible night he had paſſed, between the violence of his paſſion, and the thoughts he ſhould ſully his and his anceſtors glory, by eſpouſing an *unknown maid*; and that, ſo prevalent were her charms, he had almoſt reſolved, by withdrawing, to have it thought he was dead, and in ſome cottage with her have lived retired from the world.

The *empreſs*, whoſe fond ſoul was bound

up

up in her ſon, heard him with *aſtoniſhment*, and repreſents there was no reſiſting the *patriarch*, unleſs he, like the *Nutrebians*, would break through all form and order, which at that inſtant his own diſcourſe deſcribed in ſuch an odious and deteſtable manner, with the miſery that attends their libertine principles, and had made them the ſcoff and deriſion of all the nations that had ever heard of them, or been the leaſt acquainted with their ways and actions.

To this diſcourſe of the empreſs, he ſaid, Do you, madam, according to your wonted goodneſs, prevail on the *emperor* to delay this affair, and we well know how to manage the *patriarch*.

When *Gen Zamira*, who had heard all that had paſſed, a ſecond time attempted to fall at the *empreſs*'s feet, which ſhe prevented, and aſſured her nothing, by the *emperor*, or her *ſon*, ſhould be acted againſt her *free conſent*; on which *Gen Zamira* aſſuming an air of eaſe and freedom, which till then her fears had curbed, told the *empreſs* ſhe was too conſcious of her own ignorance to wiſh or deſire aught but by the direction of *Igeban*, in whoſe virtues and friendſhip ſhe had the greateſt confidence, and to whom ſhe was obliged for the excellent care ſhe had taken of her in every thing,

not to regard her as a parent, till Providence ſhould reſtore her to queen *Iram*.

To this diſcourſe of the princeſs, *Attanazunque*, with the moſt tender reſpect, promiſes her on his honour, in leſs than forty hours, *Igeban* ſhould either be brought to her, or ſhe ſhould by him be conducted to the *patriarch*. And then, to his indulgent mother, ſaid, Carry this *image* to *Pretejan* and the council, repreſent how that ſneering *Gan* has preſumed to banter us, doubtleſs ſuppoſing he may delude us with the ſame facility as he has done the infatuated, the loſt *Nutrebians*. The *empreſs*, as *Attanazunque* requeſted, takes with her the *image*, and accordingly complains to the *emperor* of the great affront that had been put upon them. While they were in debate, news was brought of *Gen Havagen*'s arrival; on which, one of the counſellors propoſed they ſhould ceaſe further debate, till the two princeſſes and the *image* ſhould be compared together.

After the *empreſs* was gone, the *prince* addreſſed *Gen Zanira*, with all that eloloquence his great genius, inſpired by his violent love could utter, but without any other ſucceſs, than letting him underſtand, ſhe was to be determined by *Igeban*; he then went to his *tutor*, and told him by what ſtrange accidents fortune had thrown the

the bright, the true *orginal* in his power; conſulting with him, whom he deſires to go to the *patriarch*, and aſſure him the *princeſs* he demands, is his real, eſpouſed, and choſen wife, beſides other orders to prevail on *Igeban*, and thoſe worthy *Nutrebians*, by the moſt ſolemn aſſurances they ſhould find all ſorts of favour and protection for themſelves and their young queen, who was dearer to him than the vital blood that momently circulated in his heart.

His *tutor*, well pleaſed with the diſcovery of *Hazem*'s daughter, and that his prince was not like to be joined in alliance with *Maillan*'s libertine race, goes to the *patriarch*, whom he no ſooner informed of the *Ethiopian* prince's intention, but he acquainted *Igeban* with the news; that tranſported lady, with the four hundred faithful *Nutrebians*, came along with the *tutor* to *Attanazunque*, whoſe love for *Gen Zanira* cauſed him to receive her, and thoſe loyaliſts, who were moſt of *noble blood*, with the higheſt reſpect; their worn-out, and tattered habits, which had coverdd their nakedneſs in the cave, he changes to what was proper for each one's *rank* and *degree*, and at their head marches with them to his ſiſter's palace, to whom he ſent ſecret directions to bring *Gen Zanira* into a

gallery, which from an hill overlooked a large open country, which was here and there interſperſed with pleaſant groves of trees and rivulets.

The princeſs *Gen Zanira* from the *empreſs* had been ſent habits extremely *rich*, according to her *dignity*, in one of which ſhe was dreſſed, when with the *Ethiopian* princeſs, and ſhe was walking in the gallery when ſhe ſees *Attanazunque* on horſeback, followed by *Igeban* in a chariot, and attended by *Jathrep*'s worthy ſubjects. At firſt the diſtance was ſuch, ſhe could not diſtinguiſh; but as ſoon as ſhe diſcerned *Igeban* in the chariot, wild with joy, it was with difficulty ſhe contained herſelf; and when ſhe entered the gallery, unable to forbear, the *princeſs* ſprung to her, and they folding each other in their arms in embraces and mingled tears they expreſſed the fulneſs of their joy. *Igeban*, in extacy ſaid, *And is it at laſt, after all my anxieties, cares, and even hopeleſs deſpair, granted by Providence, that I ſhould not only ſee my dear* princeſs *ſafely delivered from the furious* Maillany *but protected, beloved, honoured, and to be eſpouſed to the mighty* Attanazunque! *And do I*, anſwered *Gen Zanira, once more fold my dearest* Igeban *in my arms, the comfort of my life; for ſince I loſt you, half my ſpirit, ſoul, and ſenſes were fled, and like a*

ſhade

ſhade I wandered, and without you could no where find repoſe.

Attanazunque, who ſtood and viewed this ſcene, *Approach*, ſaid he, *fair princeſs, your favours are too glorious to be ingroſſed by one, vouchſafe to beſtow ſome regards on thoſe worthy faithful followers of your royal* father, *the great, the good, tho' the unfortunate* Jathrep Hazem; *and believe,* Attanazunque *ſhall think himſelf bleſſed, if he can every day of your increaſing precious life, add ſuch new ſcenes of tranſporting delight.*

The *princeſs*, a little recovered from the firſt effect of her joy, turning to the *Ethiopian* prince, ſaid, *May you, Sir, be as ſucceſsful in every undertaking as you wiſh and deſire, as you have generouſly performed to me your promiſe, by which I am delivered from the depth of miſery, to a perfect tranquil ſtate.* To which, with a paſſionate regard, the prince replied, *My ultimate, my only deſire, and darling wiſh, my all happineſs is centered in you; for it is you, and you alone,* purſued he, *by approving and receiving my vows, can give happineſs to* Attanazunque. The princeſs, with a modeſt ſweetneſs replied, *While your extenſive goodneſs diffuſes bleſſings on all throughout this mighty empire, ſuch exalted virtues muſt yield perfect happineſs to the great original from whence they ſpring.*

And then, advancing towards the *Nutrebians*, with a *majeſty* and *ſweetneſs* peculiar to the *Hazem* race, the joyed loyaliſts behold her with rapture, and with unanimous voice, cry out, Sure ſuch beauty, ſuch various, and admirable parts, muſt be ordained by Providence again to reſtore the *Nutrebians* to their *ancient glory and virtue.*

Long the daugater of *Jathrep* and *Iram* had not paſſed in the delightful entertainment and careſſes of her *father's ſubjects*, before news was brought that *Gen Havagen* was arrived; inſtead of being permitted to enter the temple, which was the way of receiving the eſpouſed wives, ſhe was carried to the emperor's palace, where he and his council intended to ſee her and the princeſs *Gen Zanira* together, with the *image*; on which *Attanazunque*, taking *Gen Zanira* by the hand, with *Igeban* on the other ſide of her, followed by his own attendance, and the four hundred *Nutrebians*, went with her, to appear before *Pretejan.*

Maillan, exceſſively up-lifted with the imagined advancement of his daughter, had ſent her with a prodigious pompous train, ſet out with the utmoſt magnificence of ſplendid dreſs and equipage, with ſeveral lords and perſons of diſtinction, of which *Daſpees* was the chief, who led her into *Pretejan's* preſence at one door, at the ſame moment

ment that *Attanazunque* and *Gen Zanira*, with *Igeban*, came in at the other, which was exactly oppoſite.

Before the emperor and council, on the *golden table*, ſtood the *image*: at the firſt ſight of *Gen Zanira* and *Igeban*, ſhe turned pale; but having many times been detected in as apparent artifices, ſhe ſoon recovered her wonted daring, and looking at *Gen Zanira*, with a haughty toſs of her head, and a contemptible ſmile, ſaid, in a voice loud as to be heard, What, is that diſobedient runagade, after eſcaping out of priſon, got here! but, I make do no doubt, his imperial majeſty, as an example to undutiful children, will ſend her back again to have her proper chaſtiſement.

The emperor having deſired their veil ſhould be fully drawn aſide, which being done, he firſt viewed the *image*, then *Gen Zanira*, and afterwards turning to the council, asked them, which of thoſe two ladies it did reſemble? His council, one by one, laying their hands on the fore-part of their heads, declare that it doubtleſs was the perfect reſemblance of the princeſs *Gen Zanira*. In the ſame form *Attanazunque* and all his followers were asked, and accordingly anſwered. Then the queſtion was put to *Daſpees*, and thoſe preſent that belonged to *Gen Havagen*'s train; after a

murmuring ſound, and a ſhort ſilence, they, as the reſt, own it was indiſputably the *image* and juſt reſemblance of *Jathrep*'s daughter.

Pretejan then, with a grave and awful look, ſaid, We are greatly ſurprized that *Maillan*, in the honour intended to his family, ſhould preſume to be wanting in his duty, ſo highly to affront the *Albaſine* throne, either by his negligence, or impoſition; and ordering the proper officer to take the ribbon off the image that had the name of *Gen Havagen* on it, bid *Daſpees* deliver it to *Maillan*, of whom, added he, we expect a ſubmiſſion and atonement equal to the offence.

Daſpes, who was ſtanding mute at this unexpected blow, after the homage uſually paid to the *Albaſſine* throne by the ambaſſadors of the neighbouring and tributary monarchs, was for withdrawing, when *Gen Havagen* did, or pretended to faint away; on which a bold *Sangarian*, who had been advanced, and inriched at the *Nutrebians* expence by *Maillan*, approaching ſome ſteps forwards, ſaid, Great Sir, in this affair whatever appearance may be againſt us, we farther appeal to your juſtice for this lady, who perhaps is this moment expiring with ſhame and grief at ſuch an unexpected misfortune, be pleaſed to conſider, as by your

your ambaſſador demanded, by the name of *Gen Havagen*, and in that name was the marriage-contract ſigned; ſo that I cannot ſee that any diſputes which may be made about the reſemblance of images, can prevent this from being a lawful marriage, and hope the conſummate wiſdom of the great *Pretejan*, will not haſtily paſs judgment, till things are further conſidered on both ſides, and *Maillan*'s council may be heard to plead forhis his daughter, who at preſent is not in a ſtate of health to travel back.

The emperor to this anſwered, as to the lady, ſhe ſhould not be refuſed to ſtay till ſhe was fit, and in health, to travel; but, for *Maillan* to pretend any vindication, he believed the nature of the affair was ſo clear and plain, it would be the higheſt contempt and affront to the majeſty and wiſdom of the throne to pretend a vindication.

After this, *Pretejan* by a ſign, letting them underſtand he would hear no more, *Gen Havagen* is carried by her people to an apartment the emperor had ordered to be prepared for her without the palace.

When they were withdrawn, the emperor enquires many things of *Igeban*, which with the exact reſemblance of the princeſs to her parents, her beauty, mein, and ſweet manner, have their powerful influence on all;

all; and the indulgent father assured *Attanazunque* the nuptials should not long be delayed; tho' to prevent them having the least pretences to reflect on the *Albassines* justice, he had a mind to see in what manner *Maillan* would act in this nice conjuncture of affairs.

But now the rolling year had returned to the appointed time of *Papaglia*'s coming, the queen in her closet was with him complaining, sixteen years she had passed in cruel confinement, without hearing aught of her children; and every day her soul was torn and tortured with increasing misery, all tended to the destruction of *Jathrep*'s friends, and utter despair. At these words they were interrupted by *Hetbazele*, who, at the closet-door, cried *madam, madam*, on which the *fly* said, *Let her in*: the joy that appeared in her looks caused the queen to be surprized, tho' not frighted; and so transported was that lady, she could not speak, or express what she had to say, but by incoherent words, still repeating *madam, madam, Gen Zanira, Gen Zanira*, is the royal *Jathrep*'s, and you my dear mistress's *daughter*. *Iram* astonished, looked up at *Papaglia*, who answered, *She tells you truth*, and vanished.

End of the Fourth Book.

BOOK

BOOK V.

THE *queen*'s long misfortunes had ſo inured her to deſpair, ſhe remained ſilent; while *Hetbazele* acquaints her *Niphlodoge* had been with her, and informed her, that *laſt night* a meſſenger arrived from *Gen Havagen*, with an account, that after the *princeſs* and *Igeban* had eſcaped *that priſon*, they went to the cave, and being frighted thence, *Igeban* and *Gen Zanira* loſing each other, it occaſioned the laſt to be carried by the *Ethiopian* lady to *Pretejan*'s court, where *Igeban* and *Emargh* being known to the *loyaliſts*, and they all together going to the *patriarch*'s, where firſt *Emargh* ſwore on the *altar*, he found the princeſs *Gen Zanira* ſucking a bitch, who, old as ſhe was, he had brought with him; beſides, ſeveral of her handſome *whelps*; and *Igeban* alſo in the ſame ſolemn manner, affirmed the accident that occaſioned her receiving the child from *Emargh*.

At this part of *Hetbazele*'s relation, the *queen* cried, Can it be poſſible, after we have ſo often with myriads of tears, lamented the cruel manner of her death, that lovely young *creature*, whom I could not help

help *loving*, though I imagined her ſprung from *Maillan*, ſhould be mine and the unfortunate *Jathrep*'s daughter.

Sinza, who had followed *Hetbazele* into the cloſet, and attentively hearkened to all ſhe had related, in joyous rapture cried, Did I not ſay ſhe was a perfect *Iram* in *miniature*, and that it was impoſſible for *Maillan* to beget any thing half ſo fair, half ſo lovely.

Hetbazele then proceeded to tell the *queen* of *Attanazunque*'s ſeeing the *princeſs* in the *bath*, and all that had paſſed before the *emperor* and council, relating to the *miſtake* about the *image*, which *Gen Havagen* had repreſented to her *father*, ſhe ſuppoſed they had changed to pleaſe *Attanazunque*, who pretended to be violently in love with *Gen Zanira*; though, added ſhe, doubtleſs all his *fondneſs* was owing to *Igeban* and *Emargh's* having diſcovered her to be *Jathrep*'s daughter, by which means they would have a pretence to depoſe *Maillan*; for they already had declared her queen of *Nutrebia*; and that ſhe had further complained, that at firſt, with contempt and ſcorn, they had ordered her to return home; but that about two hours before ſhe wrote to her *father*, ſhe was made a *priſoner*, under pretence to keep her till *Maillan* ſhould clear her, and himſelf, of the affront done

to

to the *Albaſſine* throne, not but ſhe had learned their deſign was to exchange her for the impriſoned *queen*. Here this lady cried, This, this is too, too great a flow of happineſs, after ſuch a long ſeries of misfortunes on the race of *Jathrep*, that a child of *his* ſhould be *eſpouſed* to the great, the virtuous *Attanazunque*; and that we too, after our ſevere miſeries, and tedious impriſonment, ſhould with liberty be reſtored, and have the ſolid joy to fold in our arms our deareſt child, the lovely *Gen Zanira*.

But, proceeded *Iram*, go on, and let us know how *Maillan* behaved on receiving this news. Ah, ſaid *Hetbazele*, there is another ſhock, to convince you how exact *Papaglia* has been *in all his predictions*; for *Niphlodoge*, with the utmoſt concern in his looks, while he related the *ſhocking ſcene*, ſaid, *Danredno* being preſent when he received *this pacquet* from his daughter, on her *ſuſpicious hints* and *obſervations*, how he had, on all occaſions, favoured the princeſs *Gen Zanira*, *Maillan* flew into a paſſion, accuſing him of being acquainted with *Igeban*'s ſecret; which *Danredno* denying with warmth, ſuch anger, and ſharp words aroſe between them, *Maillan* called for the rack, which cauſing the other's fury to increaſe, he upbraided the *tyrant* with *ingratitude*, who retorted back his *treachery* to

Jathrep,

Jathrep, who was not only his *ſovereign* but *friend*; adding, that he ſuppoſed his reſtleſs ſpirit, ever contriving execrable miſchiefs, was now employing *his wits* to *deſtroy* and *deſtroy* him, as he had *done* his firſt *maſter*; that *Danredno* expreſſed great haughtineſs, till they began to drag him to the *rack*; but then, *trembling* and *turning pale*, he, in the moſt ſubmiſſive and pity-moving terms, in tears begs his compaſſion; but that the reſolute *tyrant*, unmoved, had him ſeverely torn and mangled; while his *torments* one moment made him beg, and humbly implore his mercy, and the next with bitter execrations and curſes on *him*, *heaven*, and all *nature*, often crying out, *Jathrep, now thou art fully revenged!* And then, turning to the *tyrant*, who with a ſavage pleaſure, ſeemed to delight in each freſh ſtroke of pain and ſmart the executioner cauſed him to feel, ſaid, *This, this is a reward for* ſuch *or* ſuch *a* villainy, *I did for thy ſervice!* By which he diſcovered to all preſent, the *impoſitions* he had put on that deluded nation, and there fully cleared *Jathrep*'s innocency, in every particular of thoſe horrid *Thirty-nine articles of accuſation, in blood*, ſet up at that unfortunate monarch's palace gate, to incenſe his ſubjects againſt him.

And, added *Hetbazele*, *Niphlodoge* aſſured

red us, he did not forget his long and ſevere uſage of the hapleſs *Igeban*, often in his laſt expiring moments, in ſpite of his *Tenevock* principles, ſhewing a great horror and dread of a future *hereafter puniſhment* for his enormous crimes, and deteſtable wickedneſs.

Ah, ſaid *Sinza*, how different from the loſt *Danredno*'s ſtate, were the manner of the brave, the honeſt *Nutrebians*, in that ſtruggle of nature, when the terrible moment of diſſolution arrived; they, fortified with their innate integrity, conſcious of their duty, and the juſtice of their royal maſter's cauſe, reſigned to death with the heroick firmneſs of a primitive *chriſtian*.

It is amazing to me, ſaid *Iram*, how they ſhould want *courage* in thoſe moments, who, according to their *Tenevock* principles, believe the diſſolution of ſpirit when our breath ceaſes and leaves our *material frame*; yet they generally on the verge of life are ſeized with ſuch *terrors*, as if by a fatal inſtinct, a gleam of their approaching miſery and future puniſhment, glared ſtrongly on them.

Another year paſſed away, the *queen* from *Hetbazele* ſtill having all the intelligence *Niphlodoge* could give her, who from his wiſe obſervations, perceives, in ſpite of the tyrant's cruelty, the reviving hopes of the *Nutrebians*,

Nutrebians, in the diſcovery and confirmation of *Gen Zanira*'s being certainly the daughter of *Jathrep*, when *Papaglia* comes at his appointed time, and after ſome little talk about *Gen Zanira*, with her asking when ſhe is to hear aught concerning her *ſon*; he, at her intreaty proceeds as follows.

The Hiſtory of Heraclian *and the princeſs* Martina.

AFter their converſation in the cloſet, ſaid *Papaglia*, I had a great curioſity to be acquainted with the intrigues and policies of that court; for which purpoſe with my chain and clog, I went where I imagined I could learn or diſcover any thing; and the tricks I ſometimes played with intention to introduce myſelf, often proved to my *advantage*; though ſometimes, like other *courtiers* and *favourites*, I had the misfortune to be very ill uſed for my officiouſneſs. But to proceed: That great city and empire, which had been founded by the *firſt Chriſtian emperor*, whoſe name it bears, was now in its decline, which had been occaſioned by *factions*, *rebellions*, *hereſies*, and all ſorts of *ludeneſs* and *wicked contrivances*, that could enter the *heart of man*.

The

The preſent reigning *emperor* was old, and by nature mild and indolent; he had married for love a *widow*, who, by her firſt husband had one *ſon*, which was *Sangluarton*, whom we have mentioned, who, though ſhe was deſcended from both from an *ancient* and *noble* family, yet misfortunes that had befallen her parents, in the many revolutions which perpetually happen in an *elective* and unſettled government, cauſed her to be meanly educated; ſhe had a narrow genius, was proud, artful, malicious, and a great hypocrite; the beautiful *Martina* was the only child ſhe had by the emperor that lived, whoſe wit, and infant-charms, had ſuch an influence on the father, that it was not in the power or skill of the empreſs to leſſen, or divert the fondneſs or rather the dotage of the emperor, who always declared, that the perſon whom he thought worthy *Martina*, ſhould ſucceed him in the empire. She was lovely, tho' not a regular beauty, witty, wild, and headſtrong; yet when ſhe pleaſed, ſhe had ſuch an engaging manner, and turn of humour, it was impoſſible to talk or converſe with her without being charmed. The emperor's fondneſs ſuffered her to do what ſhe pleaſed; the empreſs, if ſhe had had an inclination, wanted skill to impreſs in her mind a ſenſe of virtue, with a conduct and diſcretion

diſcretion proper for her high ſtation; but that *cruel mother*, inſtead of beſtowing a thought how to cure, or regulate errors and follies incident to young minds, employs all her low cunning to expoſe them, and by that means create a diſlike and contempt of her.

The *princeſs* did not want judgment to diſcern this ſpirit in her mother, which ſhe was conſcious was owing to her partiality to *Sangluarton*, whom, whenever the empreſs vexed her, ſhe took care to revenge by turning him into ridicule, from his low ſtature, and thick growneſs, ſhe ſtiled him, *The little great captain of the rabble*; and ſome too-familiar jeſts on the empreſs, had cauſed the ſedate and wiſe, to diſapprove her conduct.

Her charms, and the hopes of the emperor's favours, had cauſed her to be courted and admired by all that dared to preſume ſo high; and ſeveral that the emperor did not at firſt diſlike, were by the *artful mother* diſappointed.

But *Heraclian*, whoſe ambition aimed at nothing leſs than the *princeſs* and *empire*, though the meaneſt of all that pretended to gain her favour, being of an agreeable and gay converſation, ſoon gains her particular eſteem; nor was he wanting in every art to pleaſe the *empreſs*, who was not invincible

vincible to his flatteries any more than the *princeſs* her daughter, and ſhe acted her part in ſuch a manner, while ſhe perſwades the emperor, who was averſe to the marriage, ſhe was doing all that was poſſible to prevent her from entertaining the *leaſt* thoughts of him, underneath blows up the flame, as it was diſcovered afterwards, her deſign in this manner of acting, proceeded from her imagining him in ſo little eſteem, either as to *birth* or *fortune*, there was no proſpect of his reaching to the empire, and ſo well ſhe managed this affair to her inclination, in ſpite of the emperor's averſion, ſhe gets his conſent, and they are married, and ſoon become a very unhappy pair, he not only ſlighting, but uſing her very roughly; and the princeſs *Martina* not being of a humour patiently to ſuffer, had recourſe to the emperor, to deliver her from him, or at leaſt by his authority, to prevent his ill-natured uſage; which the good old emperor does, by advancing him to new *honours*. It was after a wrangle between them, that *Heraclian* was gone, a few miles from *Conſtantinople* to a houſe of pleaſure, when an ambaſſador from the emperor of *Rome* came to that city; his equipage was very grand, and ſeveral ſons of the chief nobles attended him for the honour of the empire, with the curioſity of travelling, and ſeeing the manners

ners and cuſtoms of different nations; amongſt which was *Ulamar*, a prince of the blood-royal of *Hungary*; the ambaſſador made his publick entry, and after receiving the compliments uſual on the like occaſions, retired to his chamber.

But *Ulamar*'s youthful ſpirit, inclined to ramble with a guide, the evening being fair; after he had ſeen ſome parts of the city, juſt as madam *Night* had began to approach with her black veil, he entered the publick royal gardens, where, at that time, the princeſs *Martina*, with four or five of her ladies, were walking; they ſoon imagined he belonged to the ambaſſador's train, and the richneſs of his dreſs, and very handſome perſon, caught their attention, and faſtened their eyes on him.

Nor was the young *ſtranger* leſs ſurprized at the beauty of the *princeſs*, who when he came up to her, perceiving they viewed him very attentively, made a low obeiſance, and in the *Roman* tongue, ſaid, Lady, I am a ſtranger, and hope I have been guilty of no error in venturing into this charming place, which perhaps is reſerved to be only bleſſed with theſe ladies, and your inchanting perſon: the *princeſs* with a ſmile replied, The emperor, who wiſhes every ſubject's pleaſure equal to his own, permitted them to enjoy the refreſhing air,

and

the marquis de *Reverry* told of that prince's wit. Yes, replied my mother, one muſt be ſtupid not to own the princeſs *Beatrix* the greateſt genius of her ſex; and, with a malicious ſmile ſhe added, I very well remember too, when the marquis de *Reverry* complimented *Ermine* on her reſembling that beautiful picture, notice was taken what a ſatisfied pride appeared amidſt her bluſhes for being thought like that *princeſs*, to whom perhaps ſhe might be akin alſo, in the eighth or ninth degree; while the old one, with a familiar contempt, ſeemed to deſpiſe it: we too, anſwered the *dutcheſs*, on the other ſide, had our diverting remarks, to think, while you were ſo charmed with the wonders of the princeſs *Beatrix*'s ſhining wit, you could no more diſcover one ſpark in the unfortunate de *Barnaville*, than you could from the picture trace her features, which time had ſo roughly touched; for the princeſs *Beatrix* and madame de *Barnaville* were one and the ſame perſon.

Imagine, great lady, the *counteſs*'s confuſion and my ſurprize: nor is mine leſs, anſwered the impriſoned queen, for tho' I admire the virtues of that valuable lady, yet now my concern is increaſed, to think what cruel turns of adverſe fortune reduced her to ſo low an ebb; and how her great mind muſt be mortified, who, from

a princely rank, and a generous and liberal education, was reduced to converſe with thoſe of low and ſordid ideas, who are incapable to comprehend her great and elevated way of thinking: but, purſued ſhe, will you not oblige us with her hiſtory; perhaps from her example I may learn to moderate my griefs.

As, anſwered *Papaglia*, I prevailed on the *biſhop*, (the *dutcheſs* and my *mother* being preſent) to acquaint me with many particulars of that lady, I will begin the relation till my ſixty minutes are expired.

The Hiſtory of the Princeſs Beatrix *de* Barnaville.

Renatus de Barnaville, the father of the princeſs *Beatrix*, married a daughter of the earl of *Flanders*; the king of *France* by this marriage ſoon diſcerned he was attached to the intereſt of the earl his father-in-law, with whom the king at that time had fierce wars: this cauſed him to look on *Renatus* as his enemy, and ſome diſputes ariſing between him and that prince concerning the bounds of *Renatus*'s territories, it occaſioned him openly to ſide with the earl; when peace was made between the king of *France* and the earl of *Flanders*,

Flandrina, with great difficulty the earl got him admitted into the articles, tho' on the hard terms of ſending one of his children to that court, as a hoſtage. The prince had two ſons and a daughter, the eldeſt was within a neighbouring kingdom, to prevent going as hoſtage, and the youngeſt ſome time before was gone to the holy land; which obliged the prince to ſend his only daughter the princeſs *Beatrix*. Great care had been taken of her education by her mother, who was lately dead; and her perſon and genius promiſed no leſs than the wonder of her ſex.

When *Renatus* found it impoſſible to prevent her being ſent, he choſe for her governeſs madame de *Sanſier*, who was eſteemeed a wiſe and accompliſhed lady; I attended as preceptor of languages and philoſophy.

The day we ſet out with our little train, *Renatus* taking leave of her with many fond expreſſions of love, ſhe anſwered, (as ſhe was leaping on her horſe) I ſhall know how well you love your *Beatrix* by your obedience to the *king* to whom you are ſending me a pledge of your duty: the *princeſs* wanted then ſome months of being twelve years old.

When we arrived at the city the *king* that ſeaſon reſided at, ſo incenſed was he

againſt her *father*, we were not admitted to the preſence in three months: her retinue was ſmall, but very handſomely ſet out; and when that little lady appeared, her perſon and mein ſurprized the whole preſence. With a modeſt grace ſhe threw herſelf at the *king*'s feet, and begged him to have compaſſion on an inoffenſive victim, that was ſent a ſacrifice to atone for her *father*'s offences: to the queen ſhe addreſſed with ſuch a pleaſing inſinuation, that they might imagine ſhe was inſtructed what to ſay; yet her delivery and manner was ſo peculiarly agreeable, and there was ſuch life and ſpirit, with an artleſs air of innocence in all ſhe ſaid and did, I own I never ſaw her equal; and at the very firſt ſhe gained ſuch ground, that her reception was much better than was expected.

About a fortnight after, a ball being given to entertain ſome foreign princes, *Beatrix* danced to the ſurprize of the whole aſſembly; they ſaid ſhe ſurpaſſed poetical deſcription: *Virgil*'s *Camilla*, whoſe light feet flew over the ſtanding corn, without cruſhing the tender blade, was verified in her. The *king* and *queen* were ſo pleaſed, that from that night, an apartment was aſſigned her in their palace; the *queen* taking her into her protection: and indeed both his *majeſty* and royal *conſort* were ſo

equally pleaſed with her, it was impoſſible to judge which was fondeſt.

And to ſhew you the ſpirit of this young *princeſs*, one day as ſhe and a lady were talking, the *queen* entering, heard ſome of their words, which creating in her a curioſity to know what they had been talking of, ſhe asked about their diſcourſe, and the *lady* having told *Beatrix* ſomething, ſhe had rather the *queen* ſhould believe the *princeſs* had mentioned than herſelf, repeats the diſcourſe, and with a well-bred aſſurance, tells the *queen*, before the *princeſs*, ſhe had been entertaining her with it. *Beatrix*, who had been bred to great ſincerity and truth, heard her with amazement, and without interrupting her, until ſhe had finiſhed; then looking very ſeriouſly at her, asked her, *If ſhe ever thought when ſhe was alone?* The lady anſwered, *That doubtleſs ſhe did.* Then ſaid *Beatrix*, *What a contemptible opinion muſt you have of your ſelf, when you reflect, that I know you have been guilty of telling untruths to her majeſty, you being conſcious all that you have mentioned in this diſcourſe, was what you were relating to me when the queen entered; and if you feared it would diſpleaſe, why did you let me know it? But before you ſhould have ventured to have made me the mother of your ſtory, you ſhould have known whether I had*

liked to be the parent. This circumſtance, as trifling as it may appear, convinced the courtiers *Beatrix* was of a ſpirit not to be taken liberties with.

Each day the ſun roſe, ſhe grew a greater favourite with their *majeſties*, the *king* often ſaying, *Let us go to the princeſs's apartment, and divert us with de* Barnaville's *chat*: and how often has it been ſaid, her preſence diffuſed a gaiety through the whole aſſembly, and when ſhe was abſent, the laughing graces flagged and dropt their wings.

Yet amidſt theſe pleaſures, and various diverſions, that hourly danced before her, ſhe had a heart truly virtuous, beſides her private *devotion*, each morning conſtantly attending the *publick*; and one day as ſhe was paſſing through the gallery to the royal chapel, ſhe ſaw an elderly gentlewoman in tears, telling a lord of the bed-chamber, whoſe office it was to receive and lay the petitions before his *majeſty*, this was the thirty-ſixth petition ſhe had given, without being able to get any anſwer, telling them ſhe was ſure, if his *majeſty* knew her caſe, ſhe ſhould not want redreſs. The *princeſs* coming up to her, after ſome queſtions, took her petition, bidding her in two or three days to attend, and ſhe would ſee what could be done for her.

Accord-

Accordingly, the *king*, as uſual, coming into the *queen*'s apartment, the *queen*, de *Barnaville*, with other *ladies*, were making artificial flowers: after the *king* had been there ſome time, and *Beatrix* perceived him in a very good humour, ſhe with her ſciſſars cut and ſpoiled a good deal of paper; at laſt the *queen* taking notice, ſaid, *Princeſs, you ſeem to be in a humour to waſte paper. Let not that diſpleaſe your majeſty*, replied de *Barnaville, for I intend to make intereſt with the lords of the bed chamber, to give me all the undelivered petitions; for, ſee here*, ſaid ſhe, ſhewing the widow's petition, *this is the thirty-ſixth petition a poor gentlewoman has taken all the pains that is poſſible, to preſent to his majeſty, but in vain.* The *king*, laughing at the extravagant number, took it: he had no ſooner looked on it, than he cried out, *What a negligence have I been guilty of! this unhappy woman's husband, when the rebels forced me to beſiege the city of* M ———, *and I was put to ſuch ſtraits as to be forced to have my plate coined into money, this very worthy gentleman mortgaged his lands for bread, which ſupported the army till the city ſurrendered. For which great and loyal action*, ſaid the princeſs, *his children now want that bread their father ſo gallantly aſſiſted your majeſty with: but let it not give you any pain, hiſtorians are*

above mentioning ſuch trifling accidents in their hiſtories; ſo that it can neither injure your fame, nor ſtrike at your ſucceſſors, elſe when a right loyal heart burns with eager deſires to aſſiſt majeſty in diſtreſs, a few ſuch inſtances as this would, like water thrown on a fire, a little damp their zeal. The *king*, looking at the *queen*, ſaid, *This little ſatiriſt has in a few words ſaid a great deal, and what I ſhall always remember:* then, turning to the princeſs, ſaid, *As you have been ſo fortunate to me and the widow, let her have the honour to be introduced by you to us.* I need not ſay with what pleaſure ſhe undertook the office. It ſeems, ſoon after the city ſurrendered, the gentlewoman's *husband* happened to die, and this friendleſs *widow* had met with no generous advocate to ſpeak to the *king*, till Providence brought our young *princeſs*, who proved ſo lucky as to have her provided for beyond her hopes.

This affair got *Beatrix* an office that did not greatly pleaſe the *firſt miniſter*, yet ſhe managed it with ſuch caution, that however ſhe might be envied, ſhe eſcaped blame, never meddling with any thing but what was to right the greatly injured, or thoſe that were extremely diſtreſſed.

Being perpetually about his perſon, young as ſhe was, ſhe was perfectly acquainted

quainted with his majeſty's temper, and knew how to ſooth, or turn, his anger better than the oldeſt courtier; and indeed, ſuch an aſcendant ſhe had over him, he long had loved, without knowing he did.

In one affair her compaſſion gained her the univerſal love of all: for his *majeſty*; having moſt part of his reign been haraſſed and teazed with the rebellious and turbulent ſpirit of his ſubjects, it had ſo enraged him, that he reſolved to uſe them with the utmoſt ſeverity.

Accordingly he ordered fifty citizens, that had been taken in arms againſt him, to be hanged at his palace gates, where they had dared to approach with threats of firing it, unleſs their demands were complied with.

The *queen*, the *chief miniſters*, and *nobles*, had intreated in vain for them. After the *king* was withdrawn, the *queen* ſaid to *Beatrix*, *How happened it*, princeſs, *you were dumb, and would not utter one word for thoſe poor people?* *Becauſe*, anſwered ſhe, *I perceived all that was urged in their favour did not allay, but increaſe his anger.* Yet, tho' ſhe appeared ſo unconcerned in publick, her governeſs has ſince told me, (ſaid the *biſhop*) moſt part of that night ſhe ſpent in devotion, and the next day when ſhe came from church, ſhe ſent to their

confeſſors, to deſire they would delay the priſoners as long as poſſible, by inſtruction and prayer, while ſhe went and waited in the *king*'s antichamber, till he came forth; it being what ſhe had ſome time done before, when the *queen* had deſired her, on affairs between them.

As ſoon as his *majeſty* ſaw her, he ſaid, *Well, princeſs, what are the queen's deſires to-day?* With a pleaſant air, ſhe anſwered, *It is an officious curioſity has brought me now. I lately hearing your majeſty ſay, the temper of a perſon, with the paſſions, were frequently diſcovered by the features, eſpecially the look and motion of the eyes: I can ſhew you ſome ſo very odd, that perhaps the particularity may divert you.*

The *king*, in perfect good humour, continued talking till ſhe had brought him into the gallery which over-looked the gates and place of execution. They were then beginning to fix the halters on ſome of them; when *Beatrix* pointing to *one* who had ſuch a mixture of fear and folly in his countenance (in ſpite of the compaſſion incident on thoſe occaſions) it was difficult to avoid laughing to ſee him.

Whilſt the *king* was looking at him, ſhe ſaid, *Does your majeſty imagine his genius, when freed from the fright he is now in, could ever riſe above a joke, or ſong? nor indeed has*

has any here, in my opinion, the looks of politicians. *Poor miſerable men, they now ſeverely ſmart for liſtening to the crafty wiles of ſome litigious long-headed monſter, that perhaps in a ſafe retreat is ſmiling at the miſchiefs he has done.* Oh, continued ſhe, *that your majeſty would but ſearch out the ſource, the envenomed head, from whence theſe drew their poiſon, and there let all your indignation and juſt revenge fall, and in your mercy ſpare theſe unhappy men to their wives and children.* Here, perceiving the *king* look ſeriouſly at her, ſhe fell at his feet, proceeding to ſay, *However moved by pity, I may have thus preſumed, I have a heart too ſincerely grateful for your noble uſage to your* hoſtage, *not earneſtly to intereſt myſelf for your glory. Conſider,* Sire, *leſt this ſtrict juſtice be not thought ſeverity; on the other ſide, reflect what true, what unfeigned vows and prayers the joyed wives and children will offer up to heaven for every bleſſing on you.*

Beatrix waiting in the antichamber, and inticing the *king* into the gallery, had flown to the *queen*, who was very ſollicitous to ſave them, and reſolving to ſecond the *princeſs*, was juſt entered as ſhe had ended the laſt words. The *king*, raiſing the *princeſs*, ſaid to the *queen*, *Your little oratrix has pleaded too well, not to ſucceed*: He then gave orders immediately to ſtop the exe-

cution, repeated all *Beatrix* had ſaid and done, ſhewing the *queen* the man whoſe countenance had ſo divertingly helped the *princeſs* to ſave them. Our pity and concern being removed, his grimaces and ridiculous actions of joy filled the place with mirth and laughter.

As ſoon as a reprieve was cried out, the general ſhout which rent the air with the exceſs of their joy, the *king* taking notice of, ſaid to the *queen*, *Theſe raptures of the people convince us, that you and the* princeſs *were in the right*; *and I will for the future not only believe my little* hoſtage *ſincere, but truſt her judgment, when ſhe tells me ſhe is jealous for my glory.* The *king* proceeded to ſay, *The very ſight, the ſolemn preparations, the attentive concern in every looker on's countenance, had began to move him before the* princeſs *ſpoke*; *but*, purſued he, *her well-inforced interceſſion was irreſiſtable.*

This ſucceſsful piece of good-nature in the *princeſs* ſo charmed the glad people, after they had brought their *fellow-citizens* home in ſafety, annually on the day of their deliverance, a feſtival is ſtill kept in that city, with ſongs and dances, in honour of the princeſs *Beatrix*; the faireſt maiden amongſt them being choſen, who adorned with garlands and other finery, was to repreſent

preſent her, they being portioned at the publick charge; which ceremony continues to this day, and perhaps may till the true ſtory that occaſioned it is loſt. *Here*, ſaid *Papaglia*, *beauteous queen, adieu.*

BOOK VI.

Papaglia comes, and having nothing material to acquaint her with, ſhe deſires him to proceed in his hiſtory of the princeſs de *Barnaville.*

Continuation of the Hiſtory of the Princeſs Beatrix *de* Barnaville.

The *biſhop*, ſaid *Papaglia*, told us they admired, and even idolized, ſhe paſſed on to her ſeventeenth year, when ſhe received a letter from her *father*, wherein he let her underſtand, he intended to break with the *king*, would have her ſteal ſecretly from the *court*, and let him know by what methods, that he might be ready, and prepared to receive and aſſiſt her. This was very ſevere, and the firſt ſhock ſhe had met with: ſhe conſulted her *governeſs* and myſelf. On this occaſion I more clearly diſcovered her truly great and admirable genius.

nius. The letter ſhe wrote to her *father* was ſurprizing; in the moſt reſpectful manner ſhe letting him underſtand, in that particular of her liberty, when he delivered her a *hoſtage*, he transferred his right in her to the *king*; that ſhe had ſo great a regard for the honour of a parent, not to have ſubmitted to the ſevereſt uſage, till with approved juſtice, ſhe could be freed; though on the contrary, ſhe had met with ſuch noble and generous treatment, ſhe muſt be guilty of the blackeſt and moſt odious ingratitude, not to have the ſame dutiful and reſpectful ſentiments for the *king*, as himſelf; ſhe uſed many reaſons to intreat him not to break with his *majeſty*; concluding, whatever her ſufferings might be from that incenſed monarch, ſhe would ſtay and bear it all, rather than ſtain his, or her own honour, by ſuch an action. The *princeſs* received no anſwer to this letter.

But in leſs than a month after this, the *king* coming into the *queen*'s apartment, with a ſtern air accoſting the *princeſs*, ſaid, I have juſt now received advice, that your *father* and the earl of *F*—— have entered our territories, deſtroying all before them with fire and ſword. *Beatrix*, in extreme confuſion, kept her eyes fixed on the ground; his *majeſty* looking on her with more ſoftneſs, ſaid, I blame not you, *unhappy*

happy princeſs, abandoned by a parent to our reſentment, we will ſtill treat you with our wonted kindneſs, nor ſhall any of our ſubjects uſe you with leſs regard; only remember, when we have quelled this rebellion, and have *Renatus*'s perſon in our power, you then employ no ſollicitations, no means to ſave his life. At this cutting ſpeech, ſhe burſt into tears, and with a low bow withdrew.

The next day ſhe did not appear in the preſence. At night the *king* ſaid to the *queen*, Let us go, and comfort *Beatrix*, who, I believe, is frightened with our reſentment to her *father*; when their *majeſties* entered, ſhe fell at their feet, intreating their compaſſion for her, without ſaying one word of *Renatus*.

The *king* raiſing her with great mildneſs, told her, as *Renatus* had by this action loſt his right in her, he bid her forget he was her *father*, and believe ſhe ſhould always find in him a parent's fondneſs: many other good-natured things he ſaid to the ſame purpoſe before he went, which was in leſs than ten days; ſhe neither in that time, nor on taking leave, made the leaſt mention of *Renatus*.

When the *king* was gone againſt him, it was obſerved by all that her gaiety was loſt, ſo great was her concern, tho' the *queen*, with

with her wonted kindneſs, ordered all the *ladies* to endeavour to divert her.

She choſe to be much alone, neither letting her *governeſs*, or myſelf, know her intentions; and ſuch good intelligence ſhe had from the army, the very night before the engagement ſhe wrote to the *king* a letter, wherein ſhe told *him*, as ſhe believed her *father*'s breach of faith had put the ſword of ſucceſs into his hand; ſhe took theſe moments to return him thanks for his great and truly noble uſage of her, for which ſhe aſſured him, ſhe ſhould ever bear a grateful remembrance; but that now, being conſcious her father's fate would force her in decency to leave the court, ſhe begged he would accept of her acknowledgements for his numberleſs favours, before the bitterneſs of a parent's fate would oblige her to encloſe herſelf in a monaſtery for ever.

As *Beatrix* had ſaid, the *king* gained the victory, her *brother* who was in the *battle* encountered the *king* in perſon, with ſuch fury, that he left marks of his valour on his helmet and other parts of his armour; but being engaged too far from his men, was overborne by numbers and *killed*. The earl of *F*—— —— fled, and *Renatus*, extremely wounded, was taken priſoner.

All becoming the victor's ſpoil, after the battle the *king* ordered *Renatus*'s papers to

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be brought to him, to ſee if any of his *ſubjects* had had correſpondence with him, he found amongſt them *Beatrix*'s letter, which (as has been mentioned) ſhe wrote to her *father*.

The *king* who was himſelf naturally ſincere, was ſo charmed with her ſenſe of his and the *queen*'s favours; that he often ſaid, If virtue, greatneſs of ſoul, and all that an excellent underſtanding could urge, had prevailed, *Beatrix* had ſaved her *brother* and *father* from that day's fate; and indeed it had ſuch an effect (with the other he received the night before the battle) that he ſent and ordered care ſhould be taken of the *prince*, and bid they ſhould let him underſtand, his daughter's virtues had prevailed to ſave him.

This, with *Renatus*'s other misfortunes, wrought ſuch an effect on him when he was perfectly recovered, that he let his *majeſty* know he deſired to end his days in a religious houſe. Thus, as his younger *ſon* died ſome time paſt in the *Holy land*, and *Beatrix*, by both her brothers death was become his only heir, he intreated the *king* ſhe may be ſettled in his principality; and if he would vouchſafe to take her into his protection, he then ſhould retire, and quit the world with perfect tranquility.

The *king*, infinitely pleaſed with this propoſal,

poſal, often ſaw the *prince*, who owned to him, had *Beatrix*'s letter come before he was too firmly engaged to go back from his word to the *earl*, it had prevented all the ſlaughters of the laſt wars between them.

The *king* wrote to the *queen* all that had paſſed, to the particular of *Beatrix*'s letter, ſent by her the night before the battle to him, and all he intended ſhould be done in her affairs; bidding her to prepare the *princeſs* to come and take leave of her *father* before his retirement, and from them both be inveſted and confirmed in the principality.

The *queen*, who was conſcious her husband, from her many perſonal defects (in ſpite of her condeſcenſions, and moſt obliging complaiſance in every thing to his will) had a perfect averſion to her, found ſomething in this *pacquet*, and the account he gave of *Beatrix*'s letter, that either created or confirmed her in the opinion, that his *majeſty* began to have too great a regard for the *princeſs*; and before ſhe let her know of its arrival, ſent, and had ſome diſcourſe with madam *Santſeir*, the purport of which was, to find out who had perſwaded her to write to the *king*; but the *governeſs*, perfectly ignorant both of the letter and the effect it had wrought, ſoon cauſed the

queen

queen to be certain it was intirely the *princeſs*'s own doing.

The *queen* then ſhewing the *patquet* from the *king*, told her ſhe believed *Beatrix* would find great oppoſition from the chevalier *Jaques de Barnaville*, who was now, after *Renatus*, the firſt male heir to the *principality*, and had ſeveral precedents, that the females had been debared the ſucceſſion; adding her advice to the *governeſs*, to perſwade the *princeſs* to accept the chevalier for a *husband*, and put an end to the diſputes that might ariſe.

Madame *Santſeir*, who comprehended not the *queen*'s deſign, was eaſily inclined to comply with her deſires; the merit of that gentleman very much influencing her: he was indeed extremely brave, generous, and every way accompliſhed; but *Renatus* and he having had ſome diſpute (concerning lands) he had put himſelf under the *king*'s protection; and this ſubtle *queen*, from the ſuſpicion ſhe had of her *husband*, perſwaded him to claim the *principality*, and ask *Beatrix* in marriage; the laſt ſhe knew would be the bait would draw him into her plot, he having often declared he had rather be the princeſs *Beatrix*'s husband, than be the greateſt monarch that ever did or ſhould rule this terreſtrial globe.

When *Beatrix* received this news, with great

great pleaſure ſhe prepared to go to her *father*; the *queen*'s civilities and fondneſs were increaſed, ſhe ſending to attend on her in her journey, part of her own guards, with the chevalier *Jaques*, who was their captain; and indeed that gentleman had always behaved to her with ſuch reſpect, that ſhe had a real regard for him; and as ſoon as ſhe came to her *father* ſhe prevailed on him to ſee the chevalier, aſſuring him he had choſe to attend her, that he might have an opportunity to pay his reſpects to him.

Renatus, who in earneſt had done with the world, this laſt affair with the loſs of his ſon having made him look back into himſelf, and create quite another turn of thinking; being conſcious he had been the aggreſſor, receives the chevalier *Jaques* very friendly, and was perfectly reconciled to him. And the chevalier being ſenſible how uſeful the *queen*'s intereſt might be, gave a looſe to ambition and love, talked firſt to *Renatus* of his paſſion, then laid claim to the *principality*, who refers the affair to the *king*; but when that *prince* mentioned it, the *king* appeared very much diſpleaſed, though every one knew the chevalier was a great favourite, whom he had advanced in an extraordinary manner, beyond

yond what was uſual for perſons of his juvenile age.

It was on this occaſion (as the *king* has ſince owned) he found he was a lover, without knowing it, till alarmed with the thought ſhe was to be another's. Many were his reflections; his averſion to the *queen*, whom he knew to be a deep diſguiſer of her thoughts, and ſo great a diſſembler, that he has often ſaid, Should ſhe ſpeak her real ſentiments, it would be the only means to make him think them not ſuch; and, added the *biſhop*, with this cloſeneſs, ſhe was miſtreſs of a conſummate ſubtlety, a very unforgiving and *vindictive* temper, which, joined with her perſonal infirmities of the *leproſy* and *evil*, made the *king* think of getting a divorce, though he then diſcovered not his thoughts, permitting the *chevalier* to put in his claim, which went againſt him, his pretenſions being found very weak; and the juſt right belonging to the princeſs *Beatrix*; the *king* let him underſtand, if that lady was given in marriage to a ſubject, he ſhould be the perſon.

Jaques, whoſe paſſion for the *princeſs* was greater than his ambition, received this repulſe with the utmoſt concern.

The *king* having made a ſecond peace with the *earl*, and ſettled all in quiet on

that

that part of the borders of his kingdom, he with *Renatus* and *Beatrix* went to their territories, where I ſaw, ſaid the *biſhop*, her *father* make a reſignation of his rights, titles, and dignities to his daughter, and his *majeſty* inveſt her with them, obliging all the ſubjects to ſwear fealty, and do homage to her. She was adorned with a coronet, and rubies of the ſame faſhion *Ermine* wore on the day of her being profeſſed; and if the princeſs *Beatrix*'s perſonal charms, lively ſpirit, and auguſt mein, created love, admiration, and reſpect, in all that beheld her; yet there was in *Ermine*'s features, ſuch a ſweetneſs, ſo gentle a compoſure, with an eaſy and unaffected delicacy in her air, and angel-like inſinuation in her looks, as created in her beholders a tenderneſs with ſuch warm regards for her exalted virtue, as even raiſed our ideas above the buſy trifling paſſion of this world, to more elevated and durable bliſs. I have ſince been informed, before *Renatus* retired to his convent, the *king* and he had a long converſation about the *princeſs*, wherein he aſſured her *father* of his honourable intentions, (with his deſigns to get a divorce) which, if denied, or not deemed lawful, he had too great a regard to her not to forbear making the leaſt mention of love: but ſo little apprehenſion had he of being refuſed,

it

it had before been propoſed and talked of, but troubles that aroſe in his kingdom had ſtill prevented his ſolliciting it; and the *queen* by the aſſiſtance of the *king*'s brother, had taken care to lay ſo many artful ſtops in his way, that nothing had hitherto been done; the *king*'s brother hoping, by her barrenneſs, he, or his ſons, might one day reach to the regal dignity.

The *king* brought the *princeſs* back with him; the *queen* received her with ſeeming tranſports, and ſo very fond, that ſhe could not be a moment without her; and the *king*, who had ſent ſecretly to get the divorce, acted with ſuch diſcretion, that he never ſaw her but in the *queen*'s preſence, or ſurrounded with her attendants, for tho' in his *majeſty*'s dominions ſhe had her court, and proper officers befitting a ſovereign princeſs, and tho' it was eaſy to diſcern the pleaſure he took in her company, he never once hinted to her either his paſſion or deſigns.

The *queen* one night, when it was very late, ſent to deſire to ſpeak with the *princeſs*; ſhe went to her in her cloſet, and found her in tears, and before her lay a letter, which ſhe gave her to read; in it was an account of the divorce the *king* was getting, and that he would certainly ſucceed: while *Beatrix* read it, ſhe fixed her eyes on her

her to obſerve her looks, and ſoon perceived ſhe was a perfect ſtranger to the *king*'s deſigns.

As ſoon as the *princeſs* had finiſhed reading it, ſhe fell into ſo violent a fit of grief and paſſion, that it almoſt ſtrangled her; then breaking out into complaints, ſhe began to tell how paſſionately ſhe loved his *majeſty*, how obſervant, how obedient to his commands, and how aſſiſting to him in all his councils, (as indeed by her cunning, ſaid the *biſhop*, ſhe had often helped him to get rid of, as well as intangling him in many difficulties,) in terms moſt pity-moving, repreſents, how ſevere her afflictions were, after ſo many years, to be robbed of her honours (the real grief that touched her) to be ſeparated from, and made an outcaſt by her *husband*, whom ſhe had always loved and admired, even to adulation, becauſe heaven had afflicted her with illneſſes, which in themſelves were torments hardly to be ſupported; and, continued ſhe, ſtriking her boſom, to compleat and fully make me wretched, this ſhock, this blow, is to be given me by one I have fondled and loved with a mother's tenderneſs.

The *princeſs* has often ſaid, ſhe had ſo little notion ſhe had any ſhare in this diſcourſe, that ſhe owned her curioſity made her want to know who this rival was. It

with his *Solomonean* prudence, by this judicious way of diſcovering the *guilty* perſon, orders his whole family, the *Puck*, *Chacanon*, and a *ſlave* that was his favourite, on the firſt effect of the *phyſick*'s diſcharging the *fruit*, and owned by a ladder he and the *ſlave* aſcended to the *window*, through which they entered to the chamber where the fruit was.

Thus was *Almazandor*'s patience exerciſed by *Chacanon*'s devices and iniquitous ways, which ſtill cauſed the prince's dawn of *youth* and *virtue* to ſhine with ſuperior luſtre, as after *black* and *ſtormy* clouds, the ſun appears with greater force, and a more radiant *brightneſs*.

He was ſcarce arrived at his ſeventeenth year, when he went with *Chacanon* to a plantation of the biſhop's, near the mountains *Borree*; when they came to the village the *inhabitants* were in the utmoſt diſtraction and grief, occaſioned by the mountain-robbers, who, while the men were buſy about their *harveſt*, had carried away their *wives*, *children*, and *goods*.

After *Almazandor* had heard their ſtory, he told them their lamentation ought to be changed into the noble reſolution of attempting to regain back thoſe dear bleſſings their *wives* and *children*; he bidding them arm themſelves with what was left, and he

would be their *guide* and *director*. This *Chacanon* oppoſed with jeſts and ridicule; when one of the *oldeſt men* of the village ſpoke, and applying to the reſt ſaid, *Can we die in a worthier Cauſe, than in endeavouring the recovery of that better part of ourſelves, our* wives *and* children; *and ſo far am I from fearing we ſhall not* ſucceed, *that I believe heaven has ſent this* youth *to our* aſſiſtance; *for you all know ſix months has not paſſed ſince his* ingenuity *deſtroyed the over-grown ſerpent that* poiſoned *our fields, and* devoured *our cattle: this he did when the moſt experienced amongſt us wanted the* skill, wit, *and* invention *to accompliſh ſuch a* work; *beſides,* added the old man, *you muſt remember, when a* tyger *purſued him, before he could make to the water, ſhe overtook him, and faſtening on his fleſh, he plunged into the ſtream, and with his ſtrength and dexterity, managed ſo as to keep her under, in ſpite of her tearings and ſtruggles, till ſhe was by him* conquered.

This ſpeech had ſuch an effect, that inſpired with courage, they all reſolved, under his protection, and by him directed, to go in purſuit of the *robbers*, their ſpies ſoon learned which way they took; and *Almazandor* with the peaſants was at their rocks and hiding holes before the *robbers*, with their ſpoil could arrive; and by him directed, they not only gain all that belonged

longed to them, but they ſurprized the *robbers*, and made them *priſoners*; *Almazandor* managing the matter in ſuch a manner, not a ſingle peaſant's *life* was loſt, and they all returned, not only with their *wives* and *children*, but a great booty.

Chacanon, who ſo deſpiſed the affair that he ſtirred not from his *uncle*'s plantation, on hearing their ſucceſs, came out to meet them, and to ſhew his taſte in his diverſions, propoſes they ſhould let the *robbers* looſe, one at a time, and then hunt them to death. This *Almazandor* violently oppoſes, urging that perhaps a wrong education, with *misfortunes*, had miſlead *them*; and proceeding to give his opinion, ſaid, it would be a great virtue to help them into ſome *honeſt way to earn their bread*, and to bring them by the example of their *humanity*, to a conſcious ſhame of their errors, than to ſuffer them thus to be plunged into the other world in the fullneſs of their crimes. His advice was approved by all, and the *priſoners* by him committed to the care of the peaſants, who from the manner of their behaviour were to *judge* who were worthy of *pity*.

In their return they paſſed thro' the town called *Zanguebar*; the rich old governor of the place had one daughter, whoſe name was *Eurione*: her beauty was the admi-

ration of all the amorous *youths* of diſtinction; ſeveral advantagious offers had been propoſed to the *father*, which the young lady ſtill rejected, ever expreſſing a *great diſlike* to enter into the *marriage ſtate*.

When it was her unhappy lot to ſee *Almazandor* at the head of the peaſants, as they marched under her window; the moment ſhe ſees him, her ſoul is inflamed with a violent paſſion for him; the manly charms of his perſon, with his free, open, majeſtic mein, without that ſuperb, ſtiff formality, which often affects the *limbs* as well as the *minds* of thoſe who are raiſed to unexpected honours, cauſed her to follow him with her eyes, till by diſtant *ſpace* ſhe loſes ſight of him.

Her curioſity reſts not till ſhe has learned who he is; and has from fame how he was found on the water; the biſhop's generous care of his education; with the amazing wonders of his great *genius*; nor was ſhe from that very ſame goſſip *fame*, unacquainted with *Chacanon*'s luxurious, ferôſe, and inhuman *nature*.

But if *Almazandor*'s perſon had charmed her ſenſes, the character of his extraordinary merit blows the fatal fire, and from the moment he paſſed by her window, he is her day-thoughts and night-dreams: ſhe often ſaying to herſelf, It is *Almazandor*, *Alma-*

Almazandor alone can make *Eurione* happy; and as all our deſires and wiſhes generally ſet us on inventions how to accompliſh them, ſhe at laſt, after many various thoughts, ſends a truſty ſlave with the following letter, and a charge to give it to none but *Almazandor* himſelf.

Eurione to *Almazandor.*

I Have ſeen all the works of nature, which adorn this place; and I too have ſeen the moſt handſome and attracting youths this country can boaſt; yet neither pain, grief, nor pleaſure attended the ideas remembrance left of them. But from the moment I caſt my luckleſs eyes on Almazandor, *what a ſtrange, what a powerful magic have they had on poor* Eurione! *I cannot ſleep, I can not wake, but he is ſtill before me, and fame has ſo impreſſed him in my thoughts, my reſtleſs heart can know no quiet, unleſs* Almazandor, *or death, comes to my relief.*

The ſlave as he was ordered went to the plantation where *Almazandor* and *Chacanon* then were, and asking for that too-charming youth, *Chacanon* who had always had an envious curioſity to be diving into his *affairs*, hearing the ſlave enquire for him, came to him, and ſaid *he* was the perſon; on which the ſlave gave him the *let-*

ter, telling him he was ordered by his *lady* to come the next day at that hour for an anſwer.

Chacanon was no ſtranger to the fame of *Eurione*'s beauty, or her father's great wealth, and when the ſlave came he ſent an anſwer to her letter in *Almazandor*'s name. Four or five notes thus paſſed between them, and *Chacanon* having conſidered the part he intended to act, goes to the *governor*, and ſhews him the *letters*; at the ſame time he deſires he would give him leave to purſue the courtſhip in *Almazandor*'s name, aſſuring him he had long been in love with that *lady*, and that by this means, he ſtill deceiving her, it would be the only thing to *prevent* her running away with *Almazandor*, who, he told the *governor*, he was ſure would not want inventions to carry her off, if once he ſhould have the leaſt knowledge of her *paſſion* for him.

The *father* enraged at her amorous fondneſs to a perſon he thought ſo much beneath her, is ſoon drawn into *Chacanon*'s ſcheme, and while this affair was tranſacting between the *governor* and *Chacanon*, the biſhop dies, not without ſuſpicion that his nephew had haſtened his death; and *Chacanon*, by the aſſiſtance of *Eurione*'s father, lays claim to the *unhappy youth* as his uncle's ſlave: the

the cauſe is tried before the *governor*, who decides it againſt *Almazandor*.

All the people of that country that knew *Almazandor* were grieved and concerned, but not one had that *courage* which can only ſpring from a *great* and *generous mind*, to appear in his *behalf*; and he that had ſaved to them their *wives* and *children*, and all that they then poſſeſſed, ſee him robbed of his liberty, without their rouſing to his *aid*, or beſtowing aught, but an unavailing *pity*; to ſay how *Almazandor* bore this ſhock, is to raiſe your idea to all that is above the puſillanimity of a common mind, oppreſſed by ſo ſevere a blow from fortune, who, after the *judge* had pronounced the *ſentence*, only ſaid, *I was free when that generous prelate took me into his care, and am certain he never intended to make me pay ſo* ſevere *a price for the advantages I received from his* excellent inſtructions. And then, turning to *Chacanon*, with a low bow, ſaid, *My lord, I hope in all things I ſhall endeavour to act in the ſtate heaven ſhall allot me, as in duty I ought.* The haughty maſter took no other notice of *Almazandor*'s ſubmiſſion, than bidding him go to the plantation, and work with the other ſlaves.

End of the Sixth Book.

BOOK VII.

Almazandor, as the haughty *Chacanon* had commanded, with reſolution armed not to ſink beneath this ſtorm of fortune, but with patience wait a calmer ſeaſon, when the venom of her rage ſhould be ſpent, remains at the plantation. And *Chacanon* had not triumphed twenty-four hours, as he imagined, over that firm *youth*'s conſtant mind, before he receives a letter from *Eurione* to *Almazandor*, deſiring he would accept that *preſent* ſhe ſent to purchaſe his *freedom:* the treacherous maſter and lover carry it to her *father*, who agrees with *Chacanon*, the better to deceive her, that *Almazandor* ſhould be called back from the *plantation*, and not ſuffered to wear a *ſlave*'s *habit*, which accordingly was done, and to all that had a value for the *injured youth*, pretends he had not a deſign to retain him in bondage, but only to humble his aſpiring ſpirit.

With *Almazandor*, as the cuſtom of that country was *to keep women very cloſe confined*, often he entertains *Eurione* with muſick, which helps to carry on the deceit; *Chacanon*, in the name and perſon of *Almazandor*,

mazandor, having gained her *father*'s conſent, the marriage-day is fixed, the writings and articles, as the cuſtom of the country is, are drawn between them, and the *governor* has them read to her; the particulars only deceiving her in the names, which is fatally ſigned by *Chacanon* inſtead of *Almazandor*. It is true, this unhappy lady often preſſed her *father* that he would receive her *husband*, and that the marriage ſhould be performed at his houſe, as ſhe thought ſhe honoured *Almazandor* by his alliance, rather than by demeaning herſelf and father, to have it celebrated at *Chacanon*'s, which the artful *governor* refuſes on ſlight pretences.

And this wretched lady, blinded by her paſſion, yielding paſſively to all that her father would have done, poſſeſſed with the thoughts only how happy ſhe ſhall be when bleſſed with *Almazandor*, conſents to every thing her father is pleaſed to direct.

When all was agreed, in the cloſe of the evening, this *youth* is ordered by *Chacanon* to receive her when ſhe is brought by her father, who was only to take her from him, and lead her to the bridal-chamber, where they no ſooner entered, but *Chacanon*, who was there for that purpoſe, calls *Almazandor* to the door, and bids him go that moment to the *plantation*: two months

he remained there, without hearing aught from his *haughty maſter*; and though he was not employed in any ſlaviſh ſort of work, yet ſevere were the ſtruggles of his great ſoul in arming his mind againſt this cruel turn of fortune; nor did he want for contrivances, how with honour, and the ſtricteſt adherence to juſtice, to break his chains.

A ſlave of *Eurione*'s told him (*Chacanon* being gone to wait on prince *Nipthanon* his lady had ordered he ſhould attend at a private door of the garden about ten of the clock, and wait there till it was opened to him.

Tho' ſurprized at the ſecreſy and manner of the meſſage, yet he obeys; and at the appointhd time was let in, and conducted to *Eurione*'s chamber: ſhe was laid on her *ſofa*, covered with a thin veil, with only one lamp burning; *Almazandor*, with the reſpect that became his preſent ſtate, kept back towards the door, when *Eurione*, lifting up her head, pointed to a ſeat at ſome little diſtance from the *ſofa*, deſired him to ſit, telling him ſhe had too much buſineſs, and of too great a length, and importance, for him to hear, or underſtand at that diſtance.

After he was ſeated, a conſiderable time ſhe remained ſilent, which *Almazandor* could

could eaſily perceive was occaſioned by the exceſs of her paſſion; tears, and ſighs, almoſt ſtrangling her. At laſt ſhe ſaid, *Oh*, Almazandor, *it is the miſerable* Eurione *that has been the unfortunate cauſe of your* ſlavery! And then proceeded to acquaint him of every particular of *Chacanon*'s intercepting her letters, and her *father*'s joining with him, to deceive her; adding, that the ſlave ſhe had employed on her meſſages, after he had diſcovered *Chicanon* was not *Almazandor*, was forbid, on pain of death, by the governor her *father*, to acquaint her with the miſtake, by which means ſhe was intrapped.

After ſhe had related to him all that had been tranſacted, ſhe ſtopped, giving way to a flood of tears; and *Almazandor*, without once interrupting her, attentively liſtened to her ſtory, lifting up his eyes to heaven, ſaid, *Ye juſt powers! why is the generous, the innocent, ſtill thus to be perſecuted, by the moſt artful, and the worſt of men.* He too remained ſilent, his troubled looks expreſſing the inward agony of his mind.

A long time they continued in the profoundeſt *reverie*, when *Eurione* a little recovering herſelf, ſaid, She could not know any reſt, till ſhe had acquainted him with it, to arm him againſt the *future injuries, and treacherous malice of* Chacanon. And

then turning to him, offered him a purſe of *ſaphies*, deſiring he would with it *purchaſe his freedom*.

Almazandor, who through the veil had ſeen her beautiful perſon, which, together with the moving diſtreſſes of her ſtory, had pierced his ſoul, and in thoſe moments inſpired him with the amorous tenderneſs natural to perſons of his age, ſaid, Do not believe, Madam, if *honour* and *virtue* will not permit me to deliver the lovely *Eurione* from a *cruel father* and a *treacherous husband*, I ſhall not, to be delivered from that *horrid monſter*, take from *Chacanon*'s wife, what is now her *husband*'s, to break my chains; or to ſave me from the utmoſt cruelty his feroſe nature can invent: no, continued he, if I would give way to the warring paſſions that are ſtruggling within, I could ſet all around me in a flame for you; for your irreparable part in theſe *misfortunes*, I could think, and act ſuch things, as ſhould ſtartle *human nature*; and heaven is my witneſs, added he, to gain you that tranquility you have ſo fatally loſt, there is no danger I would not tempt, nor miſery I would not undergo: but, purſued he, as neither *human morals*, nor *laws divine*, permit us to indulge a thought that tends or leads to *hope*, let us, too charming *Eurione*, with the ſtrongeſt reſiſtance, oppoſe

poſe every thought, that *virtue* will not permit us to indulge; and by that conqueſt of ourſelves, glorioufly reach to the higheſt ſummit of perfection. He ſtayed not for her anſwer, but with a low obeiſance withdrew, and with haſty ſteps fled the houſe.

When he was got into the dark, lonely plains, he gave way to the raging anguiſh of his ſoul; love and revenge alternately perplex him. *Eurione*'s lovely form, and hapleſs fate, ſoftens his young heart to that degree, *fame*, *virtue*, and all the biſhop's painful leſſons of conquering and ſubduing the amorous rage of *love*, in a moment yield to *Eurione*'s ſuperior force; to live, to die with her, the very thought is *tranſporting bliſs*; nor leſs with *revenge* does he burn, and in *imagination* a thouſand ways deſtroys *Chacanon*, crying out, *Great as mine, and* Eurione's *wrongs, ſhall be the* ample vengeance *I will take, that frighted mortals for the future may dread to perpetrate ſuch wickedneſs.*

Thus bewildered by his *paſſions*, he wandered till day appeared, which convinced him he had loſt his way; tired and faint, he made towards a running ſpring he ſaw at the bottom of the hill he was on; he deſcends to it, and as he ſat to refreſh himſelf, he thought he heard ſeveral groans; he

he roſe and following the ſound, obſerved they were ſtronger as he drew near a cave, from whence he perceived they came; he entered in, and found a perſon lying on ſtraw; a glimmering lamp that was placed by him cauſed him to ſee the agonies of death were on him; who, as ſoon as he perceived *Almazandor*, ſaid, *Bleſſed be the* Divine Goodneſs *that directed your wandering ſteps this way, to aſſiſt me in this ſeparation of my ſoul from its earthly frame*: he then pointing to ſome dried fruit and cordials, deſired him to reach them to him, which *Almazandor* had no ſooner done, but, comforted by the cordials, he became more lively; and the racking pains he was before tormented with, ceaſing, it permitted him ſome interval of eaſe; he asked *Almazandor* what ſtrange accident had brought him there? adding, tho' the ſpring, the various ſorts of herbs and flowers, with the agreeable ſhade, the broad-ſpreading branches of the lofty trees, which together with the harmonious birds, had made it one of the moſt delightful parts of great nature's works: yet, added he, the inhabitants here about, being poſſeſſed with a notion that a fiend or demon haunts this place, are not to be drawn to it: And, added the old man, the fifty ſolitary years

I have paſſed in this place, you are the firſt I ever ſaw enter it.

To this diſcourſe of the *hermit*, *Almazandor* replied, A greater fiend or devil, than any that has yet paſſed through the infernal adamantine region, has forced me here. This creating a curioſity in the aged father, cauſed the *unhappy youth* to recount to him all that had befel him, from his being found in the basket, to that preſent inſtant of his flying from the ill-fated *Eurione*'s ſorrows, with the grief and anguiſh of his ſoul, that he could no way, with honour, redreſs her wrongs, nor be revenged on the cruel *Chacanon*.

The *hermit* who had hearkened to him with the utmoſt attention, all the time viewing the manly beauty of his fine perſon, ſaid, This violent paſſion the diſtreſſed *Eurione* has inſpired you with, is a great and ſevere tryal of your virtue; for alas! how weak is her force! and how faint the reſiſtance in a young mind, when oppoſed to the charms of that ſex! but, added he, when *Almazandor* fled that fatal beauty, he gained a great, a glorious victory over himſelf; and ſee, cried the *hermit*, approving heaven has ſent you here to be ſtrengthened and confirmed; then rouſe, and inſtead of ſinking beneath your unavailing ſorrows, do but reflect how you have been the peculiar

culiar care of Providence; did not your guardian-angel, when you were expoſed to the relentleſs deep, with his *blazing* ſhield, overſpread thy little cradle, and all around thee ſmoothed the waves, and calmed the winds; by *heaven*'s admired decrees, he inſpired the rough *Ethiopian* with compaſſion, and cauſed the woman, from her flowing milk, to be touched with maternal fondneſs for thy diſtreſſed infant ſtate, to be thy preſerver; the biſhop too, endued with learning, experience, and every virtue, was doubtleſs by that heavenly guardian power brought to that *rural place*, to be the teacher and director of thy youth. And had not *Chacanon*'s evil nature exerciſed and tried thy *virtues*, like ſeeds in unfruitful ground, they had wanted their proper nouriſhments to ſpread forth, and to the wondering world, and by his means diſcover their beauty, and perfect excellency. Here the *hermit* ſome time lay ſilent, and then raiſing his voice beyond the ſtrength of a dying perſon, ah, ſee, ſaid he, *Chacanon*, that ungrateful perſon, by thee preſerved from the *lion*'s rending claws; the ſlaughtered prince, and captive ſhip, proclaim thee conqueror; then no more *Eurione*, but a royal *maid*, whoſe perſonal charms, and interior pureneſs of mind, is to be the companion of thy happier days;

but

but cruel *Chacanon*, continued he, cannot thy life preſerved quench thy implacable thirſt of blood; but thus inviroining him with thy ſharp-pointed ſwords, thou muſt urge them on to haſten his death, *tho' in vain*; nor can thy barbarous *fury*, with which thou driveſt the people about, with ſavage roar to hunt and ſeek his life, avail, for he from death flying, *entombed* amongſt the dead, he is ſaved; but tho' rough ſeas, and boiſterous winds, with meagre famine conſpire and join with thoſe *tyrants* to thy deſtruction, ſtill *Almazandor* is by propitious heaven preſerved, and victorious over his malignant ſtars, on the throne of his royal anceſtors ſits triumphant. Here the *hermit* ceaſed, and after ſome ſilent moments, lifting up his dim and dying eyes, he pointed to a ſpear, which he bid him take, deſiring him when he was dead to lay him in his mother earth, and with that ſpear return to *Chacanon*, whoſe fiend-like malice, ſaid he, is ordained to bring you to the knowledge of your country and your parents, and your enſlaved people to free.

Not long after, the *hermit*'s pains returning, death cloſet his eyes; and *Almazandor* as by him deſired, chuſes a pleaſant part of the grove, and having *buried him*, and ſtrewed his grave with *greens* and *flowers*, departs from thence with the ſpear.

When

When he came into the open plain, he met ſeveral armed men, with a panick fear in their looks, flying; and at a little diſtance ſaw a large lion rending and tearing a chariot, which the frighted horſes had overthrown and broke looſe from; and juſt as he drew up to it, the lion had made way by his pulling and rending to the two perſons that were in it, who by the fall of the chariot, were thrown backwards, the perſon that lay neareſt to the beaſt he had caught by his ſandal and foot with his ſtrong jaw, and on the other he had faſtened one of his claws, with ſo firm a hold, as to enter thro' his clothes into his fleſh. Our *hero* at this ſight ſprung to the *lion*, and with the ſpear which he had brightened and given a new edge to, run him through the neck, with ſuch force, that the ſpear went out at the other ſide; the *lion*, in his gaſping agony, let looſe the foot, but faſt ſtuck his claw in the other's thigh, which *Almazandor* perceiving, took the ſword that *Nipthanon* had let fall, and with it cuts the paw off, and ſoon diſpatched the *lion*; when this enormous beaſt was dead, and lay ſtretched at his full length, he meaſured full twelve feet.

Almazandor firſt helped *Nipthanon* up; but on going to do the ſame office by the other, who was *Chacanon*, he ſtarted back; yet

yet his *generous heart* recoiled, and he frees him from the entanglements of the chariot, under which he groaned.

Nipthanon, tho' extremely maimed with the gnawing of the *li n*, which had entered even thro' the ſandal, looking at *Almazandor* ſaid, I do not know which to admire moſt, the beauty of my *deliverer*, or the great action he has performed, and laying his hand on his ſhoulder, which there is eſteemed a great *honour*, from a *prince* to any perſon of what *rank* ſoever, bid him follow him, which he did.

The next day he enquired into his circumſtances, which *Almazandor* acquaints him with to the time of the biſhop's death, and being made a ſlave to *Chacanon*, tho' he mentioned not the leaſt word of *Eurione*, or any other part of his ill uſage; *Nipthanon* put not this young *hero* to the pain of requeſting his liberty, he ſending *that inſtant* to *Chacanon*, to ask his freedom, which he grants with reluctance; and that prince having had orders from *Maillan* to raiſe troops out of his *Sangrean* dominions, to march with thoſe auxiliaries of *Egypt*, *Chacanon* recommended by *Eurione*'s father, was aſſiſtant to him in raiſing ſoldiers from that part of the country; and being by *Maillan* ordered to get it done with expedition, amongſt the new-raiſed troops he gave

gave *Almazandor* an honourable poſt; and all the forces being put on ſhipboard, they embarked, and were ſailing on the famous river *Nile*, when they came up to a very large *veſſel*, which they judged to be of *Ethiopia*; and as *Nipthanon* knew his father had begun a *war* with that mighty monarch, he firſt ordered two of his *veſſels* to attack her, which they did ſo much to their own diſadvantage, one was ſunk, and the other ſoon diſabled, as were ſeveral more who attempted the like; and though at laſt ſhe was ſurrounded by the tranſports that were carrying the troops to *Nutrebia*, the fight was very fierce, and much to the loſs of the *Nutrebians*, when *Almazandor* asked leave of *Nipthanon* to paſs into a *veſſel* that was to ſupply the place of one which had been ſunk. *Nipthanon* not only grants his requeſt, but gives him the command of her, which that *young warrior* managed with ſuch dexterity and ſpirit, after a long and bloody diſpute, he boards her, and with his own hand *killed the commander*, on which the few remaining ſoon yielded to him.

He was no ſooner maſter, but the cries and ſhrieks he heard from the great cabbin cauſed him to go there, where the firſt objects that preſented to his view were two *young ladies* on a *ſofa*, embracing each other,

other, ſaying, *We will not part, we will die together.* The perfect beauty of each, joined to the advadtage of their rich robes, and the luſtre of their jewels, made the *young conqueror* ſtand motionleſs ſome moments, gazing on them in the utmoſt ſurprize; and though in the eldeſt he found ſomething he could not help loving, and admiring, yet the ſoft *languid eyes* of the younger, penetrated his very heart; he approaches them with the higheſt reſpect, and ſaid, *Fear not, ladies, the danger is now over, you may be aſſured our commander will eſteem it a greater glory than victory can yield, in all things to contribute to the happineſs and ſatisfaction of two ſuch excellent perſons.* The eldeſt, who ſaw nothing in the looks and words of *Almazandor* that terrified her, ſaid, We know not what to hope or fear, till we underſtand into whoſe hands we are fallen: Admirable lady, anſwered he, this precious, this glorious victory, is gained by prince *Nipthanon*; at theſe words of the young warrior, a deadly pale overſpread the eldeſt lady's face, who that inſtant ſunk perfectly ſenſeleſs into the other's arms; *Almazandor*, and the maids that by *Darah* were placed about them, aſſiſted and ſoon recovered her, when *Chacanon* came into the cabbin, and with an air of authority, which he had ever affected

ted towards *Almazandor*, pretended to be ſurprized to find him loitering there, and by that means neglecting his office.

Till now that *injured youth* had bore his arrogance with a cool diſdain; but then turning his fine eyes on him, with a ſcornful ſmile ſaid, What is left we judge a proper work for lord *Chacanon*, who underſtands how to manage and ſecure the ſpoil as wiſely as he guarded his perſon and veſſel from the danger of the fight.

Tho' in *Chacanon*'s pale face appeared malice and fear, yet he was prevented from making a reply by *Nipthanon*'s entering the cabbin, who, as ſoon as he ſaw *Almazandor* victorious, came into the ſhip, and from ſome of the dying officers learned that the commander, who lay dead on the deck, was *Darah*, king of the *Samnites*, who they believed had forced two ladies of the *Ozorodes* race from *Ethiopia*, and intended to have carried them to his own kingdom; this cauſed *Nipthanon* immediately to repair to the cabbin to ſee them; he had no ſooner caſt his eyes towards the *ſofa*, but in a tranſport of joy he cried out, It is *Gen Zanira*, it is my dear, my loved *Gen Zanira*, on which advancing to embrace her, that lady ſtepped back, and delining his careſſes, ſaid, Yes we are *Gen Zanira*, but neither the daughter of *Maillan*, nor the ſiſter

ſiſter of *Nipthanon*, tho' for your generous uſage to me when you thought me ſuch, we ſhall always have a grateful ſenſe, and ever eſteem *Nipthanon* for his merit; he modeſtly took no notice of her reſerve, and ſeizing on her hand kiſſed it with the utmoſt vehemency, ſaying, Dear *Gen Zanira*, the love, the tender regard we always had for you while I thought you my ſiſter, has often cauſed me to dread your increaſing perfections; but when the ſecret of your birth was known, the irreſiſtible paſſion of my heart can only ceaſe in death. *Gen Zanira* at theſe words of *Nipthanon*, caſt her eyes down, and ſaid, Do not treat your captive with ſuch diſcourſe, who muſt not, will not hear the word *love* from any one but *Attanazunque*, to whom heaven, his approving parents, and our united inclinations, have joined in ſacred marriage: *Nipthanon* turned pale, and ſome moments remained ſilent, while a deadly deſpair and ſorrow appeared in his looks, and then with a deep ſigh ſaid, You know your power, I will, let *fate* do what he pleaſes, endeavour to preſerve your dear life againſt an enraged father, tho' I loſe my own; and ſure my ſufferings will at leaſt claim your pity; then paying his compliments to the *Etniopian* princeſs, he withdrew, and left the cabbin to the *ladies*, ordering *Almazandor*

Zandor to be their guard, and to receive and know their command, his reſpect and diligence on every trifling occaſion, ſoon gained him their eſteem.

Nipthanon with his rich prize, ſails direct to *Nodnou*; all the time of their paſſage he is perpetually with *Gen Zanira*, whom he often aſſures, if *Maillan* ſhould have any deſigns on her life. he would not ſurvive her; at the ſame time he lets her underſtand, would ſhe make him happy, with the *queen* her mother's *liberty* reſtored, ſhe would make all *Nutrebia* rejoice and bleſs her name; but tho' *Gen Zanira* really eſteemed *Nipthanon*, that *ſteady lady* could not be prevailed on to flatter him with the leaſt hope.

When they were arrived in the river, he ſent *Maillan* word of his having regained *Gen Zanira*, together with the princeſs of *Ethiopia*; but ſtirred not from the veſſels till he had ſollicited on the miniſters to prevail on that *tyrant*, which all in one were very deſirous to do, hoping to break the marriage between her and *Attanazunque*, and eſpouſe her to *Nipthanon*; the many forcible reaſons that were urged on this occaſion, inclined the uſurper to let her be a priſoner in the ſame caſtle with the *queen* her *mother*.

Maillan

Maillan exulted exceedingly when he firſt heard of her being taken, and with a haughty ſmile ſaid, *We ſhall now have no uneaſineſs for our daughter's detention*; and having underſtood their being carried away by the king of the *Samnites* was a contrivance of her's and *Gungo*, ſaid, *Perhaps* Pretejan *may in* Gen Havagen's *genius find another* Eſſel *that may quite expunge that haughty race.*

Nipthanon who knew his father's fierce paſſion, choſe to carry them to this caſtle, and not brought into his preſence, for fear the high ſpirit of the injured *Jathrep*'s daughter ſhould reſent his inſulting treatment now ſhe no longer eiteemed him her *parent*; and *Gen Zanira* letting him underſtand ſhe ſhould eſteem it as a favour to ſee the *queen her mother*, he promiſes, if poſſible, he would obtain her that liberty.

And to his father pleading, how neceſſary it was by mildneſs to prevail on both their ſpirits, having gained leave, he, in leſs than two hours, ſends word by *Almazandor*, the governor had orders to leave the apartments open between the *queen* and the two *princeſſes*.

But that unhappy *queen*, who from the time ſhe had learned that *Gen Zanira* was her daughter, had had ſome ceſſation from her ſorrows, now hearing of her being

brought in *Maillan*'s priſoner, her ſpirit enfeebled by the long ſeries of her misfortunes, ſhe ſwounded away, and with difficulty is brought to life, when, by *Hetbazele* ſhe is told, the *princeſs* having obtained leave from *Maillan*, was coming to pay her duty to her. This cauſing in her another turn of paſſion, on ſeeing *Gen Zanira* at her feet intreating her bleſſing, ſhe kiſſed her, and raiſing her up, preſſed her cloſe to her boſom; and then, puſhing her back, views her over and over again, and laſt of all, pulling the bracelet from her arm, examining the mark of the *butterfly*'s wings, with freſh raptures ſhe embraces her; *Gen Zanira* too mingles her tears with the *queen*'s, telling her, She ſhould no more repine at her *captivity*, ſince by it ſhe had the happineſs to ſee and know ſo dear, ſo great, and valuable a *parent*: the *queen* beginning to recover her ſpeech, ſaid, *Yes, you are my dear child, in every feature, every look, I ſee* Jathrep *and* myſelf. *Sinza* and *Hetbazele* came in for their part of the careſſes, and as *Papaglia* had promiſed, *Sinza* folds and preſſes her in her arms; tho' the hour is not yet arrived, that ſhe is in triumph to attend her to the palace of her royal anceſtors.

The firſt tranſports and tender effects of *maternal* and *filial* fondneſs being over, the

queen

queen and the princeſs of *Ethiopia* ſee, and receive each other with the compliments due to their high *rank*, and the whole day is ſpent in the pleaſingeſt converſation the *queen* had known in her long captivity.

Gen Zanira to her relating every tranſaction, and particular paſſage worthy notice, from her birth to that very inſtant, as ſhe had been informed by *Igeban*; how is ſhe charmed with her care, tenderneſs, and wiſdom to preſerve her; and the *princeſs* alſo acquaints her, after they had ſeen each other in *Ethiopia*, that lady informed her, her intentions were to have diſcovered to tne *queen* the ſecret, when *Ariſan* made her a viſit. Then *Iram* reflects back on what *Papaglia* had predicted of her future and exalted virtue; with reproaches on the evil paſſion of rancorous *envy*; and from this example takes notice how little our ſhort ſighted diſcernment and policy can judge of our future human happineſs.

Gen Zanira and the *princeſs* of *Ethiopia* relate to the *queen*, when they were captives to *Darah*, king of the *Samnites*, he diſcovered to them *Gen Havagen* and *Gungo*'s being in the plot, with her people's aſſiſting him to help to carry them off; and alſo diverted the *queen* with their deſcription of *Darah*'s ſuperb airs, and haughty

manner of addreſſing the princeſs *Ezairia*, with her extreme averſion to him.

The whole day, and moſt of the night, they ſpent with the *queen*, and the next morning as ſoon as awake, again they are with each other, where they had not been long before they were informed *Almazandor*, with a meſſage from *Nipthanon*, waited to ſpeak with the *princeſſes*; on which *Gen Zanira* looking at the *queen*, ſhe immediately ordered he ſhould have admittance; when that charming youth entered, *Iram* is ſtruck with his polite air, and the manly beauty of his perſon, who after he had with an inimitable grace, addreſſed them, with the reſpect due to the majeſty of their *rank*, told the *princeſs*, that *Nipthanon* intreated the favour to viſit them; on which the princeſs of *Ethiopia* ſaid, As ſhe was certain ſhe had no part in the viſit, but the compliment, ſhe would leave the princeſs *Gen Zanira* to anſwer for both. Ah, replied that lovely lady, as we are his priſoners, his requeſt is but a civil command; who, I perceive, (without the leaſt touch of pity) will not permit us, even in quiet, to lament our hard fate. Ah, madam, anſwered *Almazandor*, do not charge prince *Nipthanon* with want of pity, who deſerves it the moſt of any perſon on earth; for tho' he loves, adores, and is dying with deſpair,

deſpair, to preſerve your precious life, he perſwades his father he has hopes to prevail; and I am certain his deſire now to ſee you, is only to intreat you to ſoften your anſwers, if any of *Maillan*'s miniſters ſhould viſit you from him on that affair. *Ezairia* looking pleaſantly on *Almazandor*, ſaid, I take it very ill, after you have promiſed you will be my ſoldier, and when freed attend me till we are arrived at the emperor's court, you ſhould now become *Nipthanon*'s ſollicitor againſt *Attanazunque*'s right. Far from me be ſuch a thought, replied the *young hero*, that glorious *prince* and *Gen Zanira* are only worthy each other; which, madam, ſaid he to the princeſs of *Ethiopia*, you know, even in your preſence, I have preſumed to tell him my ſentiments. Yes, anſwered *Ezairia*, I well remember the converſation on *ſhipboard*, where you raiſed your reaſons to ſo high a degree of honour, I have ever ſince judged you too wiſe ever to be in love. *Almazandor* bluſhed, and appeared ſo confuſed, that the princeſs repenting what ſhe had ſaid, went on to tell him ſhe admired and applauded his diſcretion; to which he anſwered, with his eyes caſt down, Did you know how unworthy I am of your opinion of me, I am afraid your ſcorn and averſion would be equal to my vain weakneſs.

Here the *queen* taking up the diſcourſe, told him, the wiſdom and modeſty of his behaviour in her preſence, was anſwerable to the character the princeſs of *Ethiopia* and her *daughter* had given her of him, and deſired he would prevail on *Nipthanon* to defer his viſit ill next day.

The reaſon why the *queen* thus deferred *Nipthanon*'s viſit, was, ſhe expected *Papaglia* that evening, and reſolved to conſult with him in what manner the *princeſs* ſhould act towards *Maillan* and his ſon.

End of the Seventh Book.

BOOK VIII.

THE *queen* told the two *princeſſes*, after *Almazandor* was withdrawn, ſhe that night expected *Papaglia*, which occaſioned her to deſire their anſwer might be deferred, till ſhe had adviſed with *him*; on which *Gen Zanira* ſaid, Madam, I hope no policy to redreſs our preſent *unhappy ſtate*, will incline you to conſent or yield to *Maillan* and *Nipthanon*'s propoſals concerning a *marriage* between that *prince* and me; for, *added that young lady, (at the ſame time throwing herſelf at the queen*'s *feet)*

feet) Igeban, by whom I was preſerved and directed, flattered me I might be aſſured of your *conſent* to the generous offers prince *Attanazunque* made me of his *perſon* and *pretenſions* to the throne of *Albaſſines*, which alſo were confirmed by his parents; and what I prefer beyond all others, was the ſincere reſpect he had for *Gen Zanira*, when he thought her a *low maid*, not even of *Ozorodes* race, and reſolve (with your permiſſion) to preſerve my regards for that worthy *prince*, ſo as not to be tempted on any conſideration whatſoever, but will rather die than be a bride to any perſon but *Attanazunque*.

The *queen* is charmed with this *conſtancy of mind* in her daughter, tells her ſhe will ſuffer every thing rather than *yield* in the leaſt point to whatever ſhould be detrimental to prince *Attanazunque*'s right, aſſuring her ſhe only wiſhed to conſult the *fly*, to avoid all that might be urged to gain her conſent to a union with a race *no misfortunes* could make her *ſtoop ſo low* as to admit a *thought* of. On this anſwer of the *queen*, it is impoſſible to ſay what a ſatisfaction and content appeared in that *princeſs*'s looks and actions.

The *queen* left them, and retired to her cloſet, where *Papaglia* ſoon comes, who tells her it was abſolutely neceſſary for both

her and her daughter to receive *Nipthanon*'s viſits, whoſe violent love for that beautiful lady would prevent their being under any fear of deſcending to *mean flatteries*; for, oh lady, ſaid the *fly*, you have a terrible year *to paſs thorough*; but when moſt your afflictions preſs you to deſpair, remember *Papaglia* aſſures you, you and your children will be *triumphant in the end*, and ſoon you will have an equal care for the *royal youth*, as that which now you *feel* for your lovely *Gen Zanira*; after ſome more converſation on the ſame theme, the *queen* deſires him to proceed in his ſtory of the princeſs *Martina*, which he does as follows:

Continuation of the Hiſtory of Heraclian *and the princeſs* Martina, *and Count de* L*'s ſecond Tranſformation.*

YOU know, Madam, ſaid *Papaglia*, I broke off where the *enraged populace*'s violence was ſo ſtrong againſt *Martina*, as either through fear, or want of humanity, ſhe had not one friend in that deſperate ſtate offered to aſſiſt her. When alone, in her cloſet, without hope, ſhe abandoned herſelf to rage, grief, and every ſort of paſſion that could increaſe her *torment*, till they had worked her to that *diſtraction*, ſhe

ſhe reſolved to end her life, by throwing herſelf into a large *baſon*, that received the water which fell from a *beautiful caſcade*, that was in the garden. I, who had ſome apprehenſion of her deſign from her broken and incoherent words, followed her; and juſt as ſhe paſſed by the *hermit*'s grotto, caught hold on her *veil*, and run with it to him in through the window I have before mentioned, which looked into the *emperor*'s garden; ſhe, as I hoped, followed me to the window, and in that deſperate ſtate the ſudden *pull* a little awakening her reaſon, in that moment recollecting how many ſtories ſhe had heard of ſtrange and miraculous happy events that had happened to ſeveral perſons in that city, which had purſued his advice, ſhe went up to the window, and deſires he would return her *her veil*; he obeys her, and as ſhe took it from him, ſaid, *at the ſame time burſting into tears*, Holy father I conjure you, by all that is virtuous and good to help me, the *miſerableſt of mortals*, in the extremity I am in. He looked on her with ſuch *mildneſs* and *compaſſion*, I was convinced he was inclined to aſſiſt her to his power.

She began her complaints with a relation of the *empreſs*'s artful management, that ſtill when ſhe moſt relied on her, ſhe was by her moſt enſnared to be guilty of *follies*

and *indiſcretions*. After the *hermit* had heard all on that point, I perceive, ſaid he, you wanted not skill to diſcern, but have been ſo indulged by the *emperor*'s fondneſs, that inſtead of *moderation*, with a guard on your *actions*, to prevent the growing evils of her *artful deſigns*, you, by giving way to your *humours* and *paſſions*, have furniſhed her with arms to your own *deſtruction*. The want of reſpect to the worſt of parents, is what all *nature* is ſhocked at; yet when you perceived her artifices, you ought to have dreaded her *advice*; but alas, *added he*, one ſo young, in ſuch a *cruel parent*'s hands, merits *pity*, more than *blame*.

Martina proceeded to acquaint him, that ſome diſcontent between her and *Heraclian*, having cauſed her to retire alone into her cloſet, where by *reading* ſhe ſtrove to ſtill the *vexations* of her mind, and the window-curtain catching fire, which with difficulty ſhe extinguiſhed, on her telling the *empreſs* next day the fright ſhe had been in, ſhe had managed the matter with ſuch intrigues and diſſimulation, that it was one of the chiefeſt articles alledged againſt her by the people, who were made to believe, the *emperor* having oppoſed her in ſome humour, to be revenged ſhe had attempted to ſet the palace on fire, with an intention to deſtroy all

all that were in it. Laſtly, when ſhe mentioned the *accuſation* relating to *Ulamar*, with her being accuſed of betraying *Sangluarton*'s ſecret concerning the *Hungarian* frontiers, the *hermit* was, I perceived, very inquiſitive in his queſtions on each particular; on which ſhe aſſured him from the moment ſhe gave her hand to *Heracliaz*, ſhe had never entertained a thought of any other; and tho' ſhe owns *Ulamar* was an accompliſhed gentleman, as to his perſon and every other qualification, yet if *Heraclian* were but *kind* and *good* to her, ſhe preferred him to all mankind: ending her complaints ſhe tells him ſince *Ulamar* had aſcended the throne, he had ſent a perſon to that city, who privately delivered her a letter full of love, but couched under honourable ſentiments, and expreſſions of high *eſteem*, wherein he lets her underſtand from the *Hungarian girl*, he had not only been informed of *Sangluarton*'s corrupting the *governor*, but what deſigns the *empreſs* and her *ſon* had laid for her deſtruction.

Martina finiſhed her diſcourſe by telling him the publick talk was, that the *Hungarian girl* having enriched herſelf by the liking her brother had to her, ſhe lately with all the treaſure ſhe could ſecure, followed *Ulamar* to *Hungary*.

Thus *Martina* fully acquaints the *hermit*

the exact truth of every particular that had occaſioned her preſent unhappineſs: he, after ſome moments ſilence, bids her return to her chamber, and implore the Divine Aſſiſtance; and ſhe having given him the *articles of her accuſation*, he told her in leſs than four hours, he would write inſtructions with her anſwer to each point, which he did. I wiſh, *purſued he*, I could remember the writing, to entertain your *majeſty* with, who above all enjoined her to the ſtricteſt ſecreſy as to his part in aſſiſting her; I own I was ſurprized at his *excellent obſervations* on trifles, and of what importance they were, either to create ill-natured *reflections*, or gain a general *eſteem*; telling her, on her appearing before the *ſenate*, if her dreſs was *grand* and *royal*, they perhaps might look on it as a *ſort of daring them*; nor would he have her debaſe herſelf to a mean or mourning one, but eaſy and decent, as if ſhe thought not of them; in every particular of her behaviour, he was as exact.

In the morning, the *empreſs* and *Heraclian* went with her to the *ſenate*; as the daughter of the *emperor*, ſhe was permitted to ſit in a *chair*, tho' with pale looks and ſwelled eyes, ſhe appeared extremely handſome; and yet I could perceive, while her *hardened judges* gazed with delight on her

her *pleaſing form*, they were inſenſible to *pity*; and when that *diſtreſſed princeſs* was to anſwer, a violent preſſure of *grief* for ſome time took away her ſpeech, till by a flood of tears, ſhe had a little recovered herſelf; but then in a ſweet, tho' trembling voice, ſhe addreſſed the ſenate; *eloquence*, *harmony*, and the *moving graces*, hung on her *tongue*; ſhe owns her *errors*, and with decent modeſty excuſes the gay *ridicules* ſhe was accuſed of having made of them, telling them ſhe did not fear but their *wiſdom* would be ſo far from any ſort of *partiality*, they would with the *ſtricteſt juſtice*, diſcern and conſider between the rancorous *malice* of her accuſers, and her *childiſh ſympliciy*: to the *empreſs* ſhe appeals for her vindication on the aſperſion of her intending to fire the *palace*, and urged ſo many indiſputable reaſons to prove it accidental, that the *cruel parent*'s evaſive anſwers were plainly ſeen through.

Laſt of all, when they bore hard on her about betraying to *Ulamar* the ſecret, ſhe let them exerciſe all the drolling ſneers the venerable judges have often been heard to divert themſelves with, when an unhappy woman's ſuſpected *fame*, miſerably expoſes the innate modeſty of that *ſex* to ſuffer their *jeſts* and *ſleers*, when at laſt ſhe gives them *Ulamar*'s letter.

After

After it had been read, the *patriarch* riſing up, deſired leave to ſpeak *his opinion* before they proceeded to judgment, who made a very *elegant*, *learned*, and *incomprehenſible harangue*. He vindicated her innocence, yet thinks her faulty; he ſaid it was plain ſhe had no intention to fire the *palace*, or ſhe would not have extinguiſhed it *herſelf*, and yet the *empreſs* had indiſputably made it appear ſhe had *ſuch a deſign*; and as to the letter of *Ulamar*, ſhe had made it plainly evident he had ſent it her, tho' at the ſame time he deſires they would be very ſtrict in examining whether it was not a fraud, and an impoſition of her's.

The aſſembly by their looks appeared tired, eſpecially thoſe who were acquainted with that *prelate's orations*, and *manner of acting*, he generally in whoſe favour ſoever the cauſe went, did not fail to let them underſtand, by repeating the part he had ſpoke in their behalf, how much they were obliged to him.

As I have ſaid, *continued Papaglia*, tho' no one was able to comprehend what he aimed at, one of the *tribunes*, who was preſent *for the people*, to ſee they had juſtice done them againſt the *princeſs*, interrupted the *patriarch*, by ſaying, My lord, I think in your diſcourſe, you are attempting to *puzzle* and *confound* the *ſenſes* of this auguſt aſſembly;

aſſembly ; for nothing can be plainer than the *princeſs*'s innocency, and that the unhappy miſcarriage of the *Hungarian* affair was intirely owing to *Sangluarton*'s wench's betraying him, whom the city is well acquainted, that after ſhe had ſufficiently inriched herſelf by him, ſhe ran away with *Ulamar*.

Sangluarton who was preſent calls out to the *tribune* to be ſilent, and hold his *audacious tongue* ; but he not in the leaſt regarding this *angry hero*'s threats, turning to the *ſenate*, ſaid, in the name of the people, I accuſe *Sangluarton* for having ſquandered away their money, and ſenſeleſly entangled them in a deſtructive *war*, who to conceal his own follies, had inhumanly laid the blame on his innocent ſiſter ; as the *tribune* was proceeding, *Sangluarton* riſing from his ſeat, came up to him, and gave him a box on the ear ; the *tribune* returns the compliment, and at the ſame time, with a loud and ſtrong voice, calls the city officers to his help, whilſt he hurries out of the *ſenate-houſe*, and gets into the ſtreets, accuſing *Sangluarton* and the *ſenate* of attempting to *murder him* on his aſſerting the innocence of the princeſs *Martina*, and to them repreſenting the whole affair ſo much to that lady's advantage, the fickle mob, who had not three hours before hollowed and huz-

zaed

zaed *Sangluarton* with thouſands of prayers and bleſſings, gather about the *ſenate-houſe*, and threaten to ſet it on fire, unleſs they delivered him to them.

The *ſenate*, both for him and themſelves perſwade him, at the head of the *guards*, to go and quell the *mob*, which he attempts; but if, *purſued Papaglia*, your majeſty has heard how a panick has ſome times ſeized the braveſt of men, and that even *Troy*'s *Hector* fled from *Achilles* round the city-walls, you will be leſs ſurprized, when I aſſure you, with looks reverſe from thoſe fierce exultings he had been often ſeen to ride with from rank to rank, on his reviewing the ſoldiers, when no danger was nigh: For now alas, with difficulty he is perſwaded to mount his horſe, and meet the foe, who, when he approaches to them, and offers to ſpeak, ſalute him with a ſhower of large ſtones, that ſoon threw him to the earth; his faint-hearted *guards*, (the boon companions of his riotous mirth,) forſake and leave him to the incenſed people, who inſult him with all ſorts of *opprobrious language*, trample and toſs him about in the *mud*, till under their blows, wounds, and the ſtifling dirt, he expires; and not ſatisfied with their inſatiable thirſt of miſchief, his bruiſed and mangled carcaſe they throw into the ſink or common drain of the city.

The

The *emperor*, who was in the utmoſt concern and anguiſh for his *beloved daughter*, on hearing the noiſe and uproar of the *citizens*, is ſtruck with a convulſive fit, imagining their rage, noiſe, and cries were their rejoicings for her *unhappy doom*. The phyſicians recover him from the firſt violent effects of his fit, but in their opinion he cannot live many days, tho' with his returning ſenſes, he has the pleaſure to ſee his *darling child* about him, and triumphant over the *malice* of her *enemies*. *Heraclian* was, or pretended to be charmed with her conduct, declared in his heart he could, nor ſhould have no more alarms about her virtue, who had that day proved *it pure* and *untainted* as the falling *ſnow*. The dying *emperor* is charmed, and now no candidate appearing againſt them, *Heraclian* and *Martina* are, by the *voice of the people* and *ſenate*, declared the *emperor*'s ſucceſſors: with difficulty ſhe prevailed to have the *empreſs* ſaved, and only confined to a *monaſtry* for life.

This ſtrange reverſe of happy fortune, which leſs than twenty-four hours had produced, cauſed her yet not to forget the *hermit*; and telling *Heraclian*, who is now ſo fond of her, he cannot bear her out of his ſight, the hurry of her ſpirits that day had ſo overcome her, ſhe would take a walk alone in the garden, to digeſt her thoughts, while

while he with the council was buſy; and gueſſing her intentions, *added Papaglia*, I attended her to to the *hermit*'s, where with the utmoſt *thanks* gratitude could expreſs, ſhe ſtiles him her deliverer, attributes all the wonderous changes, even to that of her *husband*, to the effects of his *wiſdom* and *prayers*; the good *hermit* with *Martina* appeared better pleaſed at the change in her *husband*'s behaviour on her innocency being cleared concerning the aſperſion caſt on her about *Ulamar*, than that extreme of fortune, which from an accuſed *criminal*, had raiſed her to the *empire*. He gave her *admirable advice* for her *future conduct*, and at her earneſt intreaty is perſwaded to ſtay ſome time longer at his *grotto*.

A few days after the *emperor* dies, and *Martina* with her now very fond *husband*, is fixed on the *throne*: But ye juſt powers, cried *Papaglia*, what ſtrange things are the hearts and affections of mankind, for tho' *Heraclian* in the *princeſs*'s perſon poſſeſſed all that was deſirable, or lovely in that *ſex*, and by her means is raiſed to *empire*, and who on every occaſion convinced him, where his *honour* and *intereſt* were concerned, ſhe choſe to be the *blank* to raiſe his *fame*; yet the guarded, and prudent manner of her *conduct*, lets him not reſt till he could learn her counſellor; and this fond

wife,

wife, charmed with the alteration of his behaviour, is drawn by his careſſes to own it was to the *hermit*'s advice ſhe was obliged on this and ſeveral occaſions: at firſt, he took no notice, but ſeemed pleaſed, and well ſatisfied, yet he and the *patriarch* contrive his ruin, and by their *emiſſary* a thouſand odd ſtories are raiſed againſt him; and at length he is accuſed as a *buſy meddler*, a *hypocrite*, enormous in matters of *faith*, and ſent to priſon.

This *ſhock* went to *Martina*'s heart; her *husband*, who by nature, and according to human policy ought to have been her guardian and friend, her adviſer, and the concealer of her *imperfections*, is the only perſon ſhe *dreads*. Often, ſaid *Papaglia*, I was witneſs, with fond careſſes, that even have deceived me he has prevailed on her to chide, reſent, or be out of humour, with perſons he has at the ſame time been caballing with, and encouraged not only to treat her with diſreſpect, but even to give a malicious turn to the beſt of *her actions*. This ſhe ſees, but has now neither *emperor* nor *hermit* to help her; ſhe ſinks in *fame*, and *Heraclian* is the only idol of the people.

But as human affairs have their *ſeaſon* as well as the circling year, *Heraclian* was gay, and maſter of an *inimitable wit*, with

with ſo fine a flattery, that when he pleaſed it was impoſſible not to eſteem him your friend. This *engaging manner*, with many other agreeable *qualifications*, cauſed him to be liked, and beloved by all.

Thus as he thought, ſecured on fortune's higheſt pinacle, he gave a looſe to his natural temper, which was *rough*, *inſolent*, and *intollerably over-bearing*, the power he found his *wit* and *agreeable manner*, had gained on the minds of all, had ſo *intoxicated* him, that whoever happened to ſay in his preſence, a wiſe, ſenſible, or pleaſing thought, that was approved or applauded, were ſure to be affronted, laughed at, and diſcarded; in ſhort, to his beſt friends, and thoſe that had with the ſincereſt affection ſerved him, he was ungrateful, and in all his carriage there was ſuch an exceſs of indeed ridiculous *pride*, it created a general *hate* and *contempt* of him; the world began to ſee through him, and parties on each ſide are ſtrongly oppoſing each other, concerning his uſage to *Martina*; and many that at firſt believed his complaints, and were violently againſt her, now ſeeing her patient, ſilent, and dejected looks, pity her; nay, ſo hateful was his ſelfiſh thirſt of being admired, that *lampoons* and *ſongs* did not ſpare him.

Ah, ſaid *Iram*, what a ſtrange thing is *pride!*

pride! and above all I am ſurprized at the manner it operates amongſt the people and nations you have deſcribed; to be beloved, eſteemed, and well thought of, I imagine is a paſſion natural to all that have ſenſe and reaſon; yet how does the *folly*, and indeed want of *judgment*, in many run quite reverſe from what they aim at; for I perceive by your relation of *Heraclian*, he had the *skill* and *addreſs* to make himſelf all that his unbounded *ambition* could aim at, and am ſurprized what frenzy in the *mind* could tempt him to act in ſuch a manner; the homage that is paid to proſperous fortune, one ſhould think would have diſarmed him of *pride*, as wanting occaſion for exerciſing that vice; a ſmile, with a ſoft civility, has ſuch power on inferiors, it even charms their *judgment* in your favour, while an *inſolent* and *over looking contempt* creates *hate* and *averſion* from the *monarch* to the *beggar*, and cauſes them with a rancorous *envy* to deſpiſe the faireſt beauty and the moſt excellent perfections; but, proceeded the *queen*, let us know the end of this *unhappy pair*.

Heraclian, continued *Papaglia*, at his firſt coming to the *empire*, not being a ſoldier, made peace with all his neighbours round him, except *Ulamar*, king of *Hungary*; the *deſpot* of *Meſia*, who was at war with

with that prince, *Heraclian* entered into a ſtrict alliance with, and furniſhed him with men, arms, and all ſorts of proviſions, ſtrenuouſly carried on the war againſt the *young Hungarian king*, which for ſome time retarded his deſigns againſt *Conſtantinople*; for *Ulamar*, who had ſtill a high regard for *Martina*, had influenced one of the ladies that belonged to her *perſon*, to have from her an exact intelligence both of the *empreſs* and her *husband*'s behaviour; and *Heraclian*'s diſpoſition being inclined to a ludicrous wit, he had made ſuch ſevere jeſts on *Ulamar*, which joined with his being the husband of *Martina*, it cauſed ſuch a violent hate in that *prince*, he reſolves to be revenged, and having, in two battles, beat the *deſpot* of *Meſia*, with his numerous army, he ſat down before *Conſtantinople*, and beſieges it both by *land* and *ſea*; a *famine* begins to be among the *citizens*, who, according to their uſual *nature* on leſs occaſion, are very uneaſy with the *emperor*; and what yet increaſes their inſolence and murmurs, a *herald* from the *Hungarian* camp, at their gates proclaim from their *king*, that he really had no reſentment againſt the *citizens*, if they would ſend *Heraclian* alive to him, he would not only withdraw from their city, but aſſiſt and help them to proviſions and neceſſaries.

Here

Here *Martina* had a hard part to act, for as I lay ſleeping in her ſleeve, being a *ſquirrel*, for added *Papaglia*, ever ſince the time I had ſnatched her *veil*, and carried it to the *hermit*, I was a great favourite of *her*'s, and one day *Heraclian* in his humours with her, beat and hurt me ſo violently, that I bit, tore, and ſcratched him to that degree, he was forced to call for help to part us, which one of his courageous *courtiers* did, by running me thro' with his ſword, and while I lay expiring at *Martina*'s feet, I heard her lament me, and upbraid him for his cruelty; in the next chamber one of the *ladies* of honour having unluckily ſat on her *ſquirrel*, and ſtifled it, I entered that animal, and running to the *empreſs*'s chamber, by my fawning and careſſing her, while I bit every one elſe that attempted to touch me, I became her *pett*, eat my nuts out of her hand, ſleep in her ſleeve, or under her pillow; not but I was always on my guard to hide myſelf from her *husband*; and, great *queen*, as I have already ſaid, then being in her ſleeve, I heard *Heraclian*, but not now in one of his haughty tones, ſay to *Martina*, he perceived he was to be made a ſacrifice, by her conſent, to her lover; to which that lady, with ſome warmth, replied, No, *Heraclian*, had your haughty pride, when firſt you came

came to the *empire*, vouchſafed to have made peace with him, as you did with the reſt of your neighbours, you then might have done it with *honour*, *and not have ſeen this day:* high words aroſe, and he in anger flung out of the apartment. After he was gone, in a diſcourſe between her and a lady, I found by her means ſhe had often ſent to the *hermit* to adviſe with him, who in this great extremity was of opinion, ſhe ſhould not in the leaſt circumſtance meddle, but rather propoſed ſome of the wiſeſt of the *ſenate* ſhould go between them; but tho' that lady was ſollicitous to ſave her *husband* and his *honour*, ſhe did not dare to be the propoſer, while in ſecret ſhe gets a friend to mention it to him.

A *council* was called, when one of the old *ſenators* who was truly acquainted with the virtue and wiſdom of the *hermit*, propoſed to be one that would go to *Ulamar*, on condition the impriſoned *hermit* were to accompany them; to gain his compliance after all the wrongs and injuries that had been done him, was what the old *ſenator* undertook to accompliſh; the *hermit* ſoon yields to their requeſt, with great chearfulneſs, and ſix of the *ſenate* with him, ſome few prieſts, and attendants, leave the city, and arriving at the *Hungarian* camp, deſire admit-

admittance to the *king*, to whom they are immediately brought.

And as I heard it related to *Martina*, *Ulamar* in a large pavillion was ſitting on a drum, or warlike muſical inſtrument, dreſſed in armour, his ſpear in his hand, encompaſſed by his chief officers, amongſt whom were many elderly and grave perſons. The *hermit*, in the ſame dreſs as I have deſcribed him, enters with the ſenators, and having paid the reſpects due to the *majeſty* of the *Hungarian king*, when the *hermit* began to ſpeak, ſuch a troubled emotion, and confuſion, appeared in his *looks* as drew on him the eyes of the *Hungarians*, when old *Zoroske*, the chief commander, who ſtood next to *Ulamar*, cried out, Good heavens! my eyes deceive me, or in the perſon of this venerable *hermit*, I behold my loved lord, and dear prince, *Arminius*. At theſe words many of the elder officers, crowding round him, in rapture repeated, It is certainly prince *Arminius*, it is, *added they*, no other than our long loſt, much lamented, and beloved prince, *Arminius*. *Ulamar*, upon hearing theſe continued repet tions from his officers, roſe from his ſeat, and coming towards the *hermit*, *Zaroske* ſaid to the young *king*, Behold, Sir, your great and noble father, whom you have ſo often lamented, as be-

lieving he was no longer amongſt the living. *Ulamar* threw himſelf at his father's feet, who raiſed and tenderly embraced him, ſaying, Yes, *Ulamar*, I am your father, and tho' fame has largely ſpread your merit with her pureſt breath; yet we denied ourſelves the fond paternal pleaſure of ſeeing our dear *Ulamar*, our much loved child, till forced by this ſad occaſion. What has this city, or the husband of too beautiful a wife done, that you ſhould with a *ſavage barbariſm*, draw your *Hungarians* thus far to ruin an innocent people, to wreak your ſpleen on their *commander*, who was not born your ſubject, and whom fortune has made your equal. *Ulamar* bluſhed a fiery red at the words of his father, and only anſwered, He did not queſtion but when he knew his intention, he ſhould be thought leſs blameable; aſſuring him, that as heaven had reſtored him the bleſſing of ſo valuable a *parent*, he ſhould freely reſign to him the *Hungarian* throne, his indiſputable right, and in all things act, and be directed by his will and pleaſure. Ending theſe words, he leads *Arminius* to the royal ſeat; but our *hermit prince* refuſing it, forced *Ulamar* himſelf into it, telling him he was not come to take the *Hungarian Crown from him*, but to make him worthy to wear it; *adding*, he humbly intreated

treated the *ſenators* might then return with proviſions for the people, at preſent, *added he*, from you, in recompence for your father, and let the *emperor* know, that in three days they ſhall have your reſolution, with the terms of peace between you and him.

Ulamar anſwered, your requeſt, or command ſhall always be obeyed by me. And immediately orders were given for proviſion to be ſent of all kinds worthy the dignity of the donor. The *ſenate*, and thoſe that came with the *hermit*, he royally entertains, who ſaid the *Hungarians*, on hearing *Arminius* was alive, and in their camp, preſſed ſo to ſee him, *Ulamar* and his nobles prevail on him to go out to them; in raptures proſtrate on the ground they embrace his feet, and kiſs his robes; the plains, fields, and rocks, reſound with their acclamations, and the name of *Arminius*.

The *ſenators*, with the proviſions, and this relation, return to the city; and at the end of the three days, the *hermit* demands a private audience with *Heraclian*; what paſſed between them was then unknown; but *Alamar* with his army withdrew *from the city*, and *Heraclian* baniſhes from the court ſeveral who had uſed *Martina* ill; amongſt whom was the *neice* of the *patriarch*, whoſe *pretty perſon* had cauſed ſeveral to addreſs her on honourable terms;

but that *unhappy maid* taking a liking to *Heraclian*, had, with her forfeited honour, been ſo malicious againſt the *empreſs*, that ſhe became the general hate and averſion of all that had any regard to virtue or decency; and now perceiving *Heraclian* ſlighted her, ſhe, by a doſe of poiſon, diſpatched him, and herſelf. The affair was concealed as if he had died of a *fever*, and the deſolate *Martina* is left to the rude factions of that ungovernable city.

Part of the *ſenate*, and thoſe of the court, who beſt knew the *ſtate of affairs*, meeting in private, ſend word to *Ulamar*, to intreat he would, with the *empire*, accept of *Martina*; he with his army came back, and is received by the applauding citizens; and now it was known, that great warrior, being conſcious how much *Martina* had ſuffered on that ſcore, with the jeſts and ridicules *Heraclian* had made of him, he came againſt that city only to have him in his power, intending by force to make him act with more moderation to his wife, and to the prince his *father*, owns his deſign, who undertook the task, which occaſioned that private meeting between them; and moſt people with *Martina* were of opinion his cool advice had wrought ſuch an effect, he would for the future have made her happy equal to her wiſhes, who now with him has

has loſt empire, and is left deſolate to *Ulamar*'s mercy.

At this the *queen* looking on *Papaglia* with a ſmile, ſaid, I ſuppoſe the ſevereſt uſage ſhe found from this *hero*, was being ſollicited, before decency would permit, to become his *bride*: but, *added ſhe*, I want to know by what ſtrange fortune the prince of *Arminius* became a *hermit*; in my next viſit, ſaid *Papaglia*, I ſhall relate to your *majeſty* the hiſtory, but now muſt be gone, and only deſire you to arm your mind againſt the various events, that ſoon will happen; and in your extremeſt diſtreſs remember *Papaglia* tells you, you will in the end be *triumphant*. Here he vaniſhed.

End of the Eighth Book.

BOOK IX.

The Hiſtory of Almazandor *continued.*

THE *queen*, as directed by *Papaglia*, permits *Nipthanon* to viſit the *princeſſes*, *Iram*, *Ezairia*, and *Gen Zanira*, were ſeated on their *ſofa*, with *Sinza*, *Hethazele*, and the twenty ladies attending, when *Nipthanon*, *Chacanon*, and *Almazandor*, with ſeveral *Nutrebian* lords, entered.

And being by nature gentle, which joined with his paſſion for *Gen Zanira*, he treated the *queen* with the full reſpect due to her *royal rank*.

After the firſt ceremonial compliments were over, the converſation roſe to a polite gaiety; the princeſs *Ezairia*, who from the moment ſhe firſt ſaw *Almazandor*, had a great eſteem for him, ſhe being overjoyed at her deliverance from *Darab*, king of the *Sammites*, had ſtiled that charming youth her *deliverer*; and having often to *Gen Zanira* taken notice what an exact likeneſs there was in *Almazandor*'s features, air, and ſmile, with her's, on ſeeing the *queen* look very earneſt at him, ſaid, Madam, Do you not think that young *warrior* has not only a very great reſemblance of the princeſs *Gen Zanira*, but that he alſo is very like your *majeſty*. *Iram* with a ſigh, anſwered the *princeſs*, that his look, motion, and ſmile, that inſtant had brought to her remembrance the royal *Jathrep*.

This diſcourſe between *Iram* and the *Ethiopian* princeſs, being heard by *Chacanon* (who wanted not a quick penetration) and that morning having heard an old courtier on their talking on the ſurprizing manner of *Gen Zanira*'s being ſaved, mention that alſo there had been a report, that the *queen* had preſerved a *ſon*, by letting him down

into

into a river, in a little *boat*, or *basket*. It cauſed him immediately to reflect how *Almazandor* was found, and the great reſemblance he ſees between him and theſe three auguſt perſons confirm his opinion, that *Almazandor* is no other than *Jathrep*'s ſon; the malicious envy of his *rancorous heart*, not being able to bear the thought, he quit the *preſence*, goes to his apartment, and putting on a *chain of pearl*, (over his dreſs) and full on his breaſt hangs the *jewel* the *queen* had ordered *Sinza* to place on the *royal infant*. Quick as poſſible he returns, and as he expected, *Iram*'s *eyes are faſtened on the* jewel, while he, diſcovers the longer ſhe looks, the more *confuſed* and *troubled* ſhe appears: at laſt ſhe quits the room, and retiring to her cloſet, ſent *Sinza* to let him know ſhe deſired to ſpeak with him; with a fawning reſpect he obeys.

Her firſt queſtion was to know how he came by that *jewel*; he anſwered in the perſon of *Almazandor*, as if he had been found in the *basket*; on which ſhe advanced, and with her own hands heaved up his *turban*, but finding no *mark* of the *butterfly*, ſhe is again perplexed; and taking the *jewel* into her hand, immediately ſhe opens the ſpring, and ſees herſelf and *Jathrep*, and in her ſurprize ſays, *This is right*,

but you are not the perſon. As *Chacanon* was, by all ſhe ſaid and acted, *confirmed in his opinion*, he aſſures her with a ſmooth, and ſycophant fawn, that before the next riſing ſun diſplayed his radiant beams, ſhe ſhould ſee and be convinced of the reality of the perſon who was found with that *jewel* on his *breaſt*, and that he would that moment withdraw to expedite the affair; which he does by haſtening to *Maillan*, and acquainting him with every particular that had paſſed between *him* and the *queen*, and having watched how ſhe opened the ſpring, to the *tyrant* he preſents the pictures of *Jathrep* and *Iram*. Theſe ſhadows faint reſemblance of the injured *originals* on this occaſion, is deadly to him as the *keen daggers* his rebellious wickedneſs had cauſed his royal maſter's heart to be pierced with; frighted and enraged, he orders *Chacanon* that moment to take the *guards* and *ſtab* him, even in the *ladies preſence.*

Nipthanon, to have a pretence to ſtay in *Gen Zanira*'s company, had ordered a conſort of *muſick* to be performed. It had not long been ended, and he was entertaining the *queen* and *princeſſes* with the particular manner how *Almazandor* had ſaved *him* and *Chacanon* from the large, the enormous *lion*, when that groſs heap of complicated miſchief, *Chacanon*, entered with the

the *guard*, their ſwords drawn, and *pointing* to *Almazandor*, bids them fall on, at the ſame time he himſelf advanced towards him to run him through the back; his eſcaping that ſtroke, was owing to an obeiſance he was making the princeſs of *Ethiopia* on her complimenting him on his victory over the *lion*; the *ladies* ſhriek, and *Nipthanon* ſtepping before him, gained time for him to place his back to the wall, and draw his *ſword* to defend himſelf, which he does a conſiderable time, tho' *Chacanon* and the guards preſs very hard on him. *Nipthanon*, without being able to prevent them, or underſtand what their meaning was, incited by the *cries* and *intreaties* of *Gen Zanira* and the ladies, with the friendſhip he had for *Almazandor*, cauſed him and thoſe that attended, to ſide with the aſſaulted *youth*. It was at that inſtant, as *Papaglia* had predicted, *he like the entangled lion raged amongſt them*, and being moſt incenſed with *Chacanon*, he with his ſword gave him ſuch a blow on the head, as threw him ſprawling on the floor, who groaned, roared, and cried with unmanly lamentations at the ſmart and pain he felt; and with gnaſhing fury in his looks, told *Nipthanon it was the ſon of* Jathrep *and* Iram *he was preſerving*.

The *queen* and *Sinza*, who too well knew

what *reaſons they had to believe him*, and *Almazandor* defending himſelf with his back near *Iram*'s chamber door, the quick-ſpirited *Sinza* at the conſternation *Chacanon*'s words had made, with more than natural ſtrength, pulls him by the arm into the *queen*'s chamber, which *Iram* and ſhe faſtened, and at the ſame time direct him down the back ſtairs, telling him *Hetbazele* ſhould follow, and through her apartments ſhe hoped to help him to eſcape out of the *caſtle*.

And that faithful lady, not ſuffering him to ſtay, in a moment changes his *turban* into a *cap* the meaner ſort of people wore, and over his clothes throwing a coarſe looſe *coat*, recommends him to *Sergue*'s conduct, whoſe *loyalty* and *integrity* ſhe told him ſhe had long experienced; adding, ſhe hoped propitious heaven, and the darkneſs would favour his flight.

All this was done with ſuch expedition, that *Nipthanon*, the *princeſſes*, and *ladies* having put themſelves before the *royal youth*, while with ſurprize at *Chacanon*'s words, the guards had ſtood like ſtatues, the name of *Jathrep* and *royal blood* being ſtill revered amongſt them, he never was ſo much as miſſed, when *Hetbazele* returns, and by her looks the *queen* underſtands he was eſcaped.

For

For *Nipthanon* who had more particularly enquired of *Chacanon*, ſtood irreſolute and thoughtful. *Gen Zanira*'s loſt hopes of the crown, with the knowledge he had of his father's *feroſe nature*, cauſed him to deſpair of ſaving him; not but from his generous and gentle diſpoſition, with the real love he had for *Almazandor*, he could not bear the thoughts of ſeeing him murdered *in his preſence*, while *Gen Zanira* and the princeſs of *Ethiopia* are pleading very hard for him, to intreat *Maillan* he may be ſpared.

This was the ſtate they were in, when other officers came from *Maillan* to know if *Chacanon* had done the work. It was then that looking about for *Almazandor*, they found him not.

The *queen* appears with great reluctance to let them enter her chamber, which they are forced to break open; but how amazed are they when they *find him not there*; and though *Iram* knew he was not in the *caſtle*, yet to retard their ſeeking him elſewhere, ſhe and *Sinza* hiding the *keys*, they are forced to break open all the doors that lead to the private ſtairs; in ſhort, the *caſtle* is ſearched over and over again, but no *Almazandor* is to be ſeen, or found.

Bnt when the news is carried to *Maillan* by *Chacanon*, as if poſſeſſed by legions of

devils, he *rages* and *tears* about him. *Nipthanon* does not dare to come into *his preſence*; and giving the command of the army to *Chacanon*, whom he ſaid he wiſhed had been his ſon, rather than the mean-ſpirited *Nipthanon*, whoſe ſtupid genius affects the *mercies* and *virtues* of the *Hazem* race.

Chacanon's ſavage nature, intoxicated with this new honour, ravages the city and all the country round in ſearch of the *royal youth*; and ſo fierce is the abſolute reins of power in the hands of this cruel *Phaeton*, whoſoever private malice envies, or avaritious luſt againſt his neighbours riches, that does but tell him, they in the leaſt reſpect the houſe or race of *Hazem*, are ſure to have their habitations plundered, ſet in a blaze, and themſelves, wives, and tender infants cruelly *murdered*.

In this general effuſion of *blood*, the cool-headed *Guorbalem* to prevent the general deſolation of the people, and from his *fine diſcernment*, perceiving *fortune* began to turn her *wheel* in favour of the *Hazem* family, contrives a handſome well-limb'd youth, who had accidentally been killed, ſhould paſs for *Almazandor*.

But tho' in ſome degree it appeaſed the bloody violences which had every where been perpetrated; yet it was a *ſtabbing dagger* to the very ſoul of *Iram* and the

two

two *princeſſes*. The lovely *Ezairia* on hearing the news, ſwounds away, and when recovered laments in the moſt ſoft and moving terms, his loſs. The *queen*, who had ſeen and obſerved how *Almazandor* was by her favoured with the *reſpect* and *ſubmiſſive* diligence, he watched her every *look* and *motion*, ſaid to her, You too, *imperial maid*, have loſt a *lover* and *throne*, whoſe puiſſance and power cannot be equalled by any of the ſeventy mighty monarchs that homage pay to the *Albaſſinian* empire; and, ah, continued that afflicted lady, how ſevere is my fate, like a flaſh of radiant light, he but appears to our view, only to aſtoniſh and embitter our ſouls for his loſs. Yes, anſwered *Gen Zanira*, beſides *the beauty of his perſon*, in all his actions there ſhone ſo conſummate a *wiſdom*, *virtue*, and *grandeur* of *courage*, that even *Attanazunque* has no one royal perfection, that excelled our unhappy loſt *brother*; thus theſe deſpairing ladies paſſed their time in unavailing lamentations, without yielding to the leaſt ceſſation of their grief.

While *Almazandor* and the honeſt *Nutrebian*, haſtened through the ſtreets, and had got about half a mile diſtant from the city, a violent ſtorm of rain, thunder, and lightening, made the *Nutrebian* think of taking ſhelter in an old ruined church,

church, that had been long unrepaired: when they were entered, *Serque* ſaid, I hope providence by this ſtorm has lead us here; it being the beſt *place* that poſſibly could have been thought on to hide and preſerve us from the ſearch and hunt that doubtleſs will be made after you by the *tyrant*, who, I am certain, the dread of *Jathrep*'s ſon being living, has ſtruck ſuch a terror in, he will ſet all *Nutrebia* in confuſion to find you out. *Almazandor*, without hearing or anſwering, threw himſelf on one of the tomb-ſtones, and in a deep reverie of thought, ſaid, *Jathrep* and *Iram*'s ſon, and born the monarch of ſo puiſſant a throne, deſcended from the longeſt, the moſt numerous race of *heroes* the world can boaſt; yet the moment I breathed the air, by all abandoned, an outcaſt, nouriſhed by ſtrangers, the mark, the ball, the ſport of fortune, hunted here and there; nor in this large and ſpacious *empire*, can its wretched *monarch* find a place, one ſpot of earth from the purſuit, the roar of his *ſavage ſubjects*, but thus by entombing himſelf alive amonſt the dead.

Then ſtarting up, he ſaid, Let us, dark as it is, attempt to heave up ſome of theſe monumental ſtones, and find that *protection* amongſt the *dead*, which the *tyrant* and our *more barbarous ſubjects*, will not permit their

their *ſovereign* with life to breathe his native air.

Several large flaſhes of *lightening* illuminated the place, while loud peals of *thunder* rend the air, as if it were ſhattering and rending all *nature*; he felt under his feet a very broad large ſtone looſen and give way to the motion of his ſteps. This with the continued flaſhes made them diſcern it was to be moved, with great difficulty it at laſt yielded to their ſtrength and labour; and by the continued illumination of the lightening, they perceived there were ſteps that deſcended to vaulted parts underneath, they venture a little way, when *Almazandor* ſaid, Should we advance further, perhaps this ungrateful ſoil may have bred *inſects* and *ſerpents* equally fatal to our life, as *Maillan*, and our envenomed people. This made them ſtop, when *Serque* ſaid, See, ſir, heaven is your friend, for the fierce *lightening* has ſet yon large, old, dry tree in a blaſt, and from thence I will fetch fire, which at preſent is our moſt urgent want. They both went, *Almazandor* with his ſword cutting down large branches; they return and re-enter the vault, clearing all before them, they found it ſpacious, at one end was a large door, with many bolts, bars, and locks on it, but what at preſent to them was the moſt fortunate, on the inſide of the

the marble ſtone they had with ſuch pains pulled up, there were rings and bolts, which ſhot into other rings that were faſtened to the next ſtones, and by that means they found they could be indiſputably ſecure; and ſo careful was he and *Sergue* to prevent *ſuſpicion* from the duſt and trampling of feet, that might diſcover them, they with the boughs and greens ſweep the *place* all round the marble, and enter in carrying wood enough to keep a little fire.

This had employed them ſo fully, day began to dawn, when *Serque* looking out, told *Almazandor*, he perceived from the city, a troop of armed men coming towards the church, on which they both retire into the vault, and bolt themſelves in.

Some little time after, they hear the ſound of voices, and trampling of feet; and often the names of *Jathrep*, *Iram*, and *Almazandor*; but long they had not ſearched, before they ſaid to each other, Why ſhould we tarry here, where no *plunder* can be had? And ſoon after, by the manner of treading their feet, they knew they were departing: the continued ſilence that ſucceeded, made them towards evening unbolt and heave up the marble ſtone, *Serque* venturing out to ſeek ſome food, ſoon he returns with a very *mean repaſt*, telling *Almazandor* he did not dare to venture far, the

city

city and *country* round them being in the utmoſt confuſion and uproar, many of the inhabitants houſes being ſet on fire, and the earth made drunk with the ſtreaming blood of her innnocent natives, by *Chacanon*'s ſavage cruelty in ſearch of him.

Almazandor's tender nature is pierced to the quick; with a bitter groan he ſaid, Sure it had been better I had never been born, or at leaſt had periſhed in the ſtream that firſt received my helpleſs infancy, than thus to cauſe and be the deſtruction of ſo many *innocent and unoffending people*. Here, in an agony of grief, throwing himſelf on the ground, his panting boſom preſſing the cold marble, he cried, Hear, oh heaven, and liſten, ye celeſtial ſpirits, and ye bright ſtars that ſhine in yon boundleſs ſphere; hear alſo, ſun, moon, and thou too *Nutrebia*, that to the royal *Hazem* line has for ages paſt given birth; and hearken oh ye rocks, floods, and waves, to the cries, the lamentations, and complaints of me, your much injured *monarch*, not for myſelf, but for my wretched *miſled people*, implore, why was I born to cauſe ſuch *ſlaughters?* And why thus are the *innocent* puniſhed with the *guilty?* If, *added he*, my *ill-fated life* can give reſt and peace to an infatuated people, *freely I reſign*; therefore ye celeſtial beings, help, direct, and inſtruct my

my unerring ſteps to purſue in all my ways your *omnipotent will.*

Serque, tired and fatigued, after his repaſt was fallen aſleep, when a peal of *thunder* and flaſh of *lightening* ſucceeded the unhappy youth's *complaints.* The dark vault is illuminated, and the royal *Jathrep* appears, with wide gaſhes, and freſh bleeding wounds, juſt as he received them in the day of battle, and with an awful air, ſaid, Impatient *youth*, why doſt thou preſume to ſcan Divine juſtice, or his incomprehenſible *ways of puniſhment*, who muſt arm thy mind with fortitude, longanimity, and perſeverance; by truth, juſtice, and mercy, muſt thou regain, what heaven does, and earth ſhall own thy right; in all thy ſtruggles, with integrity keep thy *virtue* pure; let none of *Mailian*'s evil views corrupt thy mind, by crooked ways to repay his *treacheries*; great will be thy *trial*, but greater far thy *never-dying fame*, who art ordained not *only* to free your enſlaved people, but by thy great example, reſtore them to their native *purity* of mind, integrity, honour, and renown.

He vaniſhed, and *Almazandor* found himſelf as if awaked from ſleep; his active mind is buſy, with various thoughts and reflections, and from thence forms reſolutions worthy his great ſoul.

It was the third day before *Serque* ventured out, who returning with proviſions informs him all is ſtill and quiet, *Maillan* and the people being aſſured he had been *killed*; and added *Sergue*, a general diſcontent and ſorrow appears in moſt of their *looks* on the belief of it.

It was then that *Almazandor* deſired *Sergue* to return to *Hetbazele*, to let the *queen* and *princeſſes* know he was ſafe, and intreated he might in a diſguiſe, be permitted to viſit and pay his duty to her before he departed, which he told *Serque* his opinion was, ſhould be immediately after he had ſeen the *queen* and two *princeſſes*. The honeſt *Serque* returned not till the enſuing night, who to *Almazandor* related he having been long a ſervant to *Hetbaxele*, entered as uſual without being miſſed, he frequently, as at other times, ſtaying longer when ordered unto their country eſtate, and underſtanding *Hetbazele* was with the *queen*, he ſent in his name, and was immediately admitted into their preſence, *where*, added he, *deſpair* on the report of your *death* had ſo ſtrongly poſſeſſed them none broke ſilence, or ſo much as heaved their eyes up, till, purſued the honeſt *Nutrebian*, I ſpeak, and ſaid, madam, the royal *Almazandor* is alive, ſecure and ſafe, and with his humble duty implores he may diſguiſed be permitted

ted at your feet, to receive your bleſſing, before he departs. The queen, continued he, lift up her deſpairing eyes and ſaid, *Serque*, may I believe you then, purſued he, the *princeſſes* in a tranſport of joy, threw their arms about each other's neck, *Gen Zanira* ſaying, yes my dear ſiſter, *Almazandor* lives, and doubtleſs, thus preſerved by heaven, will, with his crown reſtored, lay that and himſelf at the princeſs *Ezairia's* feet. *Serque* further tells *Almazandor*:

The queen long debated with her fears, whether ſhe ſhould ſuffer *Almazandor* to venture, but at length, the ſtrong deſire ſhe has to ſee, embrace, and indulge the mother's fondneſs prevailed, and ſhe conſented you ſhould come to her the next ſucceeding night, telling him, he ſtaid that day to prepare proper diſguiſes which he had brought with him for that purpoſe. The ſon of *Jathrep* dreſſes himſelf *immediately* in them, and with *Serque* unmoleſted, enters the caſtle, is introduced, and throwing himſelf at the queen's feet, ſhe raiſed and embracing him ſaid, oh! my *dear ſon*, in you I again ſee *Jathrep*; ſuch was his looks, ſuch his ſweet and awful majeſty, with that tender ſparkling fire in his eyes, the firſt moment I ſaw you, ſo ſtrong is the reſemblance, I could not, in ſpite of myſelf, help gazing on you, and,

and, I ſaid, (*Almazandor* again throwing himſelf at the *queen*'s feet, and kiſſing her hands, when admitted into your preſence, tho' too well acquainted with the incomparable charms of *Ezairia*, and our ſiſter, yet your ſacred perſon ſtruck me with ſuch an awe, admiration, and ſtrange emotions methought wanting in myſelf, from your powerful influence, and benign goodneſs I expected aſſiſtance. Long the *queen* and he enjoyed themſelves in *maternal* and *filial* careſſes, when the princeſſes *Gen Zanira* and *Ezairia* entered, to partake with them. The beautiful daughter of *Jathrep* and *Iram* threw herſelf at *Almazandor*'s feet, and ſaid, *Brother, as I am your* firſt ſubject, *permit me to pay the* homage *due to my royal ſovereign.* With a modeſt grace he raiſes and folds her in his arms, and when diſengaged from her careſſes, approaching *Ezairia*, with a timid and reſpectful air, ſaid, *Here the heart and ſoul of* Almazandor *muſt ever pay homage. Ezairia* bluſhed, and with trembling voice, confuſedly compliments him on his happy *eſcape*, when the *queen* with a ſmile ſaid, *Our ſon is going to* Attanazunque, *not only to intreat his aſſiſtance to recover his kingdom, with your freedom, but to implore that the beauteous* Ezaria's *imperial charms may adorn with him the* Nutrebian *throne*; *and*, added the queen,

queen, *tho' the* Orozodes *race is to have no affections but as their mighty emperor directs, yet* Almazandor *would not attempt that requeſt at* Ezairia's *diſpleaſure.* The *royal youth* with a low obeiſance, confirms the *queen*'s words, and after the *Ethiopian princeſs* had a little recovered her confuſion, ſhe ſaid, go *Almazandor*, and may ſucceſs attend your every ſtep and action to gain your crown, and once more be our deliverers; and *Ezairia* ſhall not with reluctance obey her parents or brother. The enamoured ſon of *Jathrep* and *Iram* throwing himſelf at her feet, ſaid, I take this propitious, this glorious omen, and thus bleſt by a royal parent, with the tender wiſhes of a ſiſter and *Ezairia*, I will, with collected courage, boldly dare the tyrant's moſt impious arts, fly to revenge my royal father's mighty wrongs, and right an injured people, and amidſt the hardy toils and raging buſtle remember *Ezairia*, the divine, the lovely *Ezairia*, is to be the reward.

Here the *queen* interrupts the charmed, the tranſported *Almazandor*, telling him, it is towards the dawn of day, and her fears cauſes her to dread his *longer ſtay*, with letters from herſelf, and the two *princeſſes* to the emperor, and *prince Attanazunque.* She gives him what jewels and money

money ſhe had ſaved in her tedious confinement, and after ſome inſtructions about their affairs he departs, and that night with *Serque* returns to the tombs; the next ſucceeding one, with that faithful companion, covered by the darkneſs of the broad ſpreading sky, he quits *Nutrebia*.

The end of the ninth book.

BOOK X.

THE *queen* and *princeſſes* for ſome *few weeks* have the happineſs, of enjoying *each* others company uninterrupted; on the pretence of their grief and ſorrow for *Almazandor*'s death: but at length, they are obliged to receive *Nipthanon*'s viſits, *Maillan* being more fully convinced, his ſon's marriage with the *daughter* of *Jathrep* can only eſtabliſh himſelf, and his poſterity on the throne. He allows *Nipthanon* to try to conquer her ſpirit by *gentle uſage*. The ladies paſt their times tolerably eaſy, till news is brought *Almazandor* was not only *living*, but in *Attanazunque*'s camp received and honoured as the *monarch of Nutrebia*.

The

The History of Almazandor *continued.*

THAT great and *indefatigable Youth* having passed over the cragged mountains by concealed ways, at last arrives at *Ethiopia*; and having intelligence the prince with a powerful army, was gone against *Darah king of the Samnites*; who had carried away the two princesses; *Almazandor* hastens to their camp, and desiring an officer to let *Attanazunque* know he had a Message from *queen Iram*; he is admitted to his presence, and delivering the three packets from the ladies; soon as he sees *Ezairai*'s hand, and the name of *Gen Zanira*, he with impatience asks *Almazandor* to what part they were carried; who acquaints him, they are captives in *Nutrebia* to *Maillan*, and in the same *prison* with queen *Iram*; adding, if he would vouchsafe to read the letters it would give him a quicker and fuller Information, then it was possible for him to do; the *Ethiopian prince* casting his hasty looks over them, when he come to that part that mentioned *Almazandor*, turning his eyes on that *august prince*, after he had some time surveyed him with the utmost surprize, he rose, and embracing him said, the dear resemblance of my adorable *Gen Zanira*, is with such a manly grace so perfectly impressed

and contrary to what we expected, would not ſtay to ſee the ceremony.

The next day, ſaid the *dutcheſs*, when I went to ſee her, I found her extremely ill: ſhe told me her *daughter* had taught her, by her firmneſs of mind, what all her misfortunes could not; no, added ſhe, not all my many and tedious ſufferings, nor my conſtant endeavours to arm my mind with patience, could bring me to that contempt of the world, which ſhe in ſuch early youth has ſhewn.

Here *Papaglia* finiſhing the hiſtory of the princeſs *Beatrix de Barnaville*, he ſaid to *Iram*, *You ſee, madam, how naturally the* parents *virtues are rewarded, or their vices puniſhed in their children. In* Ermine's *education, her mother, in her young mind, implanted ſuch glorious* ſeeds *of virtue, with what ſtrength, and vigour of ſpirit, did they cauſe her to act, when reaſon began to dictate! while I, a poor wavering* thing, *by* habit *uſed to indulge myſelf, tho' I was every moment convinced of my* errors, *never had power over one reſolution.*

Iram asked him, what were the ſentiments of the *counteſs his mother* concerning the *princeſs*'s unhappy adventures with the *queen*; oh, anſwered the *fly*, it was then become the *faſhion* again, extravagantly to admire the princeſs de *Barnaville*, the *king*

having given orders she should be *interred* with the utmost *grandeur*.

Several of the chief officers come from her *principality* to attend and pay their last respects to her *manes*, the whole *clergy* and *nobility* of the province assisting; the *dutchess* was *mourner*, and I, by *Ermine*'s permission, had the honour to support her, and affirm no real *son* ever shed sincerer *tears* at a *mother*'s grave, than those that fell from me then.

I was also present when *Ermine* at the grate, received the *nobleman*'s compliment of *condolance* from the *king*, and the confirmation of all the *privileges* he had granted to the *convent*, in regard to her, and the memory of the *princess* her mother; she was *pale*, and thinner than when I saw her last. She returned her acknowledgment and thanks to his *majesty*, as she did every thing with the sweetest decency.

Count de L. ——'s *Story continued.*

WHen all these affairs were over, by the perswasion of my friends to conquer my passion, and endeavour to expunge *intirely* the idea and all thoughts of that *lady*. I went to the city, where the court resided, and as study was my aversion, being of too lazy, if not effeminate a disposition, to follow martial exercises, or amusements of a rougher sort, I loitered away my time, employing my

my thoughts about no earthly thing, worth a rational creature's *notice*.

When I was before at this city, I had ſometimes viſited madame *la Rotulou*, an acquaintance of *Rapſal*'s; but what now inclined me moſt to ſee her, was remembering ſome *hints* from her no way to *his* advantage.

She received me with an air that convinced me my viſit was not diſagreeable to her; we ſoon became very intimate friends; from her I had a very *worthleſs* character of *Rapſal*; ſhe had heard my adventures with *Ermine*, was a great admirer of the *princeſs* and her *daughter*, though in a gentle way, ſhe let me underſtand, ſhe thought they acted with too *ſtoical a ſeverity to me*. She had been of the rank of the handſome, without being thought ſo cruel to the enamoured *lover*, as to put him to the trouble of complaining of her ſeverity either in *proſe* or *verſe*.

But now, in ſpite of art, or all the advantages of dreſs, one could diſcern madam *Time*'s deep-laid *touches*, who had alſo plentifully be ſprinkled *lillies* amidſt her jetty *locks*. She was of a gay temper, tho' often a melancholly overcaſt her countenance; and in her eyes might be ſeen an abſence of mind which of a ſudden ſhe would rouſe from, as conſcious of being

obſerved; this, with *hints* cautiouſly dropt, cauſed me to think her husband the *worſt* of his kind, and ſhe the moſt *patient* of wives; and perhaps, ſaid *Papaglia*, what you, great *queen*, may think very ſtrange, tho' at my firſt acquaintance I conſidered her in the character of a *parent*, before I had known her a month, I began to like her as a *miſtreſs*. It is true, this odd ſort of love-fit of mine took its riſe from imagining ſhe had diſcovered peculiar charms in me, all her behaviour expreſſed ſuch regards as often ſeemingly to ſuppreſs many tenderneſſes and obligements, that accidentally *fell* from her: thus vainly believing ſhe was deſperately in love with me, I found I was no way inclined to be uugrateful.

To carry on our intimacy, without giving the world or her *husband* any ſuſpicions, my mother, who came to town when I did, I brought acquainted with her, it being agreed between us I ſhould pretend to make love to mademoiſelle *Molene*, the young kinſwoman the *counteſs* would have had me formerly married, inſtead of *Ermine*.

The *girl* was not by nature ugly, but had been educated in ſuch an *empty way*, her mind was as vacant to all that was rational, as the ſandy deſarts of *Africa* are of every ſort of production. I knew ſhe

pitched

pitched on this young *thing*, becauſe ſhe found I had an averſion to her; the deſire my mother had of marrying me to that lady being the chief cauſe of her oppoſing my love to *Ermine*; but, added he, I muſt now be gone. He diſappeared, and the *queen* to her faithful *Sinza*, and *Hetbazele*, relates every particular.

BOOK XI.

ANother year was fled on *time*'s even wings, only ſix days remaining, to that on which the *queen* expected a viſit from *Papaglia*, when one of the twenty ladies the *uſurper* had ordered to attend this captive *queen*, laid at her feet a writing which, after ſhe was withdrawn, *Iram* ordering to be taken up, and read to her by *Sinza*, in the following words.

Ariſan to Queen *Iram*.

ALL thy misfortunes, unhappy lady, *are writ in* Ariſan's *breaſt with ſorrow's keeneſt dart. Each riſing and ſetting ſun has ſeen her* tears, *and every night's dreary darkneſs can witneſs how many has been her reſtleſs thoughts and meditations, which way to aſſiſt her royal* miſtreſs.

Time and her indefatigable induſtry, has convinced her numbers of thy loyal ſubjects will venture all they eſteem dear, to reinſtate in thy wonted rights and dignities, thee and thine; if ſuch a bleſſing be allotted to thy Nutrebians, *as that a* ſon *of thine and* Jathrep's *ſhould be* preſerved.

Nor has ſhe been leſs buſy in her contrivances, how once more ſhe may obtain the happineſs to behold thy beauteous eyes, thoſe bright lamps, *whoſe powerful rays charm, delight, and awe each beholder.*

With thy royal permiſſion, in a few days thy faithful Ariſan, *hopes at thy feet more fully to inform thee of many things worthy thy knowledge.*

Iram, as ſoon as ſhe had read this writing, ſaid to *Sinza*, can it be poſſible that *Ariſan*, of whom we have had ſuch hard thoughts, ſhould be *faithful*, and that neither her treacherous ungrateful husband, ſhould have tainted her with his pernicious principles, nor the tyrant's power be able to awe *or corrupt* her *virtue*, but ſtill that, that once loved friend, and pleaſing companion, ſhould be firm in her integrity and unſhaken loyalty.

No, anſwered *Sinza*, it is not poſſible *Guorbalem* and *Ariſan* know each other's ſentiments *too well* to have acted aught of that

that importance, but with their joint knowledge, and tho' that ſubtle *lady* might have been ignorant of all her husband did againſt his ſovereign, yet ſhe and *Danredno* were too intimate for her not to be as deeply *dipt* in the black treaſons as themſelves; the *queen* interrupting her with a ſigh, ſaid, *Cruel* Sinza, *what crowds of pleaſing idoas have you in a moment deſtroyed, and in that ſhort ſpace, how did I indulge, and give way to imagination? All my faculties were preparing to receive the welcome* gueſt, *by which I am* certain *no joy, no delight, can equal the pleaſure of finding a once loved friend ſincere, after ſuppoſed treacheries, doubts, and jealouſies of them.* Continued the queen, *How readily did my former fondneſs for* Ariſan *help to plead and excuſe thoſe apparent proofs which you have but too juſtly obſerved.* Much more diſcourſe they had on the ſame ſubject; it being agreed between them that no anſwer ſhould be ſent back to her till the *queen* had ſeen *Papaglia.*

On the annual day he is with her at the exact hour; *Iram*, as they had reſolved, mentions *Ariſan*'s letter; to which the *fly* anſwered, by ſaying, *Sinza* had judged perfectly *right* of that *lady*, he aſſuring the *queen* ſhe was employed by *Maillan* and *Danredno*, the latter knowing what an aſcendant ſhe had had formerly on her eaſy

nature; ſhe is again, continued he, by them ordered to exert all her arts and inſinuations to allure you to diſcover if really you ever had a *ſon* born, and where he is concealed, together with who were your *aids* and *aſſiſtants*, and are at preſent his *preſerver*.

This lady ſaid *Papaglia* is your imagined friend, which thy gentle nature is ſo inclined to wiſh, and believe ſincere; give me leave, purſued he, to tell you your very doubting her iniquitous diſloyalty, ſhews how weakly you have in ſpite of all the ſevere leſſons affliction ſhould have taught you, guarded yourſelf againſt flattery, which you muſt be *conſcious* lulled you and *Jathrep* to both your deſtructions, and by that means involved the land in a long ſcene of unutterable woes.

How often has this pernicious *Ariſan* with a mind vacant to all that was great or virtuous, been puffed up with conceited *pride* at the ſucceſs of her low cunning; and ſo deſpicable ſhe thought her glaring *flatteries*, it created in her no high ideas of your *wiſdom*; your many virtues by this *one* weakneſs loſt their force, and the awe it ought to have impreſſed on ſuch a groveling genius as her's; to her gay *ſongs* and pleaſing *chat*, your heart was open, and your ſecrets diſcovered to one who wanted a ſoul worthy ſuch a truſt.

While

While *Igeban*'s firm virtue, and ſolid worth, was only honoured with your eſteem, whoſe grandeur of mind ſcorned ſuch mean arts; though, with the utmoſt ſubmiſſion, ſhe reveres, nay, almoſt adored, the royal *Jathrep*, and *yourſelf*.

Ah, name her not, ſaid the *queen*, a little heated at *Papaglia*'s reproofs, ſhe too is faulty as the faithleſs *Ariſan*; for though many of her anceſtors, for generations paſt, from the *Hazems* have received the higheſt honours, and her *father*, and *herſelf* by us eſteemed and favoured in the firſt rank of our friendſhip? Does ſhe not now triumph over our misfortunes? Are not all our mighty favours forgot and wiped away with the diſtreſſes of our *houſe?* And tho' you would perſwade us her great ſoul cannot bend to flatter, yet does ſhe not now with ſycophantic adulation, fawn and court the *uſurper*'s favour, by a pretended admiration, and an affected dotage on their youngeſt daughter *Gen Zanire*.

Here could *Papaglia*'s thoughts like mortals been diſcovered, doubtleſs a ſmile had appeared in his countenance at *Iram*'s miſtaken diſpleaſure for *Igeban*'s exceſſive fondneſs, and great admiration of the *princeſs*'s *Gen Zanire*, not but he aſſuming a very grave look, and ſaid *Iram*, beware of *envy*, that cankered worm, which too often

has gnawed and defiled the fair fruit affliction would have produced, when the thoughts are turned inward on the ſoul, with reſolution to *tear* out the thorns and weeds that choke and obſtruct virtue's lovely fruit.

For if in proſperity, to attribute the pleaſing *calm* to ſelf-merit, with contempt and ſcorn on the leſs fortunate, is diſpleaſing to heaven, curiouſly to ſcan and preſumptuouſly reaſon, why the not *over-wiſe* or *valiant*, nay, even the very *wicked*, are ſuffered to enjoy every wiſh and pleaſure this world can yield, is ſtill more offenſive to ſupreme juſtice; then let no *envy* taint your *mind*, and cauſe you to loſe the bright abode, which is hereafter prepared for your ſuffering virtues; nor let *Gen Zanire*'s blooming perfections be evilly looked on, becauſe you *think* ſhe is deſcended from *Maillan*. Nature in her perſon has formed a perfect beauty, nor will her *genius* be leſs excellent; wiſdom, and every female *virtue*, will ſhine in her with peculiar luſtre, ſhe will be the delight and admiration of many great *nations*; enraptured *bards* to future ages will tranſmit her fame, inſtructing poſterity to imitate her exalted worth, and by her example climb to virtue's moſt celeſtial height.

Ah, ſaid *Iram*, if I underſtand you right, this

this is the *ſevere* leſſon that muſt teach me with more than humane patience, to ſtrive to forget the mighty wrongs that have been done our *houſe*. But ceaſe now this ungrateful theme, and ſay how we muſt act towards *Ariſan*.

You muſt, replied *Papaglia*, talk to her in the ſtile you did to *Maillan*'s miniſters, and, though ſhe mentions *ſchemes*, names *friends*, be not caught in her ſnare; tell her, you will have no honeſt ſubject's life hazarded *yet* in the cauſe; that myriads of ſwift moments muſt firſt roll on in the eternal chain, before ripening fate ſhall bleſs the *Nutrebians* with their *blooming hero*, which is ordained again to reſtore them to their former virtue and renowned honours, and crown them with *plenteous peace*. But till thoſe happy moments arrive, they muſt ſubmit to the *avenging* rod, and groan beneath the *galling yoke* their own treachery has loaden them with. *Papaglia* diſappeared, leaving the *queen* to reflect on all he had ſaid.

As the princeſs *Gen Zanire*'s growing charms began to be the admiration of all that knew her, we ſhall traverſe back to ſome particulars of her education by *Igeban*, more fully to acquaint the reader with the different characters of *her*, and her *ſuppoſed ſiſter*.

The Hiſtory of the princeſſes Gen Zanira *and* Gen Havagen.

NO fond mother with greater raptures and delight, ever viewed the growing charms of an only darling child, than *Igeban* does *Gen Zanire*; with what tranſports does ſhe obſerve the juſt proportion of her limbs, the perfect ſymmetry and ſweetneſs of her features; how is ſhe charmed with her lively ſpirit, and pretty, undeſcribable, pleaſing ways. *Maillan*, his *lady*, *Danredno*, and the whole *court*, take notice of her exceſſive fondneſs; for tho' the *tyrant*, and his *lady*, cannot help being pleaſed with the beauteous form of *Gen Zanire*, yet the unaccountable, peculiar fondneſs which often rules the *mind* in ſpite of reaſon, inclines this pair to a ſtrange partiality for *Gen Havagen*, who was their daughter, and two years older than little *Gen Zanire*, her *ſuppoſed* ſiſter.

Let none in their ſuper-abundance of wiſdom, deſpiſe or imagine this account of the *princeſſes* different tempers from their firſt infancy inſignificant or trifling; if they would but reflect what habits of perverſeneſs or complaiſance, the *child* gets, according to the skill or management of the *nurſe*; and though there are vaſt differences in the genius and tempers of mankind, yet upon nice inſpection, they will find the latter ſpoiled or mended by thoſe that have the care

care of them in their infant-ſtate, as it happened with *Gen Havagen*, who was ſuffered to have every thing ſhe cried for: this ſoon taught her to roar, fight, or ſtamp, when oppoſed, which thoſe about her would endeavour to cure, by commending the patience and ſweetneſs of her ſiſter's temper; which turning her *anger* to *envy*, made her fly at her, ſcratch, and beat her: to have her *humour* is the firſt thing ſhe employs her underſtanding about, and rather than *fail* has recourſe to little cunnings and deceit, which her *parents* were ſo far from correcting, they think it wit and ſpirit in her, by which means the ill turn of her paſſions, deceit, malice, and every other vice, are daily increaſing, without one inſtruction, or notion of virtue to repel theſe *monſters*; as ſhe was left to do what ſhe pleaſed, it was obſerved ſhe took great pleaſure in *tearing* the wings from flies, and the feathers from birds, laughing when ſhe ſaw the latter *flutter* and rub themſelves in the agony of their *ſmart*. Imagine to what a height that malice and envy muſt riſe, that went unreproved, when with *ſmiles* and *endearments* ſhe would kiſs her *ſiſter*, and at the ſame time, give her *ſecret* pinches and bites. As ſoon as ſhe had the uſe of her tongue, it was employed in telling untruths of her attendants and tutors, the laſt of which ſhe had ſuch an averſion to, that

inſtead

inſtead of learning from them, ſhe employed her wit to do them ſome miſchief, which ſhe found too often encouraged by her *parents* with a broad laugh. Quite the reverſe was *Igeban*'s conduct and care of *Gen Zanire*, when ſhe ſaw a diſcontented reſentment in her *looks* at *Gen Havagen* being more careſſed and humoured than *herſelf*, ſhe took care to ſuppreſs the growing evil, by deſcribing it in the moſt hateful form that could ſuit her underſtanding, gave her a firmneſs of mind that could be aſhamed of naught that was not a fault; and when the *princeſs* was vexed with her ſuppoſed ſiſter's tricks, ſhe made her ward the evil by ſuch an exactneſs to *truth*, that in ſpite of partiality, all *Gen Zanire* ſaid was believed; above all, while *GenHavagen* was indulged in play, and idle unimproving amuſements, ſhe took care her very ſports ſhould have ſomething towards her increaſe of learning, and cauſed her mind to take a turn that *way*, and grow fond to learn every thing that was *uſeful*.

In this ſtate ſtood *Igeban* and princeſs *Gen Zanire*, when ſhe was by her husband made acquainted with *Papaglia*'s predictions; and tho' her really virtuous heart ſtill retained ſome regard for him, it leſſened not in the leaſt her care of the *princeſs*.

She

She had often thought, and with *Emargh* had conſulted, how to let the *queen* know of the child's being ſaved, but the alarm about the *ſon* being diſcovered by *Hetbazele*, it made her determine to keep the ſecret cloſe, till time ſhould offer a fairer opportunity; yet however kept back by her cautious fears, the following relation will ſhew how ſollicitous ſhe was to make *Iram* acquainted with the mighty *ſecret*.

As ſoon as *Papaglia* was departed, the *queen* bid *Sinza* let the lady know who had from *Ariſan* laid the *writing* at her feet, ſhe had her permiſſion to act as ſhe pleaſed.

Twelve days were added to the many ſhe had paſſed in her confinement, without hearing aught. On the 13th, the attending ladies acquainted her a royal barge with many others, were arrived at the caſtle, and that *Maitan*'s two daughters, *Ariſan*, *Igeban*, and a numerous train of ladies were juſt entered the caſtle, that princeſs being come to ſee the curioſities of the *chappel*. Thoſe who had ſeen the princeſſes land, even in *Iram*'s preſence, expreſſed their admiration of *Gen Zanire*, ſaying, they never ſaw any thing ſo lovely, ſo exquiſitely charming as that young princeſs. The *queen* with even temper hears them, till ſhe was by the lady that *Ariſan* had before employed, told the ſubtle

ſubtle *wife* of *Guorbalem* waited for a private audience.

No loyal ſubject could have expreſſed greater or more tranſporting *joy* at the feet of their revered, their loved, and much-wronged monarch, than this lady did.

In her artful diſcourſe, ſhe talks of *ſchemes*, mentions to *Iram* ſeveral which formerly the *queen* knew, and had had a good opinion of, both as to their duty and virtue, propoſes very probable methods how again to reinſtate her and her's in their wonted rights and dignity, were they but to be aſſured and convinced a *ſon* of her and *Jathrep* could be produced to crown the *work*.

Iram with a ſedate reſerve heard all ſhe had to ſay, and then repeating part of the ſame diſcourſe ſhe had with the three *miniſters*, cloſed it with letting her underſtand ſhe thought too many of her faithful ſubjects had ſuffered too ſeverely by the tyrant's barbarity, and that *Maillan* had already polluted *Nodnou* with too much innocent *blood* for to deſire aught might be attempted, till time, and the fulneſs of their other crimes, were ripened, to draw on *Maillan* the vengeance due to his enormous ſlaughters, and unutterable wickedneſs.

The confirmed manner with which ſhe ſpoke, damps the haughty ſpirits of *Ariſan*;

ſan ; at the ſame time ſhe indulges the imagination that all *Iram* had ſaid proceeded from a touch of frenzy, eſpecially when ſhe talked with ſuch certainty, that her *ſon* was to reſtore the houſe of *Hazem*, and amply avenge on *Maillan*, and his diſloyal ſubjects, their treachery.

Sinza, on this occaſion, with an affected wildneſs appeared earneſtly to confirm all her miſtreſs had ſaid, and perhaps that lady had carried this converſation to too great a height, had ſhe not while ſhe was diſcourſing, obſerved at a private door, that from the *queen*'s cloſet lead to her chappel, it moved backwards and forwards, and that ſomething appeared fine and glittering behind it, which cauſed her to riſe, and certainly to be ſatisfied, open the door, where the princeſs *Gen Zanira* is preſented to her *full view*, by *Igeban* that day ſet out with the utmoſt magnificence of dreſs, befitting her high rank and *blooming years* : ſtruck with wonder at the pleaſing form of the young princeſs, ſhe cried out, *This muſt be ſome celeſtial viſitor* ; *for nothing mortal I ever ſaw* half *ſo fair*, half *ſo lovely*.

The *princeſs*, who with uncontrolled freedom, uſed to rove through the royal apartments, entered, and approached to *Iram*'s ſofa, who obſerving her with the utmoſt

utmoſt attention, remained ſilent; *Gen Zanira* unuſed to ſo dumb a reception, looking a little confuſed, goes to *Ariſan*, and in a low voice, ſaid, *I am afraid I have offended that lady, by venturing in.*

The *queen*, who heard what the *princeſs* ſaid, tho' perplexed between her ſtrong hate to *Maillan*, and the beauty and engaging ſweetneſs of *Gen Zanira*, anſwered, *No, tho' I ſuppoſe this is the uſurper's daughter, I cannot but own, in ſpite of all our outragious wrongs, there is ſomething in that child's form and manner, that muſt create love and admiration in all that ſee her.* No ſooner had the *princeſs* heard what *Iram* ſaid, but, running to her, ſhe embraces her knees, telling her ſhe would love her dearly; for, ſaid ſhe, *Often in* Igeban's *cloaths I have kiſſed* your *and* your *royal ſpouſes images, where yon both looked with ſuch ſweetneſs, I could not help fancying you loved me. Igeban*, who had followed *Gen Zanira*, and at the door heard *Iram*'s and the *princeſs*'s laſt words, entered, and threw herſelf at the *queen*'s feet, which ſhe bathes with her faſt-flowing tears.

For *Igeban*, who had waited, as we have ſaid, for an opportunity to reveal to *Iram* the ſecret of the princeſs *Gen Zanira* being her *child*, had flattered herſelf, that in the company of *Ariſan*, ſhe ſhould prevent

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Dauredno from having the leaſt ſuſpicion of her deſign; and having been told of the private ſtairs that led from the *queen*'s cloſet to the chappel, after the two princeſſes and company that attended them had viewed the chappel, and went to ſee the reſt of the caſtle, ſhe remained with *Gen Zanira*, whom ſhe ſent before to ſee how the *queen* would receive her.

But how were all her hopes daſhed by *Ariſan* ſaying, *I ſee the wiſe, the cautious* Igeban, *and I have had the ſame loyal deſigns tho' we did not acquaint each other with our intentions.*

Not the voice of thunder, nor even the earth opening, and making a dreadful chaſm between her and the *queen*, could have frighted her worſe than at that time did *Ariſan*'s voice, ſhe having been too intent at *Iram*'s feet, to ſee, or imagine aught of her, till ſhe ſpoke.

This ſurprizing diſappointment cauſed her to remain in a long ſilence; but when ſhe had a little recollected, ſhe ſaid, *Alas*, Ariſan, *the hapleſs* Igeban *has no power, no earthly means, to ſerve our royal* miſtreſs, *and can only in unavailing tears, bewail her adverſe fate.*

Iram raiſed, and tenderly embraced her; ſhe and *Ariſan* were placed at the feet of the *queen.*

When

When the deceitful wife of *Guorbalem*, with her wonted inſinuations, ſaid, *Igeban* and I thus ſeated, brings to my remembrance, the happy hours we have thus paſſed with our royal *miſtreſs*; how ſweet a majeſty, and tranſporting goodneſs, diffuſing a bleſſing on your people; virtue in you ſhone with *peculiar* luſtre, the *graces* attend your every motion; how gay, and yet how decently refined was the wit and humour of the circle! yes, anſwered *Sinza*, the *ſciences* and *muſes* had their *halcyon* days, the valiant, learned, and wiſe, were then in eſteem; the generous *Jathrep*'s care was how to make his ſubjects happy, rich, and wiſe; his great ſoul, conſcious how juſtly he deſerved their love and duty, wanted the ſuſpicion that ſhould have guarded againſt thoſe *dark traitors* that betrayed him; and continued the ſatyrical *Sinza*, looking fully on *Ariſan*, what have they gained by the change, but to be treated like *ſlaves*; now with grov'ling fawn they ask thoſe in waiting, If *Maillan* is in temper? On the leaſt motion of his arm, they dread the ſceptre ſhould be halled at them: has not his turvid brow, and hoarſe voice, made the moſt haughty tremble; and which of all thoſe that help to raiſe this *idol* has not had his peace racked, and his reſt broken with apprehenſions, that the next riſing ſun they

they may receive from him a preſent of the * *Pouſe*, as a juſt reward for their treachery to *Jathrep*.

This diſcourſe of *Sinza* cauſed *Ariſan* to bluſh, perceiving ſhe was no ſtranger to either *Maillan* or his courtiers behaviour, when they were interrupted by *Gen Zanira*, whoſe active ſpirit, uſual in perſons of her age, having ſpied *Iram*'s muſick, began to play on it. The *queen*, who was a great miſtreſs of that *art*, is ſurprized to hear with what skill ſhe touched the inſtrument; upon which *Igeban* deſires the *queen* to hear her ſing; the ſweetneſs of her voice and manner, for one ſo young, exceeded imagination; for *Igeban*, beſides her natural genius, had taken care to make her very play and amuſements inſtructive, prevailing on her, with great diligence, to apply herſelf to every *art* or *ſcience* that tended to her improvement, or the adorning her mind. The *queen* found herſelf ſo pleaſed with the princeſs, ſhe imagines it is owing to *Papaglia*'s inſtructions, and that ſhe had gained a perfect power over herſelf, eſpecially in ſubduing her rancorous hate and envy to *Maillan*.

But *Sinza* whoſe ſenſes were delighted with the *princeſs*'s inimitable perfections, in rapture cried out, *This is ſure another* Iram *in miniature*; which cauſed *Igeban* inly to tremble,

* An *Indian* poiſon.

tremble, ſhe having often thought ſhe diſcerned ſo exact a reſemblance, that ſhe wonders how the *dull* courtiers, who had ſeen the *queen* in her early bloom, had never taken the leaſt notice of it, and attributes it to a providential ſtupidity.

Her fright was increaſed when ſhe ſaw *Sinza* earneſtly view her hands as ſhe played on the *muſick*, leſt ſhe ſhould diſcover the *mark* on her arm, tho' ſhe kept it always covered with bracelets, pretending ſhe thought it a blemiſh ſhe wiſhed might be concealed.

Gen Havagen ſending to let the ladies know ſhe wanted to return to the palace, *Ariſan* and *Igeban* take their leave of the *queen*; the wife of *Guorbalem* as they were in the barge together, deſired *Igeban* not to acquaint *Danredno* with their having ſeen the *queen*, which requeſt *Igeban* was very willing to comply with, being ſenſible by this pretended ſecreſy of *Ariſan*, ſhe ſhould eſcape being inſulted with his ill natured reproaches for her unchangeable loyalty and affection to her royal miſtreſs.

BOOK XII.

FRom the time *Hetbazele* had diſcovered to the governor of the caſtle, the *queen*'s being delivered of a ſon, he, by the permiſſion of *Maillan*, obtained leave to purſue his addreſſes to her; and ſhe alſo having obtained the *queen*'s conſent to a marriage with him; both *Iram* and *Maillan* had their ſeveral views in this union; the *uſurper* believing thereby he ſhould have a proper ſpy on the *queen*, and be acquainted with each thought, and the inmoſt receſſes of her ſoul: On the other ſide, *Hetbazele*, proving faithful to her *diſtreſſed miſtreſs*, acts with ſuch diſcretion as to be ſerviceable to her, without cauſing the tyrant to have the leaſt ſuſpicion of her.

But tho' *Hetbazele* was married to the governor, ſhe ſtill attended on the *queen*. The bounds of her liberty were only from her husband's apartment (which was in the caſtle) to that of *Iram*'s; *Maillan*'s miniſters frequently viſiting the governor, *Niphlodoge* diſcerning on many occaſions, her reſerved and cautious conduct to her husband, truſted her with meſſages to *Iram*, of which

which the governor had not the leaſt knowledge.

Full ten months were paſſed, the *queen* not hearing the leaſt word from *Ariſan*, when *Hetbazele* entered her chamber, and told her the court, and *Nodnou* were in a ſtrange alarm, occaſioned by an expreſs from *Egypt*, which brought news that the *caliph* had publiſhed a manifeſto, in which he declared he had received by the hands of *Roorbat*, letters from queen *Iram*, wherein ſhe requeſts and beſought his aſſiſtance to help the ſon of *Jathrep*, born of her in the caſtle of *Simeth*, (where ſhe was ſtill confined a priſoner) to the throne of his anceſtors, whom if the *caliph*'s compaſſion would aid, *Roorbat* was to fetch their young *king* from *Arabia*, he being intruſted with the place of his concealment; and that the *caliph*, in compliance with her requeſt, had already proclaimed war againſt *Maillan*, and all the nations of the *Nutrebians* who had or ſhould adhere to the *uſurper*, or ſhould oppoſe the reſtoring of their young monarch. *Hetbazele* farther added, that *Maillan*'s council had that morning ſent for her husband, and chid him for his neglect, in ſuffering the captive *queen* to have her emiſſaries, and be ſo buſy about ſtate affairs, and that on his ſolemn proteſtations, he had guarded her with ſuch ſtrict-

neſs,

ple; for had *Gaonske* been born when a prudent monarch ruled, compaſſion for him, with the remembrance of the ſervices, and the virtue of his anceſtors, had made his misfortunes the proper object of a monarch's care, to redreſs, inſtead of cauſing his penurious diſtreſſes, to be the inſtrument to tempt him into ſuch a headlong deſtruction: *but, continued he*, for the truly *innocent* and *chaſte Hermanilda*, her pure, firm and exalted virtue, is a theme worthy the harmonious ſtrains of celeſtial angels; and happy the mortal, purſued that enamoured prince, that *can*, or *ſhall* obtain the glorious bleſſing to gain and poſſeſs *that divine creature.*

And indeed, ſaid *Doroske*, he was ſo charmed with that lady, he ſoon acqnainted her with the ſentiments of his heart, and taking her with him to the ccuntry, where his patrimony lay, which was above 80 miles *from court*, he publickly married her. The firſt year was born the princeſs *Herminilda*, that now has been *five years qaeen of Poland*, and the next enſuing one, *bleſſed Hungary*, with our preſent ſovereign king *Ulamar*.

And continued *Doroske*, never were a wedded pair more happy in their reciprocal love for each other; when the *Turks* making incroachments into *Hungary*, it

forced the king to *think of defending his people*, his councel unanimouſly perſwading him to go *in perſon* to *encourage* his people, and as the *beſt general* to command *under him*, by all it was agreed none could be ſo proper as *Arminius*, who whatever reluctance he might have to part with the dear, the pleaſing *Herminilda*, yet the ſincere love he had for his country, cauſed him readily to comply.

The king *treats* the *prince* with great *civility*, but though they were in frequent councels and converſations together, he never once mentioned *Herminilda*, which the virtuous *Arminius* attributes to the *ſhame of his folly* and *miſconduct* in the affair of *count Gaonske*.

In two *battles* directed and chiefly *fought by the Prince*, they are victorious over the *Turks*, whom they drive back to their own frontiers, when *Arminius*, by the order of the king, goes with part of the army to beſiege a ſtrong fortified place, that had formerly belonged to the *Hungaries*, a party iſſues out of the town, with which he and his troops engage, when all of a ſudden the *Hungarians* deſert him by running away, and he is ſurrounded by the *Turks*, and taken priſoner.

Where we ſhall leave him, and return to the king, who, unknown to *Arminius*, had

had by the advice of *Gomond* made peace with the *Turks*, and the ſoldiers deſerting him was a ſtratagem of the king's to have him ſecured without giving the *Hungarians* the ſuſpicion it was done *by deſign*, becauſe he knew how extremely he was by them beloved; that monarch pretends a great concern for *the prince his couſin's* ſafety, and after he had disbanded the ſoldiers, is reſolved to go and comfort his widow.

It's eaſy to imagine what were *Herminilda*'s thoughts, on hearing of his intended viſit, who ſummoned her *officers* and *tenants*, *fortifies her caſtle*, and on his approach, let him underſtand ſhe has not room but for ſuch *a number of his attendants*; can, nor will not permit more, to enter; amongſt whom ſhe objects againſt *Gomond*, nor, will permit that odious favourite to accompany his maſter. The king ſtaid, ſaid *Doroske*, eight months, but with no ſucceſs, though he offered to place her on the throne, and the *death of Arminius was every where confirmed.* She ſolemnly declared no one the world contained *ſhould be her husband*, ſince it was her unhappy fate to loſe *Arminius*. I was one ſhe vouchſafed to permit with the king, and ſaw all her grief and concern for *Arminius*'s loſs, with her reſolute reſiſtance; and, added he, we may now boldly own, knowing the

king had ſent for forces to become *maſter of the caſtle*, *councelled* and *helped* her to eſcape to *Poland*, where ſhe was protected by the *Queen*, who had ſo great a Regard for the *Princeſs Herminilda* on account of her ſon, (who ſucceeded his father in the kingdom) falling in love with her daughter, ſhe prevailed on the king to conſent to their marriage, with whom the princeſs her mother continued till *Ulamar* was proclaimed king.

I have, ſaid *Doroske*, often been ſurprized that ſo libertine a prince as our late king ſhould have ſo violent and laſting a paſſion for that excellent lady; and cannot help thinking, the oppoſition and averſion of *Herminilda*, rather enflamed him with a fierce deſire to conquer her ſpirit, than any ſenſe, or real regard for the charms of her perſon or the perfections of her mind.

And then too I was as much at a loſs to imagine, what could have occaſioned, while he made his viſit at her caſtle, the ringing of bells, and bonfires throughout the kingdom, as rejoicing for the wedding between the king and the princeſs *Herminilda*, till ſince I have ſeen *Arminius*, who, after he was drawn from the congratulation of the people, with only his ſon and me, *Ulamar* ſaid to him, *Ha, ſire, how many ſad and mournful Years has my Mother ſighed for your*

your Death, and how extreme will her joy be to find you living. At theſe words his looks were altered, and a thouſand various paſſions darted in his eyes, and with a ſtern ſevere air (turning to his ſon) forbid him to name her.

On which, ſaid *Doroske*, our young *Monarch* bluſhed, and ſome time remaining ſilent, then proceeded to ſay, Though no ſon can have a greater regard to honour, and ſincere inclination to obey ſo auguſt ſo good a parent, what has the chaſte, pious *Herminilda*, your once dearly beloved wife, done, to be treated with this *contempt.* Her *ſpeedy* marriage with the king of *Hungary*, replied *Arminius*, with her urging to have me put to death, are very *ſtrange* proofs both of her chaſtity and piety. At theſe words, ſaid *Doroske*, I cried out, Oh, my lord, what fiend from hell could cauſe you to entertain ſuch cruel thoughts of that *virtuous Lady*, who was ſo far from yielding to the king, on your imagined death, ſhe vowed to know no ſecond bridal bed but the grave, and with ſuch conſtant perſeverance has continued firm; ſhe fled, and has been a fugitive, to her native country, till your royal ſon aſcended the throne. What, cried *Arminius*, would you perſwade us *Herminilda* did not marry our couſin of *Hungary*, when the rejoicings, ſhows, bon-

fires, and loud-ringing bells, proclaimed to diſtant nations the *monarch*, and his ſubjects tranſports, in that adulterous union; on which, *continued Doroske*, I in every particular inſtance, vindicated that *valuable lady*, with the part I had borne in aſſiſting her to make her eſcape; his *ſon* too, confirming all I had urged in proof of his *Herminilda*'s ſpotleſs virtue, firm and unmoved in affliction, he ſome time remained as a perſon bereft of ſenſe, and then looking up to heaven, ſaid, Oh, Supreme Power, what are the *hearts* and *affections* of mortals! How bitter and ſevere have been my ſorrows, and how often, when torn with the torturing thoughts of her falſehood, have I implored the Divine Aſſiſtance to calm the raging anguiſh of my mind, and expunge the dear idea of the charming and ſtill-loved *Herminilda*. After many queſtions, and a full confirmation of her unmoved faith and never-ceaſing love for him, even after his imagined death, he acquainted us with what happened to him on his being a priſoner.

The Hiſtory of Arminius *concluded.*

AS ſoon, ſaid he, as the ſoldiers had deſerted me, I was ſurrounded, ſeized, and carried before *Acmath*, the baſhaw, who, without vouchſafing to ſpeak, ſurveyed

ſurveyed me with a ſtern roughneſs, and then gave orders I ſhould be cloſe confined.

Some days after I ſpoke to the officer that guarded me, to know if there was a poſſibility of my being ranſomed; who, with a ſcornful ſmile, bid me not flatter myſelf with ſuch a hope, for the king of *Hungary* had made peace with them, and I was ſo far from being mentioned in the arcles, all that nation believing me dead; aſſuring me, in a few days I was, with the *baſhaw*, to go to *Caramania*, the then metropolis of *Turky*, and would be kept priſoner for *life*, which he did not know how ſoon they might put an end too. I was in great perplexity, and had many inventions which way to give notice to the king of my being ſtill alive; when one night the feaſtings and great mirth amongſt the people of the town, cauſed me to enquire what had occaſioned it. I was told the *Hungarian* ambaſſador had made a public entertainment for the *citizens*, in honour of his maſter's *wedding* with the princeſs *Herminilda*, my ſuppoſed *widow*; and to be convinced of the truth, was permitted to go on the *terraſs* to ſee the fireworks; ſeveral playing off with the name of king *Ulaus* and queen *Herminilda*. To repreſent to you how I took this blow, is to tell you

I fell down ſenſeleſs, and when brought to life, was ſeized with a delirious *fever*; in my illneſs my grief and diſtreſs were expreſſed in ſuch a manner, as even touched *thoſe barbarians* with pity; as ſoon as with health I gained my ſenſes, the *baſhaw* took me with him to *Caramania*; he on the way being ſtung with a *viper*, I preſcribed a remedy, which ſo obliged him, he ever after treated me with great humanity, and letting me underſtand a ſlave of his falling into *Gomond*'s hands, he, by his means, entered into a negotiation with this *baſhaw*, who told me by a large bribe to *Gomond*, he prevailed on the *king* to make a peace with the *Turks* ſo much to their advantage, it aſtoniſhed all *Europe*, what thus could infatuate their *king*, when victory preſided in our camp, to make ſuch a diſhonourable peace; but, added *Arminius*, I, alas, was to be the victim, my ſoldiers deſerting, and by that means ſhamefully giving me up to the *Turks*, was a contrivance of *Gomond*, who aſſured the *king*, he each hour expected the *Hungarians* would revolt in my favour.

Arminius, added the *baſhaw*, was deſired to diſpatch him when in his power, who at the ſame time owned to him, when I was brought into his preſence, and he believed by his *ſuperior genius*, or his prophet

phet *Mahomet*, he had not power to touch him; and after this he ſhewed him a letter he had from *Gomond*, that *Herminilda* would not let the *king* be at quiet, till ſhe was certain that *I was dead*; on which the *baſhaw* ſent word, I was diſpatched to hinder them from further purſuit of my life. Ten years, ſaid he, I continued with this *Turk*, had the freedoms of his *garden*, and the liberties of the *walks* about it. Taking the air in one of the *walks* in that ſpace of time he met two *Hungarians* that aſſured him, they, with all *Hungary* had made rejoicings at the *king*'s *marriage* with *Herminilda*. Here, ſaid *Doroske*, *Arminius* told me the laſt, he bid when he went back to *Hungary* to go and particularly to acquaint me with his being *captive*, and alive; but I aſſuring him, I never from any one hearing the leaſt mention, he proceeded to ſay, when the baſhaw died, whom in return for his humanity, he had the happineſs to make a *Chriſtian*, and his fatal fondneſs for *Herminilda* making the world hateful to him, he had no other reſource but to intreat heaven to aſſiſt and deliver him from every thought and idea of her *too charming form*, and calm the raging of his violent reſentments; who added, though three times ſeven years have paſſed away, in ſpite of the ſtrong reſiſtance he had made, each day's riſing ſun, and night's

dreary darkneſs, were witneſs againſt him, to how little effect all his efforts have been.

And, added *Doroske*, after further talk on his beloved *Herminilda*'s conſtant and unalterable affection, he as ſoon as he had ended, and ſettled the treaty between his ſon and your *imperial majeſty*, ſet out for *Hungary*, to be the meſſenger himſelf to *Herminilda*, of the happy news, that her long lamented and loved lord *Arminius* is ſtill alive.

Here *Doroske* ſtopped, and looking on the *empreſs* with an air of pleaſantry and reſpect, ſaid, On further diſcourſe I heard *Arminius* acquaint his ſon, when he firſt ſaw your majeſty, the great reſemblance there was between you and the princeſs *Herminilda* at your age, ſtruck *Arminius* in ſuch a manner, it was with difficulty he recovered from the confuſion which it occaſioned.

Doroske ended, ſaid *Papaglia*, and taking his leave, the next day, *Ulamar* withdrew from the city ; but on *Heraclian*'s dying, being deſired by the *ſenate* and *citizens* to return back, *Martina*'s charms prevailed on him ſoon to accept their offer : when he was to enter, ſhe with her *riches* went into a monaſtry, tho' he ſent her word he would reſide in one of the noblemen's houſes, and not

not approach near her, if ſhe would be pleaſed to remain there ſtill; but *Martina*, hurrying away, was no ſooner entered her chamber in the *convent*, but a great old cat leaped up to her ſleeve, and pulling me out, in a moment tore me to pieces.

Count de L——'s *third, fourth, and fifth Transformation.*

THE next animal I took poſſeſſion of, was a *parrot*, which belonged to that houſe; and though I was ſhut in a large cage, I made ſhift after three days to get out unperceived; and knowing the *empreſs* was ſo vexed at the *cat*, ſhe had ordered her to be *ſtrangled*, I watched till I got into her chamber, which I entered with this addreſs, *Poll will live here, Poll will live with the princeſs Martina.* As I judged, this ſo pleaſed the *empreſs*, ſhe had my cage brought, and often plays with me; many things I talked and ſung very much diverted her; but the *lady abbeſs* who had a vaſt deſire to retain *Martina* and her *riches*, had a violent averſion to her marrying the king of *Hungary*, and doubtleſs by her grave and ſplenetick advice, ſhe cauſed *Martina* to carry it with more ſerioufneſs and ſtate than was natural to her *temper*. *Ulamar*, who was very im-

patient and ſollicitous to gain that *lady*, and prevailed on the chief noblewomen of the *empire*, on the pretence of paying their reſpects to the *empreſs*, to ſollicit in his behalf: between madam abbeſs and theſe ladies there aroſe a warm diſpute *for* and *againſt* that *young king*; the *empreſs* to divert the *heat* on *both ſides*, turning to me ſaid, *Well, Poll, who are* you *for?* On which I ſcreamed *Ulamar, Ulamar, by all means Ulamar.* This cauſed ſo great a laugh and mirth amongſt the *ladies*, I was extremely careſſed both by them and the *empreſs*, while the *abbeſs* ſat *ſwelling* and *pouting*; at laſt ſhe aroſe, and laying hold on me in a fury, ſaid, ſhe was ſure I was of late poſſeſſed with a *devil*; and with all her ſtrength wrung my *neck* off. After I had entered a *dog*, I heard ſuch a quarrel ariſe between the *abbeſs* and the ladies, and *Martina* reſenting her *cruel uſage* to me, ſhe by the perſwaſion of her viſitors, that night left the convent, and as ſoon as decency permitted, married *Ulamar*, and by him had the imperial crown refixed on her head, whom from fame I heard, lived many years happy together; as alſo did *Arminius* with his virtuous *Herminilda:* tho' his ſon could never prevail on him to take the *Hungarian* crown; yet he often adviſed him in any affair

affair of conſequence; and, added *Papaglia*, as I have already mentioned, being now in the form of a *dog*, and not a very handſome one, I was taken care of by a good-natured *merchant*, and he going a voyage to *Egypt*, I went with him, and from thence we travelled on *Camels* toward this country, where for want of *water*, I had like to have died with *thirſt*, had not a *panther* ſeized and devoured me: near me I ſaw a beautiful *butterfly* juſt expiring, into which I entered, and with my double wide expanded wings, fled to the next refreſhing greens and flowers, till chance cauſed me (after I had croſſed the river from the horrid *bloody plain* where *Jathrep* and his faithful loyaliſts lay, by the barbarous *tyrant* unburied,) to reſt my wearied wings on the walls of this caſtle, when I was caught in the *ſpider*'s ſnare, and by you happily delivered; in return for which, be aſſured, that tho' you will be alarmed with frights and fears of the ſevereſt kind, yet before the next enſuing annual day, on which I ſhall viſit you, you will in your royal palace, freed from the *tyrant*, be bleſſed with that lovely pair, and in perfect tranquility paſs your remaining days. — *Here* Papaglia, *with a low bow, according to the* European *manner, took his leave*

leave and vaniſhed, quick as a beau from a lady's rout or aſſembly.

End of the Eleventh Book.

BOOK XII.

The Hiſtory of Almazandor, Attanazunque, Ezairia, *and* Gen Zanira *concluded.*

MAILLAN's party, as has been mentioned, fled before the *victorious heroes*, and ſheltering themſelves within the city walls, are ſo intimidated, that they dare not venture out, but when they are to attack a ſmall company with ſuperior number, where ſtill to their confuſion they ſmart for their preſumption. New recruits are brought from his allies, to join with the *Nutrebians*; the large plains are covered over with *glittering arms*, another battle is fought, and victory ſo entirely preſides with the two gallant *princes*, that fear, terror, and deſpair, ſpread her dreary horrors on *Maillan* and his party; and *Nutrebia*, who in paſt ages was ſo famed for her valiant ſons, now ſees them loſt in *effeminate fears*, changed into

into *daſtardly cowards*, and ſo depreſſed, that not all the torments *Maillan*'s cruelty could inflict, can force them to meet or face the *enemy*.

In this *deſperate ſtate*, councils on councils were called; he upbraids the *commanders*, repreſents what vaſt ſums have been expended, with what unbounded *meaſures* of *corn*, and *mulitudes* of *cattle*, they had devoured; adding, if their *courage* had anſwered his *management*, inſtead of their being girt round, and beſieged by the *enemy*, they had carried the war into the very *bowels* of *Albaſſine*; and then *deſolation*, *ruin*, and *ſlaughter*, had taught even that unwieldy *empire* the folly to have dared to defy and rouſe the *ſleeping eagle*.

But now, *cried he*, to the everlaſting *ſhame* of the *Nutrebians*, two *artleſs boys* truſting to the *ſimplicity* of their *imagined virtue*, and the fearleſs *daring* of their *courage*, force this mean-hearted race, whom I have ſo often ſet to *cut each other's throats*, to skulk behind theſe walls, and trembling dread their deaths.

Chacanon, when *Maillan* had ſpent his rage in complaints, ſaid, *Why does the great* Maillan *in unavailing anger vex himſelf, who has the* grand ſtake, *the* certain, *the* indiſputable ſecurity *in his power, that ſhall baffle* theſe boys, *and make them whine and lament*

lament like children, yielding to whatever you ſhall propoſe ; and ſoon you will ſee that mighty hero, *whoſe imagined generous ſoul diſdains a mean and unworthy action, baſely according to their own ideas of virtue, give up the* friend, brother, *and their* matchleſs hero, *whom he has ſworn, not only to protect, but reinſtate in his* throne, *that very* Almazandor, *whom fate ſo ſtrangely diſappointed me of,* when an hundred pointed *ſwords* were ready to pierce his *heart.*

The impatient *Maillan*, eager to know his deſign, with what he aimed at, bid him proceed, which he did, by ſaying, To morrow, early as the day, ſend a private meſſenger to *Attanazunque*, only granting him forty hours to come to a reſolution, and let him know, unleſs he then delivers up intirely into your power *Almazandor*, the *queen*, and the two *princeſſes* heads ſhall be thrown over the walls to them ; and further, to tempt the *amorous lover* to conſent, propoſe to him, on delivering up that *bubble of fortune*, you will ſend at the ſame time, the *queen* and *Gen Zanira* to him ; but *Ezairia* we will detain, whom you deſire in marriage for your ſon *Nipthanon*, and as a ſecurity for your daughter *GenHavagen* ; and further propoſe, as the *dower* you expect with his ſiſter, he ſhall reſign *Gen Zanira*'s pretended right to the throne

of

of *Nutrebia*, after *Almazandor* ſhall be no more.

Maillan applauds the happy *genius* of *Chacanon*, and ſome hours are ſpent in the writing the articles: *Maillan* knowing how terrible this would be to *Nipthanon*, on ſome *pretended diſpleaſure* confines him to his chamber, forbidding any perſons to ſee him.

And as it was reſolved between *Maillan* and *Chacanon*, the meſſenger is ſent in private, and *Maillan*'s threats and propoſals were delivered to the *prince:* never ſince the *creation* was formed, had any one a ſeverer *trial* than this *royal youth*. *Gen Zanira* was the delight of his ſoul, his fond heart was bound up in her charms; every thought of her death was worſe than daggers, or ſtinging ſerpents; with pale looks he bids the meſſenger wait, and retiring to his chamber, orders *Almazandor* to be ſent for, who, on his coming, found the *Ethiopian* prince on the floor, in the ſtrongeſt agony of grief, that could poſſeſs the heart of man.

Jathrep's ſon with aſtoniſhment views him, and on enquiring the cauſe, he gives him *Maillan*'s writing; on reading it he ſaid, It is enough, we will be the victims, may you and my ſiſter long be happy, and no adverſe fortune attend you; for myſelf, my

my paſt *unhappy life* has been too full of miſery to wiſh to preſerve it a moment; but oh, as I freely reſign to death to preſerve *Gen Zanira* yours, let no violence be offered to the ſweet, the charming *Ezairia*, by the love, the tender paſſion of your ſoul, for *Jathrep's* daughter, let no force be offered to her inclinations.

The *Albaſſinian* prince, with looks that ſhewed the deſperate ſtate of his mind, ſaid, Can *Almazandor*, can the ſon of the virtuous *Jathrep* and *Iram*, entertain ſuch unworthy thoughts of *Attanazunque?* No, *Almazandor*, I ſee we both muſt be fatally miſerable in our love, to be true to our honour and virtue; we will not diſgrace our *mighty race*, tho' at the ſevere price of being irreparably unhappy.

Oh, heavens, continued he, can *Attanazunque* live to ſay *Gen Zanira* muſt die, and revenge alone muſt ſatiate his deſpair. Could we entertain ſo baſe a thought, that lovely *maid* herſelf would abhor us; what truſt, or confidence, could mankind have in us, ſhould we to ſave our own, or her more precious life, yield up a prince who has our ſacred protection, and innocently confided in our royal friendſhip and aſſiſtance. *Almazandor*, loſt in deſpair, ſat thoughtful; at theſe laſt words of the prince ſtarting up, ſaid, No, *Attanazunque*, no,

you

you ſhall not need to fear your honour, nor in the leaſt to ſully your fame; beſides the *hapleſs queen* and *ill-fated Gen Zanira*, for *Ezairia*, the charming, inimitable *Ezairia*, my heart bleeds, and all the power and ſtrength of ſoul is diſſolved, and bewildered in a maze of black deſpair; for rather than one drop of their *precious blood* ſhould be ſpilt, we will yield, ſurrender, and deliver ourſelf up to the *voracious tyrant*.

The *Ethiopian* prince violently oppoſes him, and is immediately for falling on the city with *fire* and *deſolation*, when the *Nutrebian hero* ſaid, I always dreaded their iniquitous ways and baſe arts would *overbear* and *confound* the firmeſt reſolution, and baffle *wiſdom*'s fineſt skill: No, added he, nothing but their own *deceitful* dealings can cope with them; therefore, *purſued he*, in this deſperate ſtate, do you by the *meſſenger* ſend anſwer to that *hardened tyrant* as reſolved to deliver me up, on condition I am only to ſupply the *queen*'s place, to be kept a cloſe priſoner, and that your reaſons may appear more ſpecious, tell him while *Almazandor* is living, *Gen Zanira* can have no right. Inſiſt on both the *princeſſes* and the *queen* being exchanged for me; but, above all, be very ſcrupulous and exact in ſettling the delivery *on both ſides*; and further

ther add, that you will not conſent to the marriage of *Ezairia* and his ſon, unleſs you are convinced that both are perfectly willing; nor will let your *ſiſter* be detained or languiſh behind, but give other *pledges* to aſſure him *Gen Havagen* ſhall be immediately ſent home: and laſtly, ſaid *Almazandor*, ſend with his *meſſenger*, one whom you can truſt, *to ſee if the ladies are ſafe.* I know, *continued that royal afflicted youth*, to get me in his power, he will ſolemnly ſwear, only to detain me in perſon; yet the moment he has me in his power, though *pinioned* and *bound*, he, or *Chacanon* will ſtrike the *dagger* home. After ſome further conſultation with *Attanazunque*, the articles, and the perſon that was to ſee the *ladies*, goes with the meſſengers to *Maillan.*

When they were departed, that *prince* ſaid to *Almazandor*, My ſoul burns to fall on that *barbarian*, who alas, have no other hope, but to exterminate from the earth ſuch a *monſter.* *Almazandor*, whoſe pained mind was racked with exceſs of diſtracting deſpair, ſaid, We have a thought which we hope *heaven has inſpired*, and what we ſhall this inſtant put into execution; if ſucceſs attend, you ſhall hear from me; and be aſſured if it happen otherwiſe, on our untainted honour, at the fatal hour, we

we will be ready to deliver *ourſelf* to worſe than death, the hated *Maillan*, to ſave thoſe *dear lives* in which our utmoſt happineſs is centered; and then embracing *Attanazunque*, ſaid, Let us with united ſupplication, implore the *Divine Goodneſs*, to ſpare thoſe *great* and *truly valuable princeſſes*; he ſtayed not for *Attanazunque*'s reply, but with haſty ſteps took his leave.

The *meſſenger*, and the *Ethiopian* ſent by the prince arrive at the city. *Maillan* is tranſported with the imagined ſucceſs, adores *Chacanon*'s genius, and as it was by *Attanazunque* deſired, his meſſenger is ordered to attend the *queen* and *princeſſes*; *Chacanon*, who had the command of the caſtle, from the time that the late *governor*, with *Hetbazele*, their children, ſervants, and what riches they could carry, having made their eſcape to the *Ethiopian* prince, which was as ſoon as he appeared on their plains; they juſtly fearing *Maillan* might, in one of his ſuſpicious *rages*, uſe them as he had done *Danredno*.

When this horrid ſcourge of the *Nutrebians* had the *quoen* and *princeſſes* committed to his care, they began to feel the miſery of being in the *tyrant's power*. He often frightens the princeſs *Gen Zanira* with diſcourſes of the day being fixed for her marriage with *Maillan*'s ſon, who though

on

on every other occaſion, ſhe treated him with great ſweetneſs, proteſts ſhe will be *dragged* to the *altar*, and there while ſhe has *breath* and *life*, proclaim ſhe is, and will only be the eſpouſed *wife* of *Attanazunque*. The *queen* too outbraves their *tyranny*, by her conſtancy and contempt of *death*.

Chacanon, with the *Ethiopian*, acquaints the ladies with their errand; a deadly trembling ſeizes the *queen*, who bid the meſſenger ſay to *Attanazunque*, ſhe wiſhed rather to receive *death* in the priſon, than paſs the *fatal bar* that was to deliver up *Jathrep*'s ſon into *Maillan*'s hands. *Gen Zanira*, as if ſtruck with thunder, remained a conſiderable while ſilent and without motion; then, lifting up her lovely eyes, ſhe ſaid to the *Ethiopian*, Tell your maſter we have convinced the *tyrant* we choſe *death*, rather than be the eſpouſed *wife* of any other but *Attanazunque*; and, *purſued ſhe yet farther*, add, that all my deſires, wiſhes, and hopes of happineſs, were centered in him alone, and till this moment his very *name* cauſed my heart to ſpring with delight, beyond muſic's harmony; but it was to the great, the generous *Attanazunque* I devoted myſelf, whoſe incomparable merit was the admiration of that *mighty empire* he was one day to rule; then,

then, *proceeded that excellent princeſs*, Tell him, I intreat he would conſult his reaſon and reflect if any thought, word, or action, of mine, could cauſe him to imagine I would indulge the fond paſſion of my heart, to darken his or my own fair fame; and ah, *cried ſhe with a ſigh*, ſets he ſo little value on his royal word, given to our *unhappy brother*, whom he has ſworn to *aſſiſt*, *defend*, and *protect*? and can he imagine, by thus betraying him to his *mortal foe*, that the *ſiſter* will not, in a *ſanctuary* for ever, hide herſelf, to prevent becoming the *bride* of him that deſtroyed her brother? no, added ſhe, tho' my ſex's weakneſs may yield to fears, yet tell him from my early youth, I have confirmed my mind, not to be tempted by adverſe fortune to ſwerve in the leaſt from *virtue*'s rules, and vainly believed the prince of *Ethiopia* as ſtrictly adhered to her love.

The *princeſs* is prevented from proceeding, by *Ezairia*'s being taken very ill; they both, with the *queen*, let *Attanazunque* underſtand they intreat he would reſign them to Providence, rather than have their lives preſerved at the ſevere *price* of his *forfeited honour*, and the loſs of the dear, the royal *Almazandor*.

The *Ethiopian* with *Chacanon* returned to *Maillan*, who accepts all the articles, but will

will not delay their being put in execution beyond the tenth hour of the next ſucceeding day. With this anſwer the meſſenger returns to the camp. After he is gone, *Chacanon* is very pleaſant with *Maillan* on the ſteady perſeverance of the *ladies*; adding, what ſtrange romantic whims poſſeſſed the *Hazem* race, who ſtill purſue their queer notions of *virtue*, *mercy*, *magnanimity*, and what they called *greatneſs of ſoul*, in ſpite of the apparent and flagrant ill ſucceſs that ſtill attended their conſtant, and unſhaken reſolution.

Ah, ſaid *Maillan*, ſmiling, theſe articles that lie before us are certain proofs, the *Ethiopians* better underſtand the *Sangrian* fine arts of policies, *than that ill-fated family*; and ſhould I but be ſo happy to have *Gen Zanira* continue firm in her exalted reſolution, to encloſe herſelf in a monaſtery, ſhe will act exactly to my wiſh: for, added he, as ſoon as *that certain ſon of Jathrep* is in my power, I will not truſt fate a moment but diſpatch him, though, purſued he, we muſt get a handſome youth, that ſhall be well fed, in priſon to paſs for him, while ſuch methods of falſhood and ſtrange unheard of ſtories, ſhall fly about, the bewildered people ſhall not know what to think or act.

Cha-

Chacanon reſuming the diſcourſe, ſaid, that will be eaſily done, while our ſpies ſhall by each look, action, and word, diſcover the *ſentiments* of their ſoul; and when accuſed, it will be the *ſame thing* as being *guilty*; adding, he promiſed before the ſun has rolled his annual round, *death*, like the mower's *ſcythe*, ſhould ſweep them from the *Nutrebian* land, and the labouring ignorant, ſtrangers to the *Hazem's name*, ſhould be brought to ſupply their place, that with humble *homage* would revere him as their lord.

Thus in the fullneſs of their Joy, and delight, on the proſperous ſucceſs of their wickedneſs, *Maillan* and his *favourite* were exulting on *paſt*, and contriving *new* ſchemes of horror and deſolation to the ruin of the enſlaved people, they paſſed the night till the *tyrant* was inclined to go to reſt, and *Chacanon* had not been gone half an hour, who are no more to ſee each other, nor *Maillan* the riſing ſun, which he preſumptuouſly *believed* was to compleat and crown their iniquitous deeds.

For that great indefatigable youth the royal *Almazandor*, when he departed from the *Ethiopian* prince, ordered a thouſand of his ſtouteſt *Nutrebians* to be ready armed, and wait without, while he and *Emargh* entered the old church, that preſerved him

from *Chacanon* and the *tyrant*, when they were in purſuit of his life; and after he had acquainted him with *Maillan*'s threats and propoſal to *Attanazunque*, he ſaid, ſtrange neceſſity often *helps* invention, and forces on actions, which calm reaſon eſteems raſh and improbable; but as to me, the deſign I am about is my laſt reſource; then telling him, he remembering once in a converſation of the manner of buildings in the country, he had told him, this ruined church had under ground a way to the *royal palace*, from whence, when religion was more than a bare name, his *anceſtors* went to their devotions, and he cried, lifting up his eyes to heaven.

If then their fervent prayers were acceptable to Divine Goodneſs; now you bleſſed ſpirits, aſſiſt, help, and implore for me, the moſt *abuſed*, *wronged*, *and injured of monarchs*.

He, with *Emargh*, heaved up the ſtone already mentioned, examines the brazen door, which was double barred and bolted, beſides two large locks; they then called the *Nutrebians* to bring inſtruments to wrench it open, which was no ſooner done, but to their great joy, they diſcover a wide entry, twelve might walk abreaſt; with fire and *medicinal herbs* they clean the place, in which the day was employed.

A'ma-

Almazandor and his people through the long vaulted paſſage, arrive to the door at the other end, which had entrance into the palace; thoſe who were acquainted with the manner of the turnings, and windings of the building, he bids to ſecure the *centry*, and *ſhut* all the gates for fear any ſhould eſcape to acquaint *Chacanon*, who lay in the caſtle to guard the ladies.

As it drew near midnight, they open the door which led to the inmoſt court, up a few large ſteps, through a long gallery, and as they were all habited in the dreſs of the royal guard, they ſurprized the *centry*, as they paſſed to *Maillan*'s apartment.

He, as has been ſaid, believing the very next morning was to compleat the ultimate deſires and wiſhes of his heart, in the fulneſs of his joy was going to reſt, when the enraged ſon of *Hazem* enters. The fierce wrath that darted fire from his eyes cauſed the terrified *tyrant* to ſtand immoveable; but when that glorious youth advanced towards him with his blazing ſword, he ſunk *enervate* at his feet, while with his uplifted arm, he ſaid to him, *What now avails thy paſt impious arts, and daring preſumptious blaſphemies, which thus*, added he, *heaven, by the ſon of great* Jathrep, *puniſheth*. At the ſame moment

ſtriking the ſtroke home, as he repeated the ſtabs added, *This for his infant ſon, and this—and this—for our enſnared, betrayed, corrupted, and ſlaughtered people.*

In the twiſting ſtruggles of his pain, and the agony of his wounds, he graſped the very marble pillar againſt which he had daſhed *Jathrep*'s infant ſon, when one of the *courtiers* addreſſing *Almazandor*, ſaid, *This very marble, Sir, I ſaw polluted with your brother's blood, and now ſee how juſtly heaven has repayed him!* At this *Maillan* lifting up his ghaſtly head, in whoſe face the frightful agonies of death with all its horrors were ſeen, ſaid, *As the firſt act of thy juſtice, puniſh that ſycophant, who a thouſand times has entertained me with* odious ſtories againſt thy *father*, and *anceſtors*, which I knew to be baſe falſehoods.

Almazandor ſmiling at the mean ſpite of the *dying tyrant*, turning towards him, ſaid, *Gan of Sangria, what advantage has all your evil working crooked ways profited you? Had your ambition kept within the modeſt bounds of your predeceſſors, a long and quiet life might have bleſſed your days, inſtead of being plunged in the fullneſs of your* crimes *to ſuch a dreadful reckoning.*

I had, anſwered the *dying tyrant*, almoſt compleated my work, and have already expunged from *Nutrebia* all that were poſſeſt with the weak notions of *virtue, iuſtice,*

Juſtice, or a *future being*; and if thou, ſon of *Jathrep*, exerciſe but the rod of juſtice on the reſt, thou muſt reign king over lonely plains, deſarts, and hideous mountains. At this the young monarch lifting up his eyes and hands, bid them take him out of his ſight.

All who were in the palace being raiſed with the alarm, come and throw themſelves at the feet of *Jathrep*'s ſon, except ſome few *Sangrians*, and thoſe that were attached by intereſt in a particular manner to the *tyrant*; but for the reſt, a general unfeigned joy was diſcerned in their words, looks, and actions.

Nipthanon having been confined by his father, prevented his knowledge of what paſſed till after the *tyrant* was dead; ſo that *Almazandor* only ordered his guards to be changed, without diſturbing him till affairs ſhould be further ſettled, now his chief care being to get the *queen* and *princeſſes* out of *Chacanon*'s power, whoſe furious miſchiefs he dreads; and as they were conſidering whom to employ, a *courtier* addreſſing him, ſaid, My great, revered, and ever-loved lord, I had a brother, whom your majeſty muſt remember when you were *captain* under *Nipthanon*, who admiring the exquiſite *beauty of your perſon*, and the wonder of your *fine genius*,

was by *Chacanon* murdered: therefore, great Sir, I intreat to be the meſſenger, and believe me I will manage ſo he ſhall not eſcape; the king ſent him with *Emargh*, and one or two *Nutrebians*, to try to get *Chacanon* out of the caſtle, and contrive at the ſame time, that *Almazandor*'s people ſhould have admittance.

Nor had he omitted to let the prince of *Ethiopia* know, as ſoon as he found he and his ſoldiers could get into the *palace*, to deſire he would be ready with his army at the gates, which he ordered them to tell the prince he hopes ſoon to ſpread wide open to receive him.

But *Attanazunque* at the meſſenger's return from *Maillan*, having related to him exactly what the *queen* and *Gen Zanira* had ſaid, diſtracted with the thoughts of *loſing* that *lady*, whoſe anſwer at once had inſpired him with admiration and deſpair, cried out, Yes, my dear *Gen Zanira*, ſince heaven denies us the happineſs of living with honour, we will follow your great example and glorioufly die together.

Thus reſolved he enquired for *Almazandor*; but he not being to be found, ordered all his officers to be prepared, and ready to give the *aſſault* two hours after the ſun is ſet, and with the utmoſt fury attack the city in eight places, while himſelf, with

with a choſen company intended to *force the caſtle* both by land and on the river.

But alas, how fatal had this proved to the ladies lives, had not *Almazandor*'s meſſengers come with notice to him juſt as his ſoldiers were going to begin the attack.

The guards and watch, by that means, taking the alarm, ſome went to the *palace*, while others attempted to inform *Chacanon*, but happily they were ſtopped by the courtiers, *Emargh*, and the hundred *Nutrebians*; at the ſame time, the gate neareſt the caſtle by *Almazandor*'s party being opened, the *Ethiopian* prince with his army entered; the noiſe this had cauſed rouzed *Chacanon*, who run to the *queen*'s apartment, and irreſolutely wild was ſtaring about him, when the *courtier*, whoſe brother he had ſlain, came to him, and told him the *king* that moment wanted him extremely; and perceiving he caſt a deadly look at the *ladies*, added, *Almazandor* is in the *palace*; with joy he ſprung out to the landing place of the large ſtair-caſe, and the *courtier* knowing *Emargh* with the hundred *Nutrebians* were waiting for him at the bottom, getting behind him, threw him down, when the impatient *Attanazunque*'s reſtleſs ſpirit being on the rack, till he knew the *ladies* were ſafe, forced into the caſtle, where the firſt object that was preſented to

his ſight, was *Chacanon* rolling down the ſteps: *Emargh* and the *Nutrebians* were going to fall on him; but after the *Ethiopian* prince had asked if the *queen* and *princeſſes* were ſafe, he ſaid, Let not that *barbarian* have the honour to die by the hand of a *ſoldier*, but be reſerved for public juſtice, and then flew up to the *ladies*.

But the *courtier*, to draw *Chacanon* from them, having ſaid *Almazandor* was in the *palace*, they in the firſt tranſport of their fright and grief, had thrown themſelves on the floor, and in bitter lamentations were bewailing his imagined death, when *Attanazunque* entered to them. No ſooner did the daughter of *Jathrep* caſt her eyes on him, but with looks of *diſdain* and *anger* ſaid, What has this miſerable *queen*, or *Gen Zanira* done, thus to be puniſhed with the ſight of the *Ethiopian* prince, after he has ſo meanly, ſo cruelly betrayed their *ſon* and *brother? Ezairia*, with no leſs reſentment, turning to him, cried, Ah, brother, ſhroud yourſelf in everlaſting darkneſs, and after ſuch treachery, ſuch an affront to *your birth*, and *royal deſcent*, let your *name* never be remembered, or thought of more, to ſhame the majeſty of your anceſtors, and bring into contempt that mighty empire: Will not neighbouring nations eternally upbraid us with the hated name of *Attanazunque*,

zunque, whoſe falſe pretences to *virtue* and *honour* had paſſed for real, had not his malice and envy, (under the cover of a fond paſſion for that *royal youth's ſiſter*, broke his faith; and after he had ſolemnly and openly vowed to protect him, deceived and barbarouſly betrayed the beſt, the moſt perfect of princes nature had ever formed; for, *purſued that lovely lady*, what age, what time, ever produced a blooming hero equal to *Almazandor*.

The great *Nutrebian* entered, and having heard *Ezairia*'s laſt words, kneeling and kiſſing her robe, ſaid, Charming ſound, delightful harmony! not our mortal foe ſubdued, conqueſts, empire, and power, can yield ſuch tranſporting bliſs as thoſe inchanting words from *Ezairia!*

The *queen*, in unutterable deſpair, with her eyes fixed on the earth, had not ſeen *Almazandor* enter, and the caſtle being now intirely in his hands, the joyed people in loud huzza's that eccho'd to the heavens, proclaim, *The tyrant is dead, king* Jathrep's *ſon, the great, the glorious* Almazandor *is our liege lord and king*.

The hopeleſs *queen* hearing them holla, *The tyrant is dead, Jathrep's ſon*, ſtarted up, and ſaid, *See the inhuman barbarians how they exult and triumph over the dear, the only ſon of the ill fated Jathrep*; and

then ſtaggering, had fallen backward, had not *Gen Zanira*, and the *Ethiopian* prince ſupported her.

Almazandor too quitted *Ezairia*, throwing himſelf at her feet, ſaid, Pardon, thou long-ſuffering, and beſt of parents, my omiſſion, for next heaven here my firſt homage is due, thou deareſt *lady*, and moſt beloved of *mothers*, let not this extreme change have too violent an effect on your ſpirits, but with your returning happineſs lift up your beauteous eyes, and bleſs your ſon. The *queen*, unable to ſpeak, embraces, kiſſes, and preſſes him cloſe to her boſom.

When the firſt rapture of their joy is a little abated, *Attanazunque* with a ſmile told *Almazandor* how ſeverely he had been uſed by the princeſſes, till he appeared to *clear* his *honour*; the reciprocal endearments between theſe auguſt perſons were but ſhort; not but *Sinza* had after her *long* and *faithful ſervices* the pleaſure to embrace, and be embraced by the *Son of Jathrep*, who with a fond gratitude ſaid, *dear Sinza*, when recording hiſtory ſhall to poſterity mention our ſtory, our being twice ſo ſtrangely preſerved by your great and valuable fidelity, it will warm the heart of every generous reader, *Attanazunque*

zunqne too is laviſh with his praiſes, and thanks *to that worthy lady.*

But now, not only the *commanders* and *chief officers* come and acquaint both the *Nutrebian king and prince of Ethiopia* the city is ſecured, and *intirely theirs*, without one drop of blood having been ſpilt; all with the utmoſt readineſs ſubmitting as ſoon as they heard *the tyrant was dead*, and as a confirmation the *queen's* chamber is crouded with the *nobility* and *gentry* that came to *pay their homage to their long ſuffering queen*, and young monarch.

The morn, with her dewy ſweets having uſhered in the ſun of that glorious day, that thus had made *Jathrep's ſon* and his people happy, the news having flown to *Attanazunque's camp*, brought *Igeban*, *Hetbazele*, *Niphlodoge*, *and the Governor*, with the *loyal ſufferers*, who are at *Almazandor's and at the queen's feet*, and how *many* and *various* were the raptures and tranſporting joys of that auguſt aſſembly, while the virtuous *Igeban* kiſſes, and waſhes *Iram's* hand with her loyal tears; the queen with thanks, indearments, and praiſes convinces her how much ſhe eſteemed and admired the faithful, cautious, and tender care ſhe had taken of the beauteous *Gen Zaira*, who had not patience

long

long to ſuffer her at the *queen's feet*; but caſting her lovely arms about her neck, *ſaid*, my dear *Igeban*, the ſight of you is the perfect completion of my happineſs. *Emargh* with his ſnowy head had the honour to kiſs the *queen* and *princeſſes* hands, and embrace their robes. *Attanazunque* telling the *Nutrebian* monarch the faithful *Emargh* and *Igeban* muſt never part from his *Gen Zanira*, but with her ſettle in *Ethiopia*, where he made them two great families, *Igeban*'s poſterity in their arms caſt away the *dead*, and received the *living child*, which *Emargh*'s ſhield bears, the neat-limbed *Nugmeg* ſuckling the infant.

Almazandor, the *queen*, and prince of *Ethiopia*, with the princeſſes, take a ſhort repaſt in the priſon, which is now turned into a crowded court; and then, as *Papaglia* had foretold, with the *princeſs Ezairia* and *Gen Zanira*, in a triumphant chariot *Almazandor* and *Attanazunque* on each ſide on horſeback, is attended by her faithful ladies, all the virtuous loyaliſts and a croud of courtiers to the palace, while the glad people at the ſight of that *great* and long *ſuffering queen*, with the charming, the adored children of *her* and *Jathrep* are ſo tranſported, the very heavens rings, and eccho back their joy.

Before

Before they arrived at the palace, poor *Nipthanon* is ſent under a guard, to that *priſon*, where by the *king* he was ordered to be treated with great gentleneſs, and as ſoon as *affairs* were ſettled, by the generous *Almazandor* not only releaſed, but ſent to *Sangree*, which he governed unmoleſted to his death.

But alas, a much *ſeverer* fate befel *Gen Havagen*, who having been very *buſy* and *troubleſome* to the *Albaſine* court, on their hearing of the two *princeſſes* ſucceſs, ordered her to be ſhut up in one of their monaſteries. She had not been there long, but with *Ariſſan* (who had attended her to *Ethiopia*) and *Gungo*, they contrived to make their eſcape, by tying ſheets together, and ſo through the windows to have ſlid down; this they had put in practice, and had accompliſhed their deſign if *Gen Havagen*, juſt as all was prepared for their getting out at the window, had not took one of the candles, and ſet fire to ſome of the lighteſt part of the furniture, ſaying, *we will leave them ſomething to remember their preſumption in detaining us priſoners here*; the things ſhe ſet on fire encreaſed with extreme fury, it caught hold of her clothes with ſuch force, as immediately ſet her in a blaze, *Ariſſan* and *Gungo* in endeavouring

to

to extinguiſh the fire were themſelves ſoon in the ſame condition: the particulars of this was made known by a ſlave that eſcaped before the chamber was conſumed.

Thus fell the daughter of *Maillan*, deſtroyed by the *envious evil diſpoſition of her nature*, which uncorrected, and indulged, was bred up a laugher at all human, moral or divine ideas of virtue or religion.

While *Chacanon*, whoſe ſoul had ever been a ſtranger to the leaſt touch of pity or humanity, now with the meaneſt growling, fawning, implores *Almazandor* to ſpare him for the ſake of his uncle, whom he then ſaid, he knew the generous nature of that glorious *prince* would ever *revere* and *love*.

The *Nutrebian* monarch is ſtartled; the reſpect he had for his *patron*, *tutor*, and *protector*, cauſed him in ſpite of all he had ſuffered from his *horrid* and atroce malice, to wiſh to ſpare him; but when he reflects on his *barbarous uſage to his innocent people*, he cannot bear the thoughts of letting ſuch a monſter live, and that nation in which his enormous cruelties had created ſuch a general deteſtation and hatred, loudly demanding juſtice to be executed on him,

him, he is tryed, and ſo many and various ſorts of cruelties are proved againſt him, he, by the ſtroke of juſtice falls unpitied.

Thus all things being ſettled to their full content, the *two lovers* are impatient for the nuptial day; the ceremony is performed, and *Almazandor* on *Ezairia*'s head places the royal diadem. At the ſame time *Attanazunque* eſpouſes *Gen Zanira*, the *Ethiopian* prince and princeſs ſome time reſided at the *Nutrebian court*, then the *king* and *he* intirely to ſuppreſs and make every thing ſecure, fell on *Maillan*'s *allies*, and all thoſe *kings* that had cauſed any diſturbance to the *Albaſſines* or the *Nutrebians*. *Attanazunque* after his father's death, with his excellent empreſs had a long and happy reign, beloved and adored by his people; while *Almazandor*, with his charming *Ezairia*, and admirable mother, by his *juſtice*, *lenity*, and *great example*, brought that late miſled people to their native ſenſe of honour, courage, and piety; and ſo extremely dear was the memory of that king to his ſubjects for ages after, when they inſtructed their *children* or *poſterity*, and endeavoured to raiſe their ideas to the utmoſt height of all that was great, good, or excellent, *Almazandor*'s *wiſdom*,

wiſdom, *beneficence*, *gratitude*, and *mercy*, with every other virtue, were the fond, the enraptured themes, of that freed and happy nation.

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